Drawn by J. Clinton Shepherd.

A PLEASANT BLUE-EYED GIRL WITH HAIR OF ASH CAME FROM THE HOUSE, WIPING FLOURY HANDS ON HER GINGHAM APRON.

—See "Old Soldier," page 15.

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The Marines See the Revolution

NICARAGUA

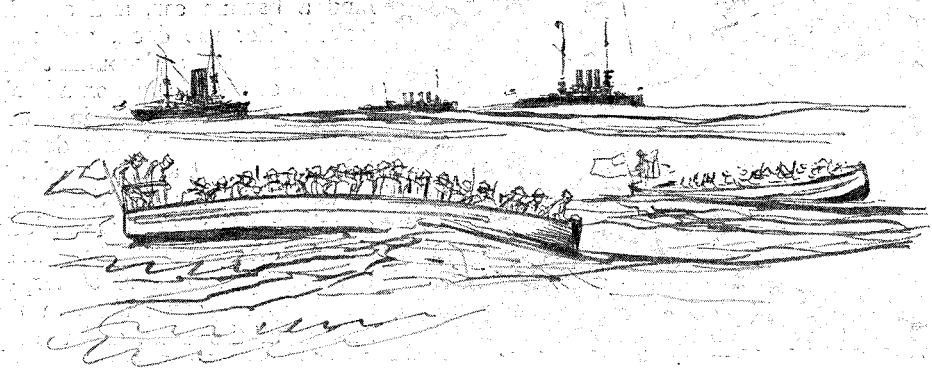
BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

Captain U. S. Marine Corps; Author of "Fix Bayonets!" "Red Pants," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE ward-room and the gun-deck are not in the confidence of admirals. We knew nothing of this revolution which blazed along the Mosquito Coast, except that it had jerked us out of Balboa very early on a wet Sunday morning—torn us from wives and sweethearts and the pleasant relaxations of Panama—and brought us north across the squally Caribbean at some knots above standard steaming speed. The usual rumors seeped around the ship—battles, murder, and sudden death, and so forth; and they told the Landing Force to get ready, which it did with the ease of established routine. The Landing Force was on deck, with its field-gear struck up, when the Flag-ship nosed in across the shallows and anchored, in choppy yellow water, at about seven bells of the morning watch, two thousand yards off the long dock of the Fruit Company at Cabesa Dios.

All hands looked eagerly and listened. There was the red line of the bluffs above the surf, and the tall smoke-stacks of the Company's mills, quivering in the heat-haze; you saw the red roofs of the Company buildings all arow, and the low hills of the Mosquito Coast faintly purple inland. No smoke of burning houses stained the blue sky, and the hot little wind that blew offshore brought no crackle of rifles or drumming of machine-guns. By every sign, the fight, if any, was finished. The



Away Landing Force.

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seamen and marines of the Landing Force ceased to fidget with their combat equipment, said, collectively, "Oh, hell," and went below to take off their leggings; for such things had happened to them before. A little shore-boat coughed out to us, and a languid civilian in crumpled pongee cloth came aboard and was escorted down the Admiral's hatch by the Flag-Lieutenant. The Gunnery Officer said, since Landing Force was belayed, he would like a little gunnery drill, and the Commander directed that bugles be blown to that effect. All hands went disgustedly to Quarters.

A Federal.

"—Yeh," said Forward Defense Talker, slightly winded from his climb up the foremast, to Ford Range Keeper, plugging in his telephone—"grabbed us outa Balboa for nuthin' an' me with only one overnight liberty marked up! What I say is—*Forrard d'fense Aye Aye, Sir! Forrard d'fense mannednready, Sir!*—it's a hard line of boats, these U. S. Navy boats——"

It developed that there had been a battle the day before, and in the afternoon they called away the barge; and Admiral and Staff, with the Naval Officer commanding and the Marine Officer of the Landing Force, included for tactical reasons, went ashore to look at the situation. The barge, mahogany and ebony and gold in the August sun, shouldered against the landing-stage at the seaward end of the dock; and we walked shoreward, very warm indeed. Swarms of small fry troubled the water in the lee of the dock, and Staff halted while the Admiral looked and considered that they would be fine pan-fish, and what kind of bait would you think— A sunburnt, lantern-jawed fellow materialized from behind a banana car, and said he looked after the dock, and they were called brim, and wouldn't take no kind of bait nohow, on a hook, but you could take 'em in a net. The Flag-Lieutenant, who doesn't fish, pointed out a large black automobile and a small dusty one drawing up to the end of the dock, and said he thought that would be the Manager. A six-foot tarpon rolled up his silver sides in the shadow of the dock, and the fry skipped and skittered every way at once. The Admiral decided that tarpon-fishing wouldn't be good, either; too much free bait around; and the Manager came up and presented himself. The little car followed the big one, and we all went up

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the hill and into the town of Cabesa Dios.

Commander, Landing Force, and the Marine Officer fitted themselves into the small, dusty car, as befitted their humble station, and asked questions of the red-necked driver, who wore a three-gallon Stetson and an Arkansas drawl. This battle, now—what happened, anyhow? Any casualties? These goonies got any special ideas about fightin'?——

It appeared that the Reds—old Sarmiento's crowd, you know—had been right cute. There was a rumor that they were up at the Cape. Then, very early in the morning, yesterday, they came in two ways at once—about two-fifty of them. One crowd from up the beach and one from down the beach. Landed from a little steamer; and the steamer laid off all day an' fired some kind of a pop-gun cannon at the place. Hit the hotel—show you when we get there. There were seventy-odd Blues in garrison, with General Montera and Colonel Alvarado. They fought some, and shot around right smart. Mostly over in Bilwawa, the native town—upset things considerable there. Never bothered the Company property or the Company houses, though—except the houses down toward Bilwawa—they got shot up—show you when we get there. Went on all day; 'bout dark, everybody quit, and the Reds, as you might say, won. Reckon it was right hard on the women folks——

—Us? Oh, all the Americans—women an' all—we got down under the bluff on the beach and stayed there until it was over. Company engineer got nicked in the bean by a bullet that ricochetted down from a tree—hurt very bad. An' when the shootin' stopped we all went home. Yeh; fifteen or twenty killed, an' some more died to-day, in the hosspital. Hosspital is full of wounded—forty or fifty. Show you when we get there. This here's the Company office—there's old Ramérez—he's one of our bookkeepers—they appointed him *Comandante* when they left this morning.

The Admiral's conveyance halted at a large building under spreading thick mango-trees, where a number of natives milled around. Admiral and Staff passed into the Manager's office; we alighted, and a tall, Spanish-looking *caballero* strolled up to us and was presented. He wore a sombrero with a red band, and a pearl-handled revolver. He spoke English with a clipped accent, and showed very white teeth when he smiled.—"The *Señor Comandante*, here, he had a rough time, yesterday. When the Reds came in, old Montera rounded up nineteen of the most prominent *politicos*—all he could catch on short notice, an' crammed 'em in the *cuartel* down yonder. Little place—about

Bluejacket ashore.

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eight by twelve—show you when we get there. Some time durin' the day—oh, off an' on, like—they turned one of these Lewis guns on them—just shot 'em up cannot fall. Everybody hit but four in the middle—me, I'm in the most middle—I am not hit. There iss five deads, and two more deads after we get out—our people,

General George Hudson Ogden.

when they happened to think about it. Bad in there, wasn't it, *Comandante?*"

The *Comandante* smiled his white-toothed smile. "Oh, yess, gentlemen—very bad! We stand so thick, man cannot essit himself down. When man is hit, he they let us out when the fight is gained—" the *Comandante* giggled. "Tell you very just joke, like you say. After the fight, I go along ditch, an' catch General Montera. Catch him alive. Lock him up in essame place—you see—he's there now.

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You come to my—like you say—Headquarter, no?"

Then the gentleman from Arkansas, who was Outside Manager, talked with —you all goin' to let this show go on? It's goin' to ruin business, I tell you—losin' thousands over it——"

The Admiral emerged, accompanied; and we drove through the neat Company

A Marine on duty.

sorrow of the suspended operations in the mill, and the fact that no bananas were moving. All the *mozos* were joining up; they go to a winner, no matter what it's about; and the Reds would take them, anyway. Two hundred went out of here this morning—the Sarmiento crowd is movin' south, grabbin' off the other Federal garrisons.

"What we're goin' to do I don't know

settlement, where women came out on the porches to look at the naval officers, and into the native town. The houses at this end, and the fences, were much bullet-scarred. The marks showed that the shooting had come from every angle—close-grouped holes where a squall of machine-gun fire had registered, and insanely scattered ones from haphazard rifle-shots. "That lady there," our guide

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. . And beat him with the flat of his machete

told us, "Miz Grenow"—she sat in a rocker and looked at us over a magazine —"she's got ninety bullet-holes in her bedroom! But," he added, fairly, "they weren't specially shootin' at the house. They just fought all over the flat yonder . . .

"See that scrape on the hotel?"—he indicated the ruffled shingles of a two-story building with a red roof that displayed an American flag—"ship did that. Shell wound up in somebody's bunk, and didn't explode. . . . Asked the Reds howcome they fired on an American flag; they said, when they took the Cape the other day, the Blues put up an American flag and mounted a machine-gun under it." He laughed at a thought. "You know, our radio man—the Company's—is some sort of a foreigner. When the row started, he was sleepin' late, after bein' up most of the night at his key. He takes two bottles of cognac and kind of rushes over to the hotel lookin' for shelter. Only place he could find was a bathtub, and the Chino cook was already holed up in that. But he gets in with the cognac, on top of the cook, and they spent the day in the bathtub. They was discovered 'sleep when the folks came back at night —said the row hadn't bothered them any!"

We drove through the native town. The few stores and *cantinas* that had British and American flags over them—and there was one German flag—were in good order and undisturbed. But most of the establishments were Chinese, and they had been turned inside out and thoroughly gutted. Mournful Chinos poked aimlessly among the ruins. "*Comandante*," we said, "it looks like you all were a little hard on your Chinamen——"

"Yess. It very bad. Those *mozos*, they want shoes an' all, and maybe a drink, and they have no money. They very

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until our ribs ached in sympathy.—Page 10.

mad. Besides"—the *Comandante* grinned frankly—"we never see Chinese battleship come in with big guns an' Marines all ready——"

Off on the right, toward the sea, a group of men worked at a long trench, and the wind brought a smell, a known smell. That smell, it will never leave your nose as long as you have a nose. . . . The *Comandante* said that they should have one of these things you burn bodies in—his people did not like to dig, and in this country you must dig quickly. Then we came to his Headquarters, and got out. It was a long, low building with a veranda. The red flag of Sarmiento was fastened to a pole in front, above the blue-and-white flag of the Mosquito Republic. A hundred men or so were there. Half of them lounged with slattern women on the veranda, or lay around the steps and under the house, which was raised off the ground, being in a swampy place. Most of these were drunk, but not disorderly drunk—just sleepy and contemplative. They all had rifles—long infantry rifles of the Russian pattern.—Those rifles could tell a story themselves; they had been contracted for by the Tzar's government before the Revolution, and left on the hands of the arsenals that made them.—There were many bottles in evidence.

In front of the *Comandancia*, drawn up in an approximate line, were about fifty soldiers. There were tall Jamaican negroes from the coast towns, and squat Mosquito Indians from the rivers, and every intermediate shade of race and color, in every sort of garment. Many of them wore new yellow shoes and bright bandannas, loot of the Chino merchants. But they all had rifles, and they all wore red hatbands. A gaunt Spaniard in a Nicaraguan rain-cape shouted hoarsely at them and waved a sheathed machete, and they did vague things with their rifles.

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By way of courtesy, we saluted, and they appeared to be gratified. One of them fell out and produced a bottle; on him rushed Nicaraguan Rain-cape and beat him with

encouraged among us—not even in the Marines.

Flanking the *Comandancia* was a little frame hut—the *cuartel.* Two Indians

It was frightfully hot under the bluffs, and no shade. . . .—Page 12.

the flat of his machete until our ribs ached in sympathy. "Yess, *caballeros.* We have ver' good dis-cipline," noted the *Comandante* approvingly. "No man drink rum in ranks—like that in your army, no?" We admitted that the practice was not

leaned against it with rifles, and at the order of *Comandante* these unlocked the door. On a cot sat a wondrous fat and mournful man, in pajamas and straw slippers, and fanned himself, for the flies were busy and abundant on the floor . . . the

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place had not been cleaned. "That General Montera," said the *Comandante* with satisfaction. "That where I was all yesterday." . . . The splintered walls told saw wounded men with the same look in their eyes that wounded men always have, whether they got it in a Caribbean skirmish or on the Marne in a world event.

The captured General.

the story, and the floor, and the ground under the hut. . . .

"What you going to do with the General, *Comandante?* Shoot him——?"

"Oh, no—no, indeed! Not before we try him by Court Martial. Everything regular and according to law——"

Thereafter the Manager said that he thought his wife was expecting us to tea or something, and we drove to his house, stopping only by the hospital, where we The Manager's house stood over the sea, and it was a place of wide, cool porches, floored and wainscoted with the polished hardwood of the country. The Manager's wife, a fine and silken lady, made us welcome, and we watched the wind that rises in the afternoons on the Mosquito Gulf whip up the whitecaps and ruffle all the sea. Under the pleasant influence of tea and things, handed around by a trig black maid, the Manager's lady told us of the

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day before. That person, you gathered, was of the great world; she was not to be upset by the foolishness of a lot of naked

consented, although she'd seen two revolutions in Honduras and hadn't been disturbed by them. But there were a lot of

A native with a rifle came.—Page 13.

natives. Early in the morning one of the neighbors had called her attention to the excitement among the niggers up in Bilwawa; then the shooting started. It was insisted that she go down under the bluff, where all the Americans went; and she

bullets going around, and more people than in those fusses up at La Cieba. . . . No, she wasn't what you'd called scared. She thought to take some cards along, and they sat on the sand and played a little bridge. Only, it was frightfully hot under

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the bluffs, and no shade, because of the way the coast runs here, and it was rather hard on the children. Then there was that foolish steamer, running up and down outside and shooting with a cannon, and after the Company Engineer was hit in the head, it gave you a sort of funny feeling, to sit there and hear the bullets whickering over you, and think you might be killed any minute. It was bad to think about your china, too—bullet might come along and hit it—she had some very fine Royal Doulton, which she got in England, and wouldn't have anything happen to it for anything in the world. . . . One of the young men went up at noon and got some crackers and sardines, and soda-pop—she never liked sardines. . . . Then, late in the afternoon, a native with a rifle came and said the fight was finished, and they all went home.

Yes, the house had been hit, several times. The china was all right, fortunately. But—and here she rather bristled and you saw that she was really angry—look there— Right in front of the door, on the porch, a tumbling slug had struck the beautiful hardwood floor and ripped up a sliver. There was a deep, long, yellow scar, ugly against the polished surface.

It was bad enough, she said—and for all her control her chin quivered a little—to have to live in a place at the end of the world, this way. You worked so hard to have everything nice and homelike—really, you wouldn't believe the amount of trouble she'd taken with her floors, with incompetent servants and all, and having to do the work herself to show them—and now, just as it was getting fit to be seen, this crazy bullet comes along and ruins everything! She laughed bitterly at the Manager's murmur to the effect that another piece could be set in. It would never look the same, she said. Her floor was just ruined—totally ruined.

Admiral and Staff came away, driving out by the hospital, where a Jamaican woman sat on the steps with her apron over her head, and rocked back and forth, and wailed. . . . War, said the Staff-Major of Marines, reflectively, was certainly hard on folks——

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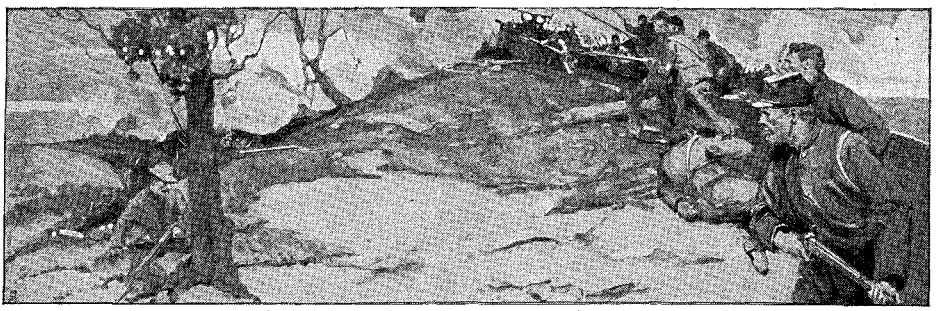

"We went on the double, guns loaded and bay'nits fixed."—Page 18.

Old Soldier

BY CHARLES J. McGUIRK

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

AMOS APPLEBY, leaning forward on his cane, sat listening drowsily as the regular bimonthly meeting of the Israel Dodge Post of the Grand Army of the Republic marched along its routine.

The heavy scented air of the late June afternoon slid lethargically through the windows on the fourteen old veterans who were as religious in attendance as if the meeting were a rite—which, indeed, it was.

Amos's drowsing mind was a field of indistinct pictures: of blossoming apple-trees and fresh-turned earth; of horses bending their shoulders against the traces of a plough; of growing things; of a Something that impended, a Something that would not materialize.

". . . Circular here about a trip to Gettysburg. You boys come up after meeting and look it over."

He sat up straight, his interest focussed on the adjutant.

"What's that 'bout Gettysburg?" he inquired.

"Tour of the battle-field. They show you around."

"Guess they can't tell Amos much about it." George Ketteridge chuckled. "Wounded there, wasn't you, Amos?"

But Amos did not hear. Gettysburg! The Something had materialized. He sat staring into the past, to July 2, 1863, the greatest day of his life. He must go back and live it over again. That's what he'd been trying to think of all these weeks. Suddenly a tremendous excitement possessed him.

No one could notice his excitement. His respectful townsmen, watching him while he waited for the automobile which was to take him home, saw only the familiar erect figure of Amos Appleby, wealthy farmer, clad now in the black soft hat and the blue suit, the coat of which was heavy with brass buttons and the pendent star of the Grand Army, hanging from its eagle on his breast. The ghost of a youthful soldierly robustness hung about this man with the gray mustache and the tiny imperial.

But John Allen, his old comrade's grandson, veteran of the Great War and the new husband of his granddaughter, sensed it almost immediately when he drew up his car at the curb.

"Great meetin'," old Amos told him as they climbed the steep mountain road leading to his pleasant farm in Pinefield. "Got through a mess of business and began to figger a little on a trip down to Gettysburg. In a week it'll be sixty years since the battle.

"Son, for years I been wantin' to go back. Ain't seen the old place since I fought there. That's where I got the bay'nit stab that almost finished me.

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Would have if your old granddad didn't happen to knock out the Johnny Reb who was after me. He was strong as an off-ox, John. And you're the dead picture of him.

"Don't see no reason why the three of us, Mary and you and me, couldn't make the trip. You two youngsters ain't really had a honeymoon, what with the work around the farm, though I know you ain't specially hankerin' for it. No young couple cares where they are while marriage is new. Well, we'll ponder it a leetle."

They swung through the gateway of the farm and bumped over the poplar-bordered roadway to the rambling white farmhouse, with its climbing ivy vines and its air of hospitality. He descended shakily, bowing under the invisible weight of the heavy years, and as shakily climbed the steps of the wide porch and sank into his own wide wicker chair with its padded seat cushion.

"Mary!" he summoned. "Oh, Mary, what you doin'? Smell some good cookin' goin' on. Bet we'll have a nice supper."

A pleasant, blue-eyed girl with hair of ash came from the house in answer to his summons, wiping floury hands on her gingham apron. Gently she took his cane from his hands and laid it within his reach.

"We're going to have fritters for supper," she said. Her voice was full and throaty. "Was it a nice meeting? And are you tired?"

"Tired!" he growled. "Me tired? Guess you think I'm gettin' old. Goin' on a trip soon."

She glanced at him with keen appraisal. Amos Appleby always said his granddaughter looked him over much as did his wife, the first Mary, long since dead and lying in the small cemetery beside the little white church. Sometimes, as it is with old men, the present grew a little dim. And in such times he thought his granddaughter was his wife, and the tall, silent John Allen, her husband, his stanch comrade who went with him to war and farmed the adjoining farm until his death.

"Trip?" she asked. "Who is going on a trip?"

He chuckled. "You and me and John. Goin' to be your honeymoon. Down to Gettysburg."

"But we can't leave the farm now."

"What's there to do the hired man and girl can't 'tend to?"

"Why—" she began, and then remembered that the thick crop of hay, ripened by an extraordinarily hot summer, was even now being cut. The routine work could be performed by the help, just as he said. She went back into the house, already in the grip of plans for the trip.

Amos Appleby sat on his porch, looking over the farm stretching before him. It was alive with growing things. He could see the hayfield, most of the hay still standing, golden and reedlike, slashed through in lines where the mowers had already been at work; and the slaughtered grass lay neat, like rows of soldier dead.

The cattle munched contentedly in the pasture close beyond and the rest of his vision stretched past green clover fields and opulent areas of ripening wheat and oats. The vegetable garden was behind the house, but some of it peeped out at him, the half-brown corn-stalks reminding him, as they always did, of soldiers all in a row. The tomato-vines, the pumpkins, destined to go golden and succulent after the frosts, the parsley beds, the peas and beans and the rest of the vegetables; and beyond the peeping garden, the orchards, like an army corps on parade, green and heavy with concealed and ripening fruit.

The air was heavy-laden with the sweet aroma of growing things, with sights and smells to delight the heart of any farmer. And Amos was a good farmer. But in the glow of that late afternoon he cared little for the things that had hitherto filled his conscientious life. He was listening to an insistent call.

His heart was filled with the prophecy of a coming delight and his mind with plans for a long-deferred journey. In a week he would be in Gettysburg, the scene of the greatest moment in his life.

The boys, he reflected, were marching on—the boys who had gone away from all the posts of the country through the years, and the boys who lay wearily down at Gettysburg and Shiloh and Antietam and Vicksburg and all the battle-fields. Fourteen comrades had left Israel Dodge

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Post in the last year in flag-draped coffins, to be laid to rest to the firing of volleys and the sweet notes of bugles playing the soldier's lullaby. There were only nineteen left, and they were dropping like leaves in October. Old Father Time was as ruthless as the battle-guns, mowing them down, mowing them down.

He wondered where the dead comrades were and what they were doing. Marching, he reckoned, and cursing their officers for forcing them on; bivouacking and talking over the folks at home and what they would do when the war was over; advancing in fierce charges against the enemy or holding their own positions stubbornly against him.

Amos had his own belief. He believed that all the soldiers of all the wars in which the United States had ever fought occupied a great plain in the Hereafter. There camped the Continentals in their ragged buff and blue, with the stern and beloved Washington at General Headquarters; the soldiers of 1812, General Andrew Jackson, the red-headed and fiery, commanding; under General Winfield Scott, the fighters of the Mexican War, quartered with Sam Houston and his Texans, the gallant defenders of the Alamo; Amos's own with their yelling, chivalrous enemies under General Robert E. Lee, the great tactician and gentleman. And what a galaxy of heroes—Grant, Lee, Meade, Bragg, Rosecrans, Kearny, Phil Sheridan, Stonewall Jackson, Forrest, Pickett—all of the leaders of the Union and Confederacy, possibly talking it all over. In a newer section, the soldiers of the Boxer Uprising, the Spanish-American War and the Cuban Occupation, with Roosevelt, the statesman, given place here because he was also a great soldier; the youngsters of the Great War, their wounds and a longing for the earth they had just quitted fresh upon them.

They would be visiting and disparaging each other's war, as soldiers ever will. That would be a place worth going to and living in forever and ever. Amos's was no conventional heaven whose inhabitants wore white robes and played on unaccustomed harps and trumpets.

He sighed. He was infinitely weary. So many of his friends and neighbors had gone. He missed John Allen, the closest friend he had ever had and the man who had saved his life. John's farm, which he had so faithfully worked, lay there, now part of Amos's own, but Amos took no joy in it. He did not think he could go on living were it not that a Great Something was bearing down upon him. When it came he would be weary no more, but would be filled with a great glory. Now there was nothing but loneliness. He was oppressed like a child touched by the grief of the world.

He slipped into the past. He was coming home, an invalid, and he felt his mother's arms about him as she wept, his father's hand upon his shoulder as he lay in bed. His old wound throbbed and he put his hand above his heart to stay it. Good thing that reb's bayonet had not been a little lower. Work, the heavy, heart-breaking work on the farm; the courtship of Mary, his wife, and their sweet homecoming. Wonderful cook, Mary, but apt to be forgetful at times. He wondered if she had churned that butter and gathered the eggs. Taking them into town that afternoon. And he'd asked John Allen to come see him about the sorrel horse John wanted to buy. Ought to be here any minute now.

"Mary!" he called. "Mary!"

His granddaughter came softly upon the porch.

"That butter ready?"

Her glance was swift and understanding.

"Yes, Amos. Just about finished."

"Better come into town with me this afternoon and pick out that bonnet. I'll hitch the bays. Wish John Allen'd come. Like to know if he wants that sorrel. John does dawdle sometimes."

"He's here," said the girl as her husband came up.

"John, you goin' to buy that critter? If you ain't, I'll bring him to the dealer. He's takin' up stable room and eatin' me out o' house and home."

A look passed between husband and wife.

"His hock is strained pretty bad," said John, rubbing his chin, "and I think he's a wind-sucker."

"Take 'im or leave 'im."

John cogitated, looked up at the sky, and hemmed and hawed, while the old man furtively watched him.

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"I'll take him," he said reluctantly at last, "though I'll bet you're whoppin' me again, Amos. You ain't got no conscience." He was talking as he had heard his grandfather talk. "I'll take him away."

Amos was chuckling softly to himself when the girl stepped over and touched him on the shoulder.

"Supper's ready, Gramp," she said.

He slipped back to the present as easily as he had slipped away.

"Eh?" he apologized. "I must ha' been a-dreamin'."

At supper Mary was enthusiastic about the coming trip.

"I'll have to have new clothes," she said. "And I haven't much time to get them in."

"Time enough," Amos assured her. "Long as you got the money."

"Why do you want to go this year?" John asked him.

"Well, it's been a dream o' mine for years," Amos explained. "But one thing and another kept me home. Mostly it was the hayin'. To-day, though, Somethin' come over me. Somethin' kept callin' and callin' to me. 'Go back to Gettysburg. You got to. You got to.' Maybe it's just a fancy. But it walks right along with what I allus wanted to do. And I'm goin' and you youngsters are goin' with me."

The day had been hot and the red sunset touched the world with magic. Light drenched the pulsing earth, which, like Mary, bride and granddaughter, was approaching its fruition. Tree and flower were in full leaf, at the top of their blooming, from which now there could come only harvest and a falling to the sere. The grass was green on the lawn, golden in the field. Colors fought only to achieve harmony. All over the countryside was riotous fragrance above beating life. The two men sat smoking on the porch.

"They're all goin' like the grass out there, both Yanks and Rebs," mused the old man. "The Bible says somethin' about it, somethin' like 'Thy days be numbered.' Down south of the Mason-Dixon line are old veterans like us up here, just livin' on memories. The fires of the Civil War welded this nation."

Their pipe smoke lifted hazily on the still air and the lowing of cattle came to them. Robins were still foraging for their suppers on the green lawn and singing their evensong among the trees.

"The 2d of July, '63, was a day about like this." Amos broke the silence. "In the fields outside Gettysburg the wheat and the oats and the corn was ripenin'. There never was a peacefuller spot before July the 1st, when Gen'ril Buford, with his four thousand cavalry, and the First and Eleventh Corps held the Rebs till Gen'ril Meade could get his army up 'round Cemetery Ridge. The guns harvested more than green wheat. There was about seven thousand dead on the field. Thus, as the Bible says, it was on the first day when me and your grandpap came up in the 44th New York. We was in Vincent's Brigade of Sykes's Corps and we'd been keepin' 'tween Lee and Washington for a week. Tired? Say, I saw your grandpap go to sleep marchin'."

Amos knocked the ashes from his pipe and laid it beside his chair. Mary slipped out and patted him, but the old man did not heed her. He was living over again his preparations for the battle. John Allen gazed, with eyes hot with their own images of a gray-clad host, speaking a guttural tongue, against which he had fought in the Argonne. A woman's touch must go unheeded here, with the ghost of War hovering about these two veterans: the one in the full strength of his manhood, the other so very old.

"Well," resumed the old soldier, "all that fine long day the two armies just kept a-watchin' each other. Didn't seem like they wanted to start any fightin'. And Lord A'mighty, it was hot. The sun just biled down. Our brigade was lyin' in reserve behind the centre. Gen'ril Daniel E. Sickles, commandin' the left wing, faced the Rebs' right, under Gen'ril Longstreet. Meade ordered Sickles to spread south'ard and connect with Hancock near the bases of the Round Tops, but when he went to take up his position, he found the ground marshy, and he moved his men into high ground on the ridge and into a peach orchard. That left his line overlappin' Hancock's, with a big hole 'tween the forces. And in this hole was Little Round Top.

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"Longstreet's cannon opened the battle at four in the afternoon. Then there was hell a-poppin' with bustin' shells and men and horses screamin' with their wounds. The cannonadin' started light and got heavier and heavier. Our guns answered and the sky and earth was full o' death when Longstreet started comin' 'gainst Sickles in line o' battle a mile and a half long.

"Gen'ril Warren, chief engineerin' officer, found Little Round Top unprotected, and he knew what would happen if the Rebs took it. They'd plant artillery there and just naturally crumple the whole left wing. They'd ha' won the battle.

"Even as 'twas, Gen'ril Hood's corps was on its way there with only Warren and a signal corps man to stop 'em. They went to wavin' signal flags to make the Rebs think the hill was occupied. But who ever heard of the Rebs stoppin' because a place was defended? They kept comin' right along.

"We got our marchin' orders 'bout four-thirty, and we moved to support Sickles, who was in danger."

Amos leaned forward, staring into the red sunset and that hectic July day. John Allen's pipe had gone out and he sat immovable, holding it in his hand. Mary grasped her grandfather's wrist.

"Don't excite yourself, Gramp," she pleaded.

She might just as well not have been there. His old eyes were glowing with battle lust and his usually quavering voice had taken on the timbre of youth.

"First we knew of Little Round Top," he went on, "was when we see Gen'ril Warren come rushin' down. He talked to Gen'ril Weed, wavin' his arms. Then our brigade, under Colonel Vincent, and part of Gen'ril Weed's force moved up the slope.

"We went on the double, guns loaded and bay'nits fixed, and even then we were only just in time. We beat the Rebs to the crest of the hill and went over at 'em. Fired pointblank at each other and I don't think anybody missed. Didn't have time to reload, and we fought with bay'nits. The ground was rotten with rocks and logs and it was every man for himself.

"In hand-to-hand fightin' a man wants to kill everything in front o' him. I 'member my bay'nit sinking into flesh, but I swan I never did see the man I stabbed. Your grandpap was right 'longside o' me and he went down. I straddled him, hacking and stabbin' till he got on his feet.

"Those consarned Rebs were drivin' us back up the hill. I heard cheerin' and afterwards I found out the 140th New York, under Colonel O'Rorke, had reinforced us. O'Rorke was killed as he got to the summit. But I was too busy right then to notice much. My bay'nit broke and I clubbed my rifle. Felt a head give under the butt, like an egg-shell.

"Then a big Reb swam at me. Don't know where he come from. Only, first thing I know, there he was, his eyes and mouth wide open and him yellin' fit to raise the dead. He stabbed straight into me and I felt a shock. I tried to hit back with my gun. But it slipped out o' my hand and the ground started spinnin'. He was comin' at me again.

"'I'm a goner!' I yelled as I was fallin'.

"Then, John, your grandpap stepped past me. I saw him lunge, and the big Reb disappeared. That's all I remember.

"It's all I remember till I woke up in hospital with a hot, shootin' pain over the heart. They told me we'd held Little Round Top and that your grandpap was all right."

His voice trailed off and Mary put her arms about him. Twilight had come and deepened. John Allen tapped his pipe against the porch rail, saying no word. Thunder rumbled and heat lightning slashed the fragrant darkness.

Amos, his mind fixed on Gettysburg as is a Mohammedan pilgrim's on Mecca, went into town to make some purchases for the trip. He would travel light, an old campaigner on the march.

"Who is that old fellow?" asked a salesman of Dan Haskins, proprietor of the Gem Tobacco Store, when Amos departed with some of his favorite plug.

"That," Dan replied, "is Amos Appleby. Old soldier. Civil War veteran. Almost killed at Gettysburg. We're

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mighty proud of Amos and the other old vets. There's nothin' too good for our old soldiers."

"That's right," agreed the salesman. "Nothing too good for the old soldiers. They're getting fewer and fewer."

On the morning of the 1st of July, Amos and Mary and John left for the battle-field, and the veterans came down in full force to see them off, looking wistfully after them.

Amos waved good-by with his cane and stood watching the town in which he had been born and in which he had lived his life fading and growing smaller in the distance. It had been home to him these many years. Yet he had a sense he was leaving a strange place as he entered the train.

Mary, excited by the journey, was chiding her grinning husband for taking it so calmly.

"You'd think we were just going into town," she said, "instead of on our honeymoon."

"Well," he drawled, "we are going into a town, and no honeymoon could make me think more of you."

At which she hugged his arm.

Amos sat unseeing as the train slid smoothly down along the Hudson. He was excited, but he gave no sign of it. Only twice during the long journey did he break his silence. The first time he said: "When I came back from Gettysburg along this very road, the joltin' hurt me a little."

And the second remark followed a long study of young John Allen.

"John," he asserted, "you're as like your grandpap as two peas in a pod. Sometimes I get you mixed up in my mind, though I know he's dead a right smart while now."

"Why, he's nothing like him, Gramp," protested Mary. "John's granddad was a much older man."

Amos laughed at her with her husband, but he realized how lonesome he was for John Allen, his life comrade. He wished they were together on this trip. John would get a lot of pleasure out of coming back, and his own would be increased by having John with him. He felt as if he were with him, and so strong was this feeling that he thought the boy was old John.

The wheels clicking against the rails had been beating insistently under his consciousness. Now they forced themselves upon his attention. They were drumming out a rhythm, and he tensed as he pieced out the words of the tuneless song they were singing:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on."

They had arrived at Gettysburg.

Amos Appleby rose early the next morning with the feeling that the day before him was that Day of Days interred in the past now for sixty years. As he swung his old legs to the floor, he found himself half listening for reveille. He dressed meticulously as for inspection, and he marched to the dining-room, scarcely bearing on his cane.

There he found Mary pale but happy. The long journey had tired her. But she would accompany him and John. The sun would make her well again. They went out to the field in a bus, and Amos, resenting the historically correct but unemotional explanations of the guides, took his granddaughter and her husband apart and conducted the tour himself.

He pointed out where Buford and the First and Eleventh Corps had held the Confederate Army until, badly crippled, they retreated to Cemetery Ridge, under the command of Hancock. He showed them the route over which the valorous Pickett had led his immortal Virginians in their vain charge against the strongly entrenched Union Army.

This very day, he reflected, was another day like July 2, 1863, save for a bank of cumulous clouds to the east. But he noticed the fields of wheat and oats were no more. Instead, there was spread before them the perennial harvest of war, the graves of the soldier dead, laid out in regiments.

At lunchtime he became anxious about Mary. She was listless, and, though she laughed at the concern of her men-folks,

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she lay down to rest in her darkened room. John was with his wife and Amos sat on the porch alone. The old soldier gazed up at the historic ridges and the battle-field, and there came upon him the whim to retrace the steps he had taken with his comrades on the day of the battle. He consulted his watch and learned he could rest three hours. So he dozed, thoroughly happy, for the very air was alive with memories. In time John came out to him. Mary was sleeping, and he thought it best not to take her with them on the trip that afternoon.

When Amos crept softly in to look at her, she stirred and smiled in her sleep. She was nothing but a child. Why, only yesterday he had held her in his lap. And now, under her heart, she was bearing a little human being who would carry on his blood; a boy, perhaps, to keep up the tradition of devotion to country. A sudden impulse moved him to kiss her damp forehead and brush his old hands through her hair.

"Good-by, baby," he whispered and did not know he spoke. "Take care o' yourself."

She heard him through her slumber and smiled.

"By, Gramp," she murmured; "I'm so sleepy."

So he came softly away, and, putting the thought of her from him, he went out with John to the battle-field in a hired automobile. It was four o'clock.

"We were right here, Sykes's Corps," he explained to John, as their late automobile kicked up the dust of distance. "And the battle was beginnin' right to the minute. Longstreet's batteries opened, and over yonder he came in battle line, threatenin' the whole left wing. Lord A'-mighty, it was a pretty sight to see them comin'. We lay here and watched. See over there?" He swept the air with his cane. "That's the Devil's Den, where the Reb sharpshooters picked off our generals." They gazed at the panorama before them, green, smiling, and only the white of the headstones holding the memory of a great battle.

"And now," continued Amos, "we got the order to move and we started. Come on, John." The young man was swinging along beside him, and a winelike flush bubbled through Amos's veins, as if he had been drenched with the waters of eternal youth. "Here's the way we come." He pointed out and marched to the cadence of ghostly feet. "See, yonder is Little Round Top." The cane pointed steadily at the rocky hill. "'Twas at this point Gen'ril Warren came runnin' down to us. We halted here while he talked to Gen'ril Weed." Amos stopped and watched men long dead excitedly conversing. The Past was blending with the Present.

"There's the orders." He tried and his voice was strong. "'Right, march!'" He swung off and up the hill. John Allen, his granddaughter's husband, had become John Allen, his comrade. "Guess we're goin' to catch hell. 'On the double!'" His cane swung to his hip and straightened. The cumulous clouds had become a black bank. Thunder rumbled.

"There's the guns, John. Think they're ours. Look at them Rebs come!"

They had breasted the hill, and John Allen stopped. But Amos Appleby went into a ghostly battle with his cane. Down the slope he trundled, jabbing with his stick. The boy tried to stop him, but he could not fight memories implanted before he was born. The thunder rumbled and lightning flashed. The storm was almost upon them.

Amos fought down the hill. His bayonet sank into the body of a foe he could not see. Now John Allen had fallen and he straddled his body, fighting off the phantom enemy till John found his feet again. The world was covered with battle mist.

Out of the mist there strode a giant Confederate soldier. His mouth and eyes were open and he was yelling the Rebel yell. He stabbed at Amos and the old man felt a shock that was more than a memory. He tried to hit back, and his cane slipped from his hands. The ground began to spin.

"I'm a gonner!" he breathed, and young John Allen caught him in his arms.

"Consarn you, John!" Amos mumbled. "Where you bin these last twenty years? That Reb got me sure this time."

On Round Top, not far away, a giant marine, silhouetted against the lowering sky, blew sad, clear, silvery notes from a shining bugle.

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Amos stirred in John Allen's arms. What was that he was sounding—"The Recall"? The notes cut through to him over the cataclysmic roaring in his ears. No. By George, he was playing "Taps." Listen! The sad words rode on the eerie tune:

"Soldier rest,
With the blest,
Where the star gleams afar. All the war
Now will cease;
Safe in peace,
Soldier rest."

What was the boy blowing "Taps" for, there on the battle-field?

Amos heard the thunder of marching feet. Young John Allen thought it was the rumble of the approaching storm. But the old man's glazing eyes picked up the hosts of soldiers striding out of the mist. Continentals and Andy Jackson's boys went past. The mist yielded a blur of blue and gray, and Amos saw his own, the soldiers of the Civil War.

With his ebbing strength he tried to rise and follow them, but his tired old body held him to the earth. He tugged and wrenched, struggling mightily. Rain whispered from a black and angry sky, then fell on the two in torrents.

The old soldier lay panting on the soaked ground, and suddenly an eager knowledge of an approaching great peace poured in new strength. He slipped easily from the worn shell, huddled there against the wet earth, a militant shade armed with a shadowy gun, accoutred with phantom equipment. His feet trod lightly as they had ever done in his youth at the beginning of a long journey. This one, he knew, would be eternal. Counting, he caught up the susurrated cadence to which his ghostly comrades trudged, and slipped into his place in the spectral line.

Amos Appleby went marching on.

Young John Allen, holding the discarded body in his arms, wondered how he would break the news of Amos's passing to the girl who slept back yonder with the old man's great-grandchild stirring under her heart.

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Affirmation

BY JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

I

How little our true majesty is shown
In these proud minds by which we are confessed
Traitors so often, recreants at best—
Unworthy of life's greatness and our own.
Not by the mind we shall be judged alone,
Who are much more than in the mind is guessed.
By faith we live. The heart in every breast
Labors, believing, toward the end unknown.

Through the shrill mind, in terror and defeat,
The ancient flood of holy being roars;
The gallant heart again and yet again—
Jetting fierce streams of faith—with every beat,
In sacramental affirmation, pours
Life's answer through the unbelieving brain.

II

"And yet at last, when all is said and done,
Where is the triumph, truly—to have been
Spectators of an immemorial scene,
And then hurried into oblivion?"
So speaks the mind, self-cheated, while the one
Splendor in every mind, however mean,
Works out Its purpose, secret and serene,
And through all living things under the sun.

His presence is the starry multitude,
And in us also surely He abides:
Our bodies are salt shores for the sharp flood
That through creation rises and subsides
With ebb and flow of everlasting tides
Or rhythms of the perishable blood.

III

Poor timid mind, so agile to defend
Your own misgiving, patient to put out
The light of hope within us and without,
Your own best lover and your own worst friend—
While over us the faithful heavens bend,
While through our veins the justling life-streams shout
Triumph and joy, still pondering the old doubt—
Anxious and unpersuaded to the end!

If it be truth indeed that life through you,
Who are the front of her emergent will,
Waking, asks for an answer and, denied,
Resumes the primal sleep—if this be true,
Dark is the truth. But we are greater still
Than our own thoughts, and wiser than our pride.

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"Those Absurd Missionaries"

BY HARRISON COLLINS

"OH, mother, aren't they funny!"

Peering over the young woman's furred and silken shoulder I followed the child's pointing finger and saw them coming up the gang-plank. From where I stood, on the promenade-deck, I could look almost directly down upon them. They were little and old—both over sixty, the wife perhaps a trifle the younger. She had on an indescribable hat—a flat, rhomboid conglomeration of black and white satin bows plainly dating from the past century; and thrown round her shoulders, but not covering her thin neck, was a sort of overall green cape, or inverness. The husband wore an ancient blue serge suit and gray fedora, and carried a thin coat in one hand, while he tugged at a large wicker suitcase with the other.

"Mother, aren't they fun-ny!"

They were just under us, coming aboard, and in spite of the clamor incidental to the departure of the great Pacific liner, must have heard the child's clear treble. The wife brought her left hand to her flat breast in a painful gesture, looked up at the little girl leaning on the rail beside her pretty, overdressed mother—and smiled. Then they disappeared from sight as the main deck swallowed them up.

"Mother," repeated the little girl again, "*weren't* they funny!"

The young mother gave a light laugh, somehow unpleasant for all its bell-like sweetness.

"They're missionaries, Clara," she said contemptuously. "China missionaries."

Presently the last straggling passenger was aboard; the drum-like gongs beaten by white-coated Chinese stewards had frightened the last visitor ashore; the gang-plank was pushed back; and the *President Adams* drifted, at first imperceptibly and then with gathering speed, away from the pier. The panorama of San Francisco gradually unfolded itself as the shuddering vibration of the screws began, and the tugs which had hitherto helped us fell astern shrieking shrill farewells. With sonorous voice our deep-toned whistle replied, saluting the continent, nation, and city. The Golden Gate lay straight ahead framing the setting sun; already one could feel the first warning lift of the ocean swell.

It was an old story to me (I represent a large New Jersey silk house and annually make the voyage), including a red-headed smart Aleck whom I found in what formerly had been the barroom.

"A dead bunch, George," he was remarking to the Chinese soft-drinks dispenser, while tilting a solacing flask of his own. "A dead bunch. Few live ones. Mostly damned, psalm-singing missionaries." Then turning to me: "Ever been over?"

I admitted I had.

"Often?"

"This is my nineteenth crossing."

He let me enjoy my lemon-squash in silence.

There is usually a fair sea rolling just outside the Gate. There was one that night, and it made a difference in the number on hand for dinner. But the next morning dawned fine and comparatively quiet, if a little cold; and a full complement came in to breakfast.

I entered the dining-room somewhat late in order to see it. The second officer, a trim, well-set-up, sailorly looking chap in his late thirties, presided at our table and made us acquainted. A dark-haired, blue-eyed young woman, a Miss Merrill, sat at his left. She was a newspaper writer, I discovered afterward, a special correspondent for one of the Chicago papers. I came next. The Van Broghs of New York, mother and daughter—the former a tiny, apple-cheeked dumpling of a woman, the latter fair, tall, and slender—followed in the order named. They were wealthy people, I believe, travelling

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eventually round the world for the daughter's health. A Mr. Todd, in whom I recognized the red-headed hero of my barroom encounter, completed the circle on the officer's right, though why he should have been accorded that seat of honor I cannot say. Indeed, I shall say little more about any of these folk; for aside from Todd, they had nothing to do with what I would relate.

The pretty woman of yesterday, I was somehow amused to note, sat much powdered and rouged at the captain's table in the centre of the room. He, a fat, jolly, red-faced, white-haired old fellow, was constantly laughing at her remarks. She was laughing too, and talking with lips, teeth, and eyes. Clara, her daughter —I now saw that she was a child of five or six—was playing with her grapefruit rather than eating it. The mother seemed not to care.

Then, naturally, the sight of the child recalled the elderly couple who had astonished her so when coming aboard; and beginning again my search of faces, I finally found them over by the inner wall nearest the exit to the kitchens.

Behind the gleaming silver and white napery of their table they looked smaller and older and dingier than ever. The removal of the woman's hat had not improved her appearance. Her hair she wore in a tight knob on the top of her head, and the line or part straight down the middle accentuated its meagreness. His face, at first glance, was pale and weary. On more careful scrutiny, however, there was one thing I could not help noticing, even from a distance. This was the air of peace and hominess that seemed to surround them, a sense of background brought with them into this garish setting from a seldom-visited but palpably New England village home. About them clung a faint flavor of Emersonian fragrance, not of the intellect so much as of the emotions, perhaps; here has been high *feeling* and plain living, said I, paraphrasing Wordsworth to myself; and I felt a sudden warmth go out toward them that I shouldn't have thought possible two minutes before.

One way out of the dining-room led past their table. By the merest chance the captain, Clara, her mother, and I rose at the same time. I stood aside waiting for them to precede me, and made a tail to their little procession. The captain and the lady were too engrossed in each other to have an eye for Clara—really a pretty little thing all lace and pink ribbons—and so it was up to me to rescue her orange when it rolled under the missionaries' table. That is to say, I tried to rescue it, but old Mrs. Missionary retrieved it first.

"Good morning, dear," she said, in a surprisingly rich contralto. And to me: "Their fingers are so uncertain, bless their hearts!"

Just then Clara's mother, pausing at the door, caught the end of the little scene.

"Clara, come here!" she called sharply. And with scarcely any attempt to lower her voice: "You stay away from those missionary people."

The little old lady smiled up at me out of such roguish blue eyes; and the little old man winked at me solemnly—as of course no lady could! Clara, half-comprehending, pudgy fingers encircling the orange, gazed back out of wide eyes at all of us, and then ran after her mother——

The grinning deck-boy was arranging blankets and steamer-chairs as we came out.

"His name is Pong, father, and his mother lives in Hawaii."

"Not *Ping* Pong, mother? Well, I declare. I've often heard of you. Delighted to meet you, sir!"

"Father" extended his hand, and there was something so kindly, so youthfully infectious, in the chuckle with which he accompanied his mild jest, that "mother" and I laughed too, and the boy went away grinning more broadly than ever.

Their name, I soon discovered, was Scott, and they were returning to their work after a year's furlough. They were not China missionaries, but for many years had labored in Kyūshū, one of the islands of Japan. Otherwise they said little of themselves. But I found them very easy to talk to, and before I knew it I had shown them the latest snap-shot of Dorothy and our daughter Louise. They were pleased with it but didn't "gush." They really were interested, and without saying much seemed to urge: "Go ahead; tell us more!"

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It was through them that that first morning I met and defeated the Reverend Frank Hendricks at shuffleboard. In a more athletic sort of contest such an outcome would have been impossible, since I am a small man and the Reverend Frank must have weighed all of two hundred and fifty. He pleaded guilty of having played centre on one of Dartmouth's Varsity elevens; later conversations brought out war experiences we had had in common, and after that we grew quite chummy.

"Lord!" exclaimed the red-headed Todd once, respectfully. "I'd hate to be thrown for a loss by that bird!"

Mr. Todd was in no danger. The Reverend Hendricks proved on acquaintance to be the most peaceable, sweet-tempered, and modest of men. But he was one missionary, as the lighter-minded aboard could see, and the male element recognized him politely.

"By the way, Hendricks," said I the last afternoon we were still this side of Honolulu, as we watched the flying-fish skim the indigo water in their effort to keep up with the ship, "you and I being pretty good pals, I'd like to ask you something. Something rather personal, however; so you don't have to answer if you don't want to. It's this: Why is a missionary——"

Hendricks smiled a large smile while he held up a large hand.

"Wait," he commanded. "Wait a moment, Baker. I know the question you're coming to. Let me ask it for you. You mean: Why is a missionary so funny?"

That wasn't exactly how I would have phrased it, but it was exactly what I meant. So I laughed:

"Well?"

"Well"—and though he still smiled with his lips I could see his eyes grow serious—"well, I guess, like other amusing things, we're funny because we're funny."

He paused and seemed to consider a moment before going on.

"And, as a matter of fact, was there ever anything more audacious, to an outsider at least, than our attempt to carry light to civilizations that were old before ours was born; or more preposterous—on the face of it—than our trying to 'convert the heathen' abroad while our own heathen are still in the seats of the mighty at home? On the other hand, the business people on our fields laugh at us and dislike us partly because of our 'unbusinesslike methods,' but chiefly because these methods and especially our ideals are often incompatible with theirs—though at the same time they take advantage of the atmosphere of good-will we create. Sentimentalists oppose us for this very reason: that we 'make exploitation possible'; forgetting, meanwhile, that our presence often softens the inevitable and makes this exploitation take a milder form than it otherwise would. Artists scorn us because they think we hate the beautiful; whereas, seriously, I have yet to hear of anything really beautiful a missionary has destroyed. Writers, when they condescend to visit our fields, are content for the most part to gain their opinions in port cities, from chair-warmers in comfortable hotel lobbies!"

Hendricks's great knuckles began to whiten and his eyes to flash. I was getting rather more than I had intended.

"Not that I defend our faults for an instant," he continued, more quietly: "our blunders, our inefficiencies—our mannerisms. And of course, like all idealistic movements, ours has its weak sisters and 'lunatic fringe.' I do not defend them. But the movement itself—and not to be too abstract, the average individual missionary—has high aims and is fundamentally sound."

"But—" I hazarded.

"'But me no buts!'" He levelled at me a long forefinger. "Big business—the struggle for markets and the consequent mechanization of peoples—is what will 'ruin the East,' if not the whole world; not we missionaries. We are trying at least to save the pieces. If writers and artists generally could see this, if they had their wits about them—and the courage—they'd laugh at you, not us. *You* are the enemy!"

As the representative of a comparatively innocent silk concern, whose only ambition was stable quotations and strict inspection of the product, I began to feel rather uncomfortable, and possibly my face also showed an amusing resentment;

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for all at once Hendricks slapped me on the leg and cried with perfect good humor: "Now *that's* out of my system!" And he gave vent to a hearty laugh.

Nevertheless, I thought it wiser to take up a less combustible, if still a related, topic.

"What about the Scotts—that simple old Japan mission couple? You told me the other day you were a B. I. J.—born-in-Japan son of a missionary. You must know them well."

A strange bright look, like a negative shadow, passed over his ruddy face—was it amusement or tenderness?

"Oh, the Scotts," he began slowly. "Oh, why, they're the salt of the earth. They——"

But it had been announced that we should land at Honolulu early on the morrow for a day's lay-over, and a gay group coming back from a stroll forward to the bow claimed to have discovered a smudge of darker hue on the edge of the sea where the sun had set, and further quiet conversation was impossible.

Everybody was making vast preparations. "You *must* see the view from the Pali!" "Waikiki for me!" "And don't forget Kamēhamēha!" "Oh, you ukelele!"—were some of the blithe comments.

Clara's mother, whose name, I had heard, was Cummings, and whose state was a grass widow's, was by now being trailed by a round half-dozen of male admirers. And by the same token Clara, though seemingly as well cared for and prettily dressed as ever, was very much alone, and wandered about the public rooms and decks wistful and neglected.

"You little dear!" said old Mrs. Scott, in her soft contralto, pulling the child up on to the steamer-chair beside her. "Such big black eyes and big brown curls! Just the size of my Mary's Edna back in Brookfield! Cyrus, when you go ashore to-morrow you must buy a cocoanut for Clara!"

In another, earlier generation I could hear her saying: "When you go up-town, Cy, get a stick o' that striped store-candy for Clara!" Only the name would have been Clarissy, more probably.

"Yes, mother," said the actual Cyrus.

"Clar-ah!" sounded in bell-like tones from down the deck. "Come here! How many times have I told you!"

When we set sail two days later to the brass-blown strains of "Aloha," "Kimigayo," and "The Star-Spangled Banner," it was with the usual collection of garlands, coins, and shells, and enough bananas, pineapples, and other fruit, I verily believe, to sink a smaller ship.

And Clara's cocoanut had not been forgotten. When told to hold the gift carefully, she hugged it to her bosom as if it were the most precious treasure in all the world. And then she trotted off—to show her mother. But presently from a distance there arose identifiable howls, and five minutes later a white-coated room-steward brought back the cocoanut.

"Mis' Cummings don' want. Baby no can have," he stated.

That was all. No recognition of good intentions was offered, no courteous note——

Thus far it was only too evident that the Scotts constituted the voyage's standing joke. To all but me (and possibly Frank Hendricks) everything they did was stupid, clumsy—*gauche*. Of course little Clara liked them—and the stewards, when honest. I wondered then, and have wondered since, to what special dispensation I owed my comparative enlightenment; and candor compels the confession that it was probably due to the fact that I was quite alone. Mankind is so fond of pooling its conscience and opinions; it's so much easier to let one's mind be made up for one by the crowd. To be sure, there were other passengers travelling alone. But not crossing the Pacific, my friend, for the nineteenth time! There lay the secret of my strength: I could not acknowledge the infallibility of an inferior experience. Such, at least, is my explanation of the matter; call it sensible or foolish, as you will.

And they were funny—the Scotts—in their way.

"Know the latest?" I overheard one fair passenger ask another. "Tom Todd had an awful head on him the other morning, and she—the old lady, I mean—came up to him and asked him what was the matter. 'A headache, ma'am,' groans Tom Todd; 'too much celebration, I guess, yesterday in Honolulu.'

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"You poor boy,' says she, putting her arm round his shoulder, '*I know exactly how you feel!*' At least, that's what Tom swore to my husband she said."

"And it wouldn't be so bad," rejoined the other gossip, "if she'd wear decent clothes! *Did* you see the hat she wore aboard? My dear, Queen Victoria wouldn't have been seen in it to a dog-fight!"

Passing over the solecism, not to mention the lèse-majesté, of the last remark, it will be agreed that the Scotts were not taken seriously by their shipmates.

To a casual observer, perhaps the strangest part of the whole affair lay in the fact that they received so little support from their natural allies, their fellow missionaries. But the strangeness is all on the surface. Be it known that the modern missionary, like the modern preacher and college professor, is thoughtful of his personal appearance; and the apparent thoughtlessness of the Scotts for theirs was resented by their colleagues, and particularly by their colleagues' wives, as a travesty on their order.

Not that the Scotts cared, seemingly, what figures they cut. This alone, one would think—at least now in retrospect, ought to have put us on our guard, aroused in us healthy suspicions, raised before us visions, say, of Napoleon in his old gray redingote surrounded by his marshals (his servants) in furs and diamonds! But the Scotts were so wholly unlike Napoleon, with his love for negative display. They weren't vulgar at all. They simply were incorrigibly old-fashioned. Their clothes were mended, their persons and linen spotlessly clean. *Ergo*, they were dressed and could give their minds to other things.

And yet they seemed to embody some mystery. More than once I had it on the tip of my tongue to ask Frank Hendricks about it; but now that we were crossing calm, tropic seas, his wife and fat baby were almost always present, and if I thought of the matter, the query, though often poised for flight, somehow would never actually fly.

Any scandal is but a nine-days' wonder, and had the trip been round the world instead of merely to the coast of eastern Asia, the Scotts would have been forgotten before Singapore. Meanwhile, our floating microcosm had scarcely cleared from Honolulu before tongues began wagging about more serious delinquencies in another quarter. The fair widow, Mrs. Cummings, was being attacked; and as the besiegers in both her case and the Scotts' were chiefly feminine, the siege of the latter was partially raised in order to bring up reinforcements against the former.

Since I did not know the lady, my information, perforce, came through red-headed Todd, whose testimony, if not too accurate in details, was corroborated in its main outlines by other deponents.

"She's a peach, but also a fool. She can't stand drink and she throws her money around. She parks the kid all day long in the hotel and then goes all over Honolulu with Sam Oates. Lord knows where they were till they came aboard at 3 A. M. Sam says he put her through her paces, all right, and he has a bet up that at Yokohama——"

And so on. The other ladies—except Mrs. Scott—grew markedly cool toward Mrs. Cummings; and it was plain that she had become, to all save the most abandoned of the bolder and frailer element, *persona non gratissima*.

And so the ten days passed, with both scandals struggling for the centre of our little stage, until matters came to an unexpected crisis the very morning we steamed up Yokohama harbor.

I ought to state that for two or three days previous to that event poor, neglected little Clara had been ill. Nothing serious, rumor said—just a severe pain in the stomach.

On the last night, as usual, came the concert, and the awarding of prizes for the recently held deck-sports. Old Mr. Scott received a prize—I forget now for what: an egg-carrying race, I think it was. But I recall the ponderously witty presentation speech of the chairman, a New York banker in private life.

"Mr. Scott," he intoned, "I take great pleasure in presenting you with a proper reward for your valor. You won the race. Your love of races is well known. Indeed, it may be said that your love of the *human* race is your long suit."

"Has he another?" giggled a woman

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near me. And her companion laughed. But somehow neither sounded very malicious.

Next morning nearly every one was on deck as we went up Tōkyō Bay to Yokohama harbor. Off to the left over the green hills towered the purple cone of Fuji; straight ahead, like a toy city, the settlement rose from the water's edge to the church spire on the bluff. The Japanese town could be seen encircling the bay beyond: docks, ships, junks—to the shipyards Tōkyō-ward, already black with smoke. (This was several years before the earthquake.) The *President Adams* sped swiftly over the blue water past white-sailed, outgoing fishing-boats, and at eight o'clock came to anchor outside the breakwater.

We were a little late, a tardiness which caused some fretting. We were to have landed at eight; now, what with quarantine, passport, and customs inspections, it was doubtful if any one would set foot on shore before ten.

As I say, we were nearly all on deck, gazing longingly at the land. Big Hendricks and his pretty wife and fat baby; Todd; Sam Oates, tilting a black Havana in perilous proximity to a broad-brimmed Panama; the Scotts; the Van Broghs; Miss Merrill, a little aloof, and thinking of first sentences of possible articles, doubtless; last night's jovial banker-chairman, thinking of nothing but his own importance; two hundred others—we were all there, milling aimlessly round getting in one another's and the sailors' and officers' way.

Only Mrs. Cummings was not in evidence, and it was rumored that during the night Clara had grown worse.

Suddenly she came pushing through a crowded doorway, tears streaming furrows in her face-powder, lips twitching pitifully through their carefully applied covering of rouge. She clasped and unclasped her jewelled hands.

"Oh! Oh! Oh-h-h!"

"What's the matter?" issued solicitously from a dozen masculine throats.

"Clara—oh, my baby!—Clara's got acute appendicitis!"

"Can't they operate?" Sam Oates, removing both hat and cigar, inquired kindly enough.

"Isn't there anything *we* can do?" asked a sweet contralto voice.

The frantic mother whipped about, fury dancing in her eyes:

"No, you old comic strip, there's not! Clara'd likely as not be all right now, if *you* had let her alone in the first place! Prob'ly either you or Foxy Grandpa there slipped her something. Oh-h-h, DAMN missionaries!"

I saw the gentle, upturned face wince, as from a physical blow, and the color mount slowly to cheeks and forehead from the thin, wrinkled neck. Probably she had never been cursed in her own language before.

As she turned away, some fool in the crowd tittered.

"I say it again!" screamed Mrs. Cummings, losing all control of herself—spitting out her words and stamping her foot. "You're a silly old fool, and DAMN missionaries!"

"It isn't appendicitis," snapped the doctor, in answer to my question, as he came out on deck for a breath of air. "Children that age seldom have appendicitis. It's acute intussusception, a sort of obstruction of the bowel developing from intestinal catarrh. I tried to tell that featherhead so, but she wouldn't listen. She actually behaves like a subject laboring under secondary dementia. Appendicitis—bosh!"

"Can't you operate?"

"Can't isn't quite the word," he replied more calmly. "The question is one of advisability. The ship has an operating-room for use in emergencies, as you know; but it is much better for a serious surgical case like this to be treated ashore, especially when you consider the commotion around a vessel when unloading and loading in port. Besides, this little girl disembarks at Yokohama."

"But is there time?"

"With the camphor injections and the other alleviatory means I'm employing I give her three hours before an operation will be absolutely necessary."

As he turned to go back to his small patient, however, something in his manner seemed to belie his verbal confidence.

The quarantine launch was momentarily expected, and finally sighted picking its way through the shipping inside

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the breakwater. Rounding the end of the stonework it pointed its prow straight at us and fairly flew. With a sigh of relief, and with interest, too, as constituting their first contact with Japan, the crowd on deck watched its arrival. How immaculate it was—the black roof and sides of its small cabin shone like polished lacquer! And how snappily the brown little white-clothed sailors stood to their stations and handled their craft! As a burly Briton near me put it: "When it comes to quarantine outfits, these Japanese surely do themselves well!"

A young official, also in white, with gold braid on his shoulders and around his cap, danced up the companion and saluting our officer politely, spoke to him in loud and excellent English:

"Are the Reverend and Mrs. Cyrus Scott of Kyūshū here?"

Little Mr. and Mrs. Scott stepped shyly forward.

And then a strange thing happened. The young fellow produced a large, important-looking envelope from his belt, and, offering it to the old couple, bowed from the waist, respectfully low. And when he spoke, with bared head, it was no longer as an official but rather as a child addressing revered parents:

"Sensei, His Excellency the Governor, learning of your probable return by this steamer, has sent me to bid you a hearty welcome, and to place his launch at your service. His only regret is that urgent business prevents his coming to care for you himself."

It was revealing of Mrs. Scott, I thought afterward, that in that splendid moment she imaged not scenes, however dramatic, but persons.

"Oh, Cyrus," she exclaimed, raising clasped hands, "it's Saburo San! He's governor now!"

Also bowing from the waist, her husband thanked the young official in quiet, but I have no doubt adequate, Japanese.

As for the rest of us—their hitherto supercilious fellow passengers—you could have bowled us all over with a word. With a dénouement like a Sunday-school book come true in real life, where, oh, where was the joke now? What mattered clothes? How fruitless snobbery! Many a woman there would gladly have plunged into the sea, if afterward she could have said she had been rescued by an Imperial launch; many a man would have swum ashore had he thought by so doing to reach the Grand Hotel buffet sooner. And here were poor, old, unappreciative Mr. and Mrs. Scott *invited guests*—surely to the undeserving came all good things. Verily, damn the missionaries!— But perhaps these thoughts came later. For the present, while the old couple were below superintending the removal of their luggage, we were too dazed to think. A deathly silence seemed to have descended upon us. Only Todd gave vent to a long-drawn-out, melancholy whistle, and then he, too, was still.

Hendricks, a little apart from the others, leaned on the rail chuckling to himself.

"Now tell me," I said. "Who *are* they?"

"I told you: the salt of the earth."

"But this reception!"

"Oh, that? That's nothing. I'm surprised they didn't turn out the troops! Half the people on the pier are waiting for *them*. And they *will* turn out the schools to welcome them when they cross the boundary of their own province! They are the Scotts, man, *the* Scotts, of Kyūshū."

Seeing my continued look of puzzlement, he kindly went into details.

"No; they're not ordinary missionaries. Forty years ago they went into a village in the centre of the southern island—a real wilderness then. They built a church there first, and in time a hospital, and still later a school. But these things were only incidental—after all, only externals; others have built churches, hospitals, and schools. Their special gift was a supreme genius for friendship. Their hearts knew no guile, something, by the way, simple folk everywhere are quick to recognize. Every one they touched they touched personally. They knew no such word as 'converts'—only friends, and in time, as the seed sprouted, brethren in Christ. Somehow, in some fashion, something of their own lofty soul entered into those they reached; and now in high places and low their influence is living in many parts of this empire. The governor of Kanagawa Pre-

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fecture is not merely their old pupil, but also their present and very loving boy."

Hendricks lowered his voice.

"The secret of their success lies in their absolute devotion to their people and their work. No sacrifice has been too great for them, no obstacle too difficult. They look poor and they are poor; besides daily essentials they give away everything —themselves and their possessions included. If the board would only let them, they would be travelling third class.

"You have noticed, perhaps, the fact that Mrs. Scott is not well. She is dying of cancer. My father told me this. She underwent an operation for cancer of the breast last year at Rochester. The doctors have told her that her time is limited —more so if she returns to Japan. They give her three or four years at the most. Her daughter Mary begged her to stay at home; but she felt that her place was with her husband, and that the place of both of them was, like that of good soldiers, facing the enemy on the field of battle. She well knows that this ship is her final direct contact with America. But come, here they are now; let's watch them leave."

He took my arm and led me through the crowd to a spot near the head of the companion.

And now we were treated to a fresh surprise revealing the quality of the Scotts. Out of the doorway came a tiny stretcher on which Clara lay hidden from our gaze under white sheets. Immediately behind followed her mother, heavily veiled, leaning on Mrs. Scott's frail arm. Mr. Scott, laden with impedimenta belonging to both ladies, closed the little procession.

It was the decent—the Christian—thing to do, of course, to offer of their bounty to those who needed it most. But many, remembering the vulgar rebuff suffered as late as fifteen minutes before, would not have recognized the obligation. Others, intoxicated with their own sudden grandeur, would have forgotten to share it at all. And—now this is my point—nearly any one else would have shared it condescendingly. Not so the Scotts. As the gentle-eyed elder woman led the weeping younger one to the companionway, they looked for all the world like mother and daughter; or if one saw but the clothes, like servant and mistress —only that no modern servant would have been willing to dress so poorly.

"Good-by, Aunt Mary," said Hendricks softly.

"Good-by, Frank," she smiled, and at the head of the ladder shook hands with our officer, who for some reason swallowed hard and then blushed furiously.

So the white stretcher, borne by two sturdy sailors, descended the companionway and disappeared within the cabin of the shiny launch; the little old sensei and his wife, who in the hour of their triumph remembered that like their own great Teacher they had come not to be ministered unto but to minister, followed; while the rest of us, still awed into silence, lined the rail above and stared down on one of the simplest and at the same time strangest scenes it was probable any of us would ever behold.

And as, like a burnished arrow released from its bow, the launch shot toward purple Fuji and then slowly careened in to the Yokohama shore, the humor of the situation burst over me in a flood, and I laughed and laughed until I think even Hendricks was a bit ashamed of me. I pounded the rail with my fist—until the crowd which had been stupidly watching the lessening speck of the launch turned to find out what was the matter. And still I laughed. For they *were* funny, these missionaries; at least the Scott kind were: as funny as a bracing wind at sea, as funny as the sun at dawn!

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The Huntington Library and Art Gallery

THE NEW PLAN OF RESEARCH

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE
Author of "The New Heavens," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

"For out of the olde feldes, as men saythe,
Cometh al this newe corne fro yere to yere,
And out of olde bokes, in good faythe,
Cometh al this newe science that men lere."
—CHAUCER, *Parlement of Foules*.

BOOK collectors share a common passion but attain different ends. All are spurred by the desire to capture prizes, but few have learned how to use them for the public benefit. Even the most philanthropic, knowing that unique books or fragile illuminated manuscripts would soon be ruined by such handling as the inexpensive volumes of public libraries receive, often feel compelled to hoard their treasures. The very generous, such as Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, have opened their collections to competent students and provided for their permanent maintenance. But the most liberal disposition known to me of a great library is that of Mr. Henry E. Huntington, who in 1919 transferred his collections to a board of trustees for the public benefit, and has now made provision for a large staff of the ablest scholars to study their contents and publish the results in a series of technical and popular articles and books. By this means, and by opening the Library to competent students, he has assured the widest distribution of facsimiles, translations, commentaries, and the cumulative results of organized research.

*** For information regarding the contents of the Huntington Library I am chiefly indebted to Doctor George Watson Cole, former Librarian, Mr. Leslie E. Bliss, Librarian, Captain R. B. Haselden, Keeper of the Manuscripts, and Mrs. Milbank Johnson, who is making a study of the Larpent collection.

Mr. Huntington has been fortunate in his opportunities, for never before in modern times have so many valuable libraries come upon the market. One by one, or sometimes in large lots, he has acquired such masterpieces as the Ellesmere Chaucer, a vellum Gutenberg Bible, Reynolds's "Tragic Muse" and Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," the manuscript of Franklin's autobiography, the original signed documents of the Pizarros and the royal decrees relating to the conquest of Peru; the archives of the house of Stowe, comprising a great collection of manuscripts coming down from the twelfth century; the papers of the Earls of Huntingdon, containing royal charters, great seals, hundreds of royal letters and other historical correspondence from 1105 to 1745; and a collection of the first and intermediate editions of Shakespeare equalling that of the British Museum itself.

USE OF THE HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

In a trust indenture dated August 30, 1919, Mr. Huntington expressed his desire, "in his lifetime, to promote and advance learning, the arts and sciences, and to promote the public welfare by founding, endowing, and having maintained a library, art gallery, museum, and park." He accordingly transferred to a board of five trustees the library building he had previously erected on his large estate at San Marino, California (adjoining Pasadena), with all its contents. In subsequent gifts he also transferred to his trustees his residence near the library, with all its pictures, statuary, tapestries, and other works of art; his estate of over 200

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acres, to be permanently maintained for the purposes of the Library and Art Gallery; and a large adjoining tract of land, to be ultimately sold for residence purposes, and the proceeds added to the bonds and other securities also provided as a nucleus of a permanent endowment fund. In the trust indenture Mr. Huntington elected to perform during his life the duties of the trustees and stipulated that the residence, which contains his art collection, be retained for the use of himself and Mrs. Huntington until their deaths. Similar powers were reserved to Mrs. Huntington in case she should survive him.

Since that time the deaths of Mrs. Huntington and of two members of the original board of trustees, Messrs. Howard E. Huntington and William E. Dunn, have materially altered the conditions existing in 1919.* Mr. Huntington has made large additions to his collections, and in 1926 he executed a supplemental trust indenture, enlarging the powers of the trustees and defining the institution as:

"A free public research library, art gallery, museum, and botanical garden, . . . which library shall be for reference and research only. . . .

"Its object shall be the advancement of learning, the arts and sciences, and to promote the public welfare; . . . to render the books, manuscripts, and other contents available, under suitable regulations and restrictions, . . . to scholars and other persons engaged in research or creative work in history, literature, art, science, and kindred subjects, . . . to prosecute and encourage study and research in original sources of history, literature, art, science, and kindred subjects, etc. . . ."

A GENERAL PLAN OF RESEARCH

Mr. Huntington and his trustees, in seeking to make the best possible use of the Library and Art Gallery, have endeavored to take all of the significant facts into consideration. They recognize that the acquirement of unique or extremely rare books, manuscripts, and works of art carries with it a heavy responsibility. Many of these, it is true, have remained hidden for centuries in the private archives of old families in Europe and America, or stored in English country houses where scholars have had little or no access to them. But now that these documents have come to light, the obligation of providing for their ready accessibility and effective service is obvious. They are too expensive and easily injured for the daily wear and tear of an ordinary public library, and it is clear that their use must be restricted to competent scholars. But in every possible way their contents should be made useful to a much wider public than has ever profited by their existence in the past. How can this be done?

An obvious suggestion is offered by the organization of laboratories and observatories dealing with various branches of science. These are designed for research purposes and equipped with the best of instruments, which are intrusted to a staff of competent investigators for the study of various problems. To supplement the efforts of the permanent staff, and to keep in constant touch with developments in various parts of the world, Research Associates and Fellows are appointed, who come for stated periods from other institutions. The Research Associates are chosen from the most eminent and productive leaders in their fields, while the Fellows are generally younger men, who have shown exceptional ability in research at universities in this country and abroad.

The provision of a similar research organization by the Huntington Library and Art Gallery will assure competent and continuous use of the collections, instead of depending solely upon the chance visits of scholars. It will also make them of the greatest service to distant scholars and to the public by a wide dissemination of their contents and of the results of research, both in the form of technical books and articles and in more popular treatment for the general reader. It is hoped, of course, that visiting scholars will come in increasing numbers as the research value of the collections and the facilities offered for their use become more widely known. Such visitors will naturally be encouraged to undertake any special in-

* The present trustees are George S. Patton, Henry M. Robinson, Archer M. Huntington, Robert A. Millikan, and the writer.

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vestigations for which the contents of the Library are adapted. As for the permanent staff, this will be selected in accordance with the needs of a large general scheme of research.

It may be asked what broad research problem can be conceived for the Huntington Library and Art Gallery. Mr. Huntington's policy in building up his collections provides an excellent answer to this question. From the beginning he has specialized in the work of British and American authors, and as his purchases have been very extensive, he is rapidly acquiring the material needed for a comprehensive investigation of the history of civilization in Great Britain and America, especially in its intellectual aspects, but with due regard to its other phases. Thus the general subject of research chosen last year by Mr. Huntington and his trustees is the rise and evolution of Anglo-American thought and its application in the organization and development of the British Commonwealth and the United States. As our civilization is naturally an international product, the origin of ideas will not be neglected, and for this purpose the Library already possesses much material in its numerous incunabula and other early books and manuscripts from various European sources. For example, Italian and French writers from whom Chaucer, Shakespeare, and other English authors often derived the framework of their tales and plays are well represented.

Mr. Huntington at the door of his Library.
Born February 27, 1850; died May 23, 1927.

Like the research plan of a laboratory or observatory, the policy of the Huntington Library must be very broad and flexible. It must provide favorable opportunities for investigators of widely different needs; assure the growth of the collections in harmony with the requirements of the general plan; render possible visits for research to various American and European libraries, museums, and other sources of original materials; assure suitable means of publication; and foresee other requirements inherent in a comprehensive scheme.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CIVILIZATION IN GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA

The general plan just outlined was prepared in 1925 by the trustees at the request of Mr. Huntington and formally approved by him in October of that year.

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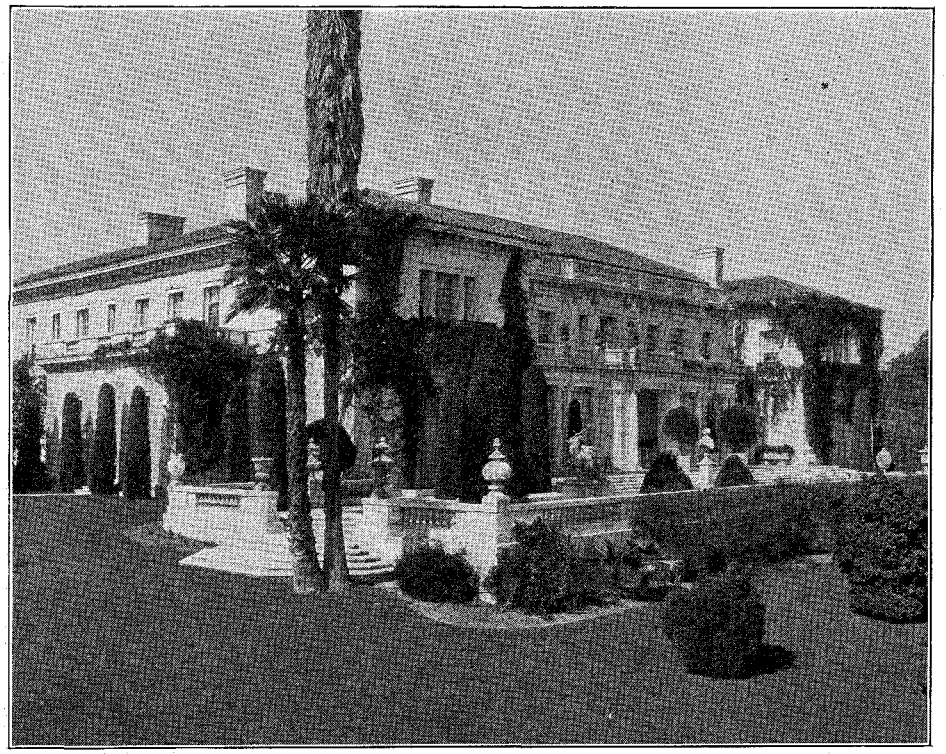
In brief, it called for the appointment of a Director of Research, the organization of a research staff, and a carefully considered attack upon various phases of the large problems in view. Doctor Max Farrand, formerly Professor of History at Yale University and Director of Education in the Commonwealth Fund, was then requested to visit the Library as the first Research Associate, to study its contents and possibilities, and to prepare an effective scheme of procedure. Some extracts from his report, which has recently been presented and approved, will best express his views.



Mr. Huntington's residence, which contains his collection of British portraits.

After stating his conviction that the collections are admirably adapted "for the study of the manifold aspects of the growth of civilization in Great Britain and America," he points out that the subject is too complex for a single mind and should not be left to isolated individuals. As a tentative working plan he then groups the chief lines of approach in three major divisions: I. Economic and Social. II. Intellectual and Spiritual. III. Governmental and Political.

Civilization originates with the economic necessities of the individual, who must support himself and his family. This leads to the study of industrial development, involving the application of science to human needs and culminating in the complex industrial and financial structure of modern times. In this economic and social investigation habits, customs, manners, etc., must be taken into account, and for this purpose such unworked manuscript material as is found in the Battle Abbey, Stowe, and Huntingdon collections will be invaluable.

The intellectual and spiritual phase of civilization begins with religion and continues with education and the development of science. "The invention of printing opened the realm of learning to the multitude, and is perhaps the greatest factor in the rise of democracy. Its only

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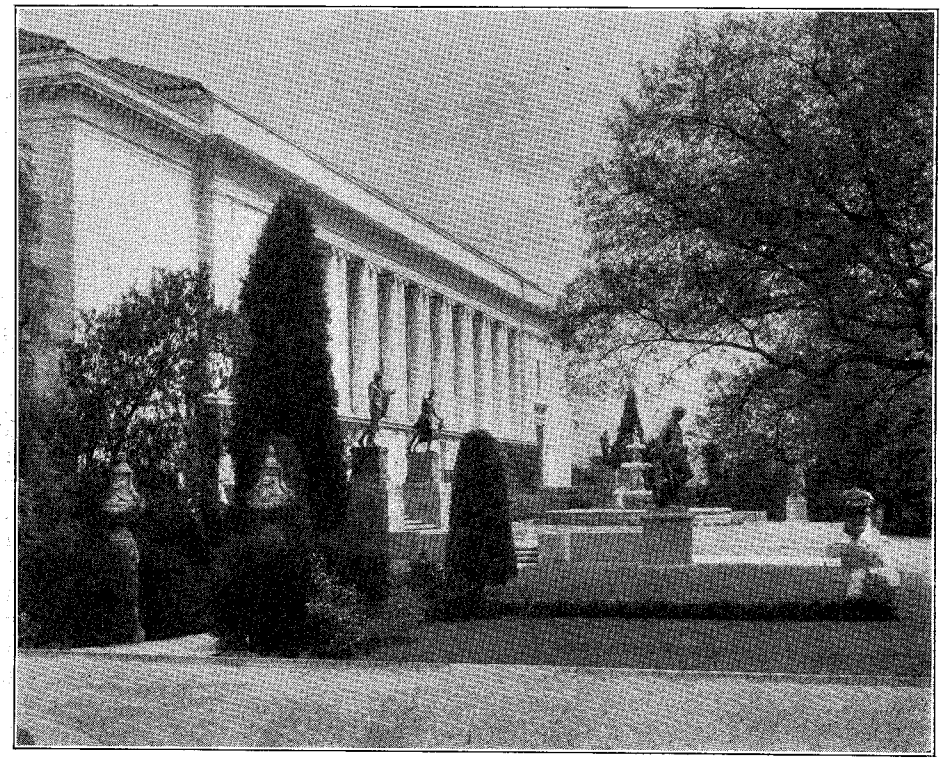
parallel is the revolution in thought and advancement of civilization resulting from the development of science. Buckle declared that 'there can be no history without the natural sciences,'" and the Library already contains much material bearing on these lines of advance.

"The former English practice of allowing state officials to retain public documents in their private archives has enabled Mr. Huntington, through his policy of purchasing entire libraries, to gather an amazing mass of British governmental and political material. On the American



The Huntington Library.

The Library and Art Gallery stand in a park of two hundred acres, permanently set apart for this purpose.

In the field of literature and the drama, the Library is admirably equipped to begin immediate and extensive research. This incidentally offers one of the most effective means of studying the transfer of civilization to the New World. In the realm of the fine arts the Huntington collections of paintings, statuary, tapestries, prints, illuminated manuscripts, and seals will also serve for investigations on another aspect of intellectual and spiritual progress.

"The third group includes the whole series of interests and activities manifested in government, law, and politics, and in international relations. side the collections range from the Pizarro papers and the records of the Dutch West India Company through every phase of national activity until the end of the nineteenth century, including a remarkable Civil War library.

"The conventional histories of the past have devoted themselves rather exclusively to governmental and political history, but students are learning to recognize that economic and social activities, that spiritual and intellectual interests, are controlling factors in the actions of the individuals who make up the State. The Huntington Library is now placing itself in the forefront of the new move-

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ment in history by adopting a policy of comprehensive study of Anglo-American civilization."

Doctor Farrand finds the present staff of the Library, under the direction of Mr. Leslie E. Bliss, Librarian, to be well chosen for the customary requirements of a library. As for the research staff, he recommends the appointment of from six to eight distinguished scholars, representing the various phases of the general problem. Associated with them there should be a number of Research Assistants, Associates, and Fellows.

This plan has been approved, and Mr. Huntington has undertaken to provide the necessary endowment, which will also cover various other needs, such as the cost of publication. Doctor Farrand will begin work in October as Director of Research, with Doctor Frederick J. Turner, formerly Professor of History at Harvard, as a Research Associate. Other Research Associates will be added, and the permanent staff will be gradually organized during the next few years.

OLD LIBRARIES AND THEIR SOURCES

In his purchases Mr. Huntington has profited by the exceptional circumstances under which the libraries he has acquired were formed in earlier times.

A century and more ago, when Paris could be reached from London in five days via the Dover Mail and a swift packet, the English book collector looked longingly across the Channel to the *quais* of the Seine. The tumbrils and the guillotines had done their work, and the loot of châteaux and palaces choked the stalls. The mobs of Revolutionists did not hanker after intellectual fare, and the best products of ancient presses and binderies, long preserved by the lettered gentry of the old régime, had been tossed to the rubbish-heap or sold to the street hawker for a song. William Beckford of Fonthill, the romantic author of "Vathek," and the second Earl Spencer, when amassing the richest private libraries of the day during their collecting tours on the Continent, were among those who profited from this ruthless dispersion of great possessions.

Rich beyond easy estimate were the libraries of old France. The long succession of collectors, sometimes traced to the Medicis of Florence through the book passions of Catherine, was of much earlier origin. "France, mère des armes, des arts, et des lois," had long been at work amassing treasures for the bibliophile. Dante speaks feelingly of "the art that is called illuminating in Paris," and Richard de Bury, Chancellor of Edward III, exclaims in his "Philobiblon": "Oh God of Gods in Zion! what a rushing river of joy gladdens my heart as often as I have a chance of going to Paris! There the days seem always short; there are the goodly collections on the delicate fragrant book-shelves." The art of fine binding, illustrated at the Royal Library in Venice in its early Byzantine stages by covers ornamented with silver and gold and incrusted with gems, was transmitted to France with the added genius of Italian craftsmen. Henri II, urged by Diane de Poitiers, decreed that beautifully bound vellum copies of all their books must be sent by the publishers to the libraries of Blois and Fontainebleau, and these very volumes, bearing the monogram of Diane, occasionally reach the modern collector.

The French Revolution was not the sole disperser of old books and manuscripts. At a much earlier period the book collector had saved many a rare volume in England, following the dissolution of the monasteries in the reigns of Henry VIII and Edward VI. Archbishop Parker, the Earl of Arundel, and Sir Robert Cotton were prominent among the "lovers of ancient learning" who saved priceless manuscripts from the common uses of the gold-beater, the tailor and the grocer. The Battle Abbey manuscripts, collected in one hundred large volumes and reaching back to the founding of the Abbey by William the Conqueror, are similar treasures acquired by Mr. Huntington. But at what a difference in cost!

In fact, the day of the bargain seems to have passed with the advent of dealers of the type of the learned Quaritch and the sagacious Rosenbach. A. Edward Newton, after his long experience as a collector, says he has "found it wise not to try to beat the expert; it is like trying to beat Wall Street—it cannot be done.

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Courtesy of Duveen Brothers.

Sir Joshua Reynolds's masterpiece, "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse."

Mrs. Siddons recorded that at the first sitting Sir Joshua asked her to "ascend your undisputed throne, and graciously bestow upon me some idea of the Tragic Muse. Upon which I walked up the steps and immediately seated myself in the attitude in which 'The Tragic Muse' appears." The painter's name is inscribed on the hem of her garment.

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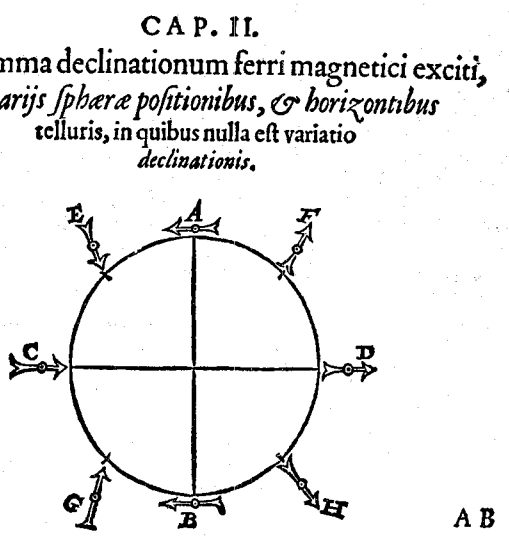
How can an outsider with the corner of his mind compete with one who is playing the game ever and always? The answer is simple—he can't; and he will do well not to try."

Thus, says the bibliophile Jacob, "from the vast hall that it was, the library has shrunk to a closet, to a mere bookcase. Nothing but a mere article of furniture is needed now, where a great gallery or a long suite of rooms was once required. The book has become, as it were, a jewel, and is kept in a kind of jewel-case."



Cut from the first edition (1600) of Gilbert's "De Magnete," in which he demonstrated for the first time that the earth is a magnet.

The cut shows the dip of the magnetic needle in different positions on the earth where there is no variation of dip.

GROWTH OF THE HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

There are exceptions to most rules, and the Huntington Library widely oversteps the narrow limits set by the bibliophile Jacob. Profiting by the labors of early collectors, it gathers into a single group books and manuscripts slowly acquired during centuries. A glance at its history will show how it was built up.

In 1907 Mr. Huntington was not counted as a collector. Four years later he made his first large purchase, the entire library of Mr. E. Dwight Church of New York, especially known for its early works of American history. In early English literature the Church library was very rich, its Shakespeare volumes (including the finest Folios and Quartos of the Locker-Lampson collection) being surpassed only by those of a few English libraries.

In quick succession several other libraries were thrown upon the market. Mr. Huntington purchased the entire collection of Mr. Beverly Chew and many of Mr. Robert Hoe's books, thus adding greatly to his rare specimens of early English literature. The library of Judge Russell Benedict, largely augmenting the Church collection of colonial laws and filling an important gap in the history of the French and Indian and Revolutionary Wars, was next acquired. But the most notable acquisition of this period was the drama and Caxtons from the library of the Duke of Devonshire.

John Philip Kemble, the actor, brother of Mrs. Siddons, collected some 9,000 English plays, a large number of play-bills, and many books on the English stage. In 1821 he sold the whole collection to the sixth Duke of Devonshire, who added them to the library at Chatsworth, his country-seat in Derbyshire. From the library of the Duke of Roxburghe and other sources the Duke acquired many First Folios and Quartos of Shakespeare and much other early English dramatic literature. Among these volumes were twenty-five works of Caxton, England's first printer, including such scarce specimens as the "Parvus Catho or Distichs of Cato" (the only known copy) and Lydgate's "Stans Puer ad Mensem," of which only one other copy is known. Several of the other Caxtons exist in only five or six copies. "The Mirrour of the World," originally purchased from the Louvain Jesuits, bears the autograph inscription, "This is the lady anne ffortescuys boke, 1532." "The

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Page from the Ellesmere manuscript of "The Canterbury Tales," written shortly after Chaucer's death in 1400. The equestrian miniature is one of the most important portraits of Chaucer in existence.

Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye," the first book printed in the English language, once belonged to Elizabeth Grey, wife of King Edward IV, as attested in a contemporary manuscript. In this volume is a Flemish copperplate engraving, believed unique, possibly from the workshop of Colard Mansion, Caxton's early partner.

By this purchase the Huntington Library entered the front rank of dramatic libraries. Already its collection of Shakespeare Folios and Quartos rivalled, and in some cases surpassed, those in the British Museum and Bodleian Libraries, previously recognized as the best in existence.

In 1915 Mr. Huntington purchased the library of Mr. Frederic R. Halsey, consisting of about 20,000 volumes, of the finest condition in size and binding, collected during a period of thirty-five years. In addition to further Shakespeare items, this library contained the original editions of Dickens, with complete sets of nearly all the plates issued by well-known artists as extra illustrations. In Americana and works by American authors the Halsey library was especially rich, and its collection of French literature was regarded as unrivalled in this country.

Less than a year later Mr. Huntington secured in London from the Britwell Court Library an unusual collection of rare Americana. Among the "Voyages" of De Bry, already represented in the Church set, were several volumes of the Latin edition of the "Small Voyages" that had been censored by Rome. A search in London finally resulted in the discovery of some 175 such obliterated leaves, which now add a unique feature to the Huntington set of De Bry.

THE BRIDGEWATER LIBRARY

Best known of the great collections acquired by Mr. Huntington is the Bridgewater library, founded by Sir Thomas Egerton, Baron Ellesmere and Viscount Brackley, Lord Chancellor to Queen Elizabeth and to King James I, and augmented by his son and grandson, the first and second Earls of Bridgewater and by other descendants, especially Francis Egerton, first Earl of Ellesmere, who died in 1857. The founders of the library were great lovers of literature, and many of the books seem to have been presented to them by their authors and by other notable men of the period. A striking feature of the collection is the travelling library of the Lord Chancellor (1579–

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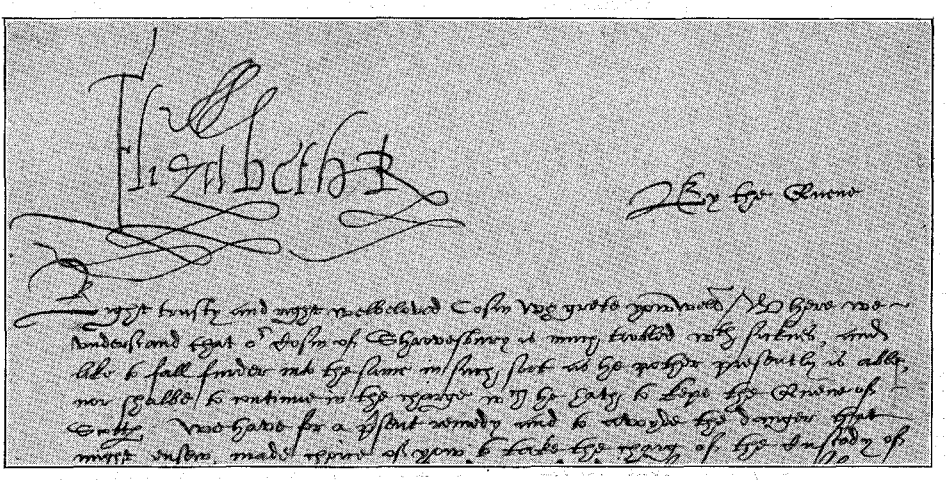
1649), in a case containing forty-four volumes, including Homer, Virgil, the Bible, Epictetus, Boethius, Cæsar, etc.

The Bridgewater library comprises more than 4,400 volumes of printed books, in addition to bound-up volumes of tracts and pamphlets, eighteenth-century plays, Civil War newspapers, proclamations, broadsides, etc., besides 200 illuminated and other manuscripts, and from 8,000 to 10,000 historical documents, autograph letters, and other papers.



Queen Elizabeth's command to the Earl of Huntingdon to become jailer to Mary Queen of Scots.

The greatest riches of the library are the English manuscripts from the thirteenth century onward. One of the most notable of these is the well-known Ellesmere Chaucer, finest of all Chaucer manuscripts, the source book of the "Canterbury Tales," written shortly after the poet's death. Its magnificent illuminations include the only known equestrian picture of the author. Other manuscripts hardly inferior in interest are Gower's "Confessio Amantis," Lydgate's "Translation of La Danse Macabre," and "De Regimine Principum," of the fourteenth century.

The printed books include extensive series of plays by Shakespeare, his predecessors, contemporaries, and successors. Among the rare Shakespeare Folios and Quartos is the very scarce "Titus Andronicus," 1600, of which only one other copy is known. Of interest to the student of Shakespeare are the numerous plays which influenced him or served as the foundation of his works. Among these are "The Taming of the Shrew," 1596; "Jacke Drum's Entertainment," 1601; and many of equal interest.

The Bridgewater library also includes an instruction book for the lute and forty-three volumes of early seventeenth-century English songs; several fine Caxtons; a series of Americana; an extensive collection of early Bibles, Testaments, Psalters, and Books of Hours; and the Larpent collection of plays in manuscript.

John Larpent in 1778 became Inspector of Plays under the Lord Chamberlain of England. His collection of over 2,000 separate plays comprises in most cases the original drafts sent to the Lord Chamberlain from 1737 to 1824 for inspection before the "license to play" should be granted. Among the 120 authors represented are David Garrick, the Sheridans, James Lacy, the Kembles, Thomas Dibdin, H. Siddons, G. Colman and his son, and John Dryden. Not the least interesting items of the collection are the autograph letters, signed by the authors, sent with the plays to state when and where they were to be produced. Many of the manuscripts have on the fly-leaf such inscriptions as this: "Designed to be produced at Drury Lane if it meets with approval of the Lord Chamberlain," (signed) D. Garrick and

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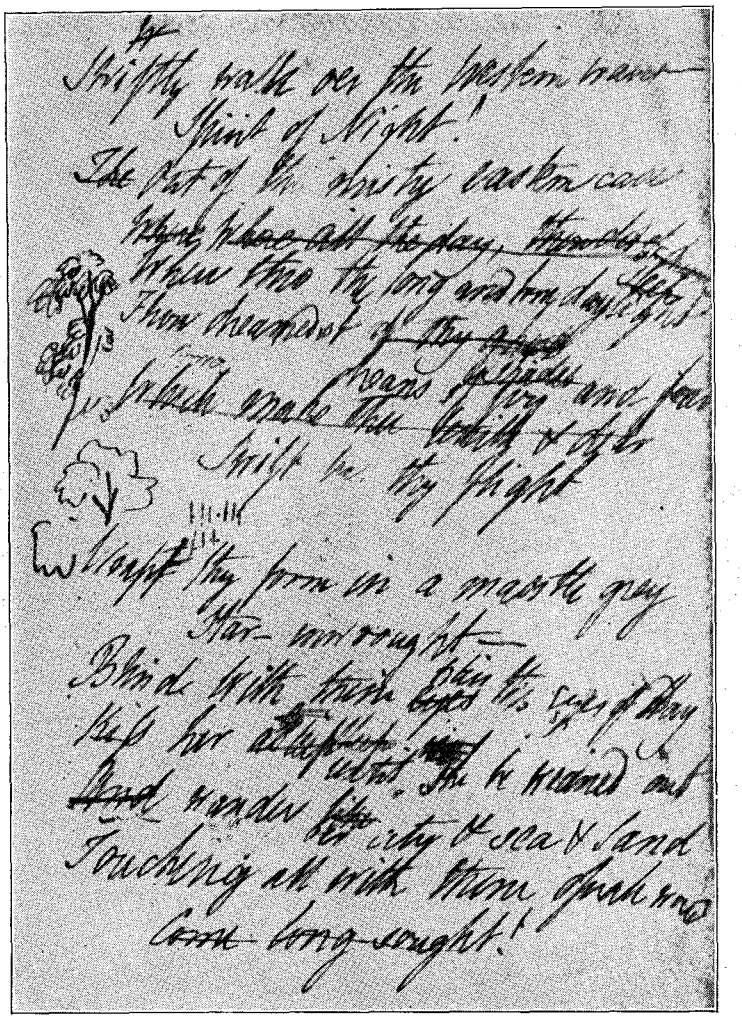
Lacy, who were the lessors of the Drury Lane Theatre during the middle of the nineteenth century. The Huntington Library also contains a splendid collection of early morality plays and a mass of restoration material in the field of the drama.

Two other libraries purchased outright by Mr. Huntington are the Morschauer collection, containing many old Bibles and other early books, a fine collection of Hogarth's works, and some tenth-century music, and the Morrow library, especially rich in works illustrated by Cruikshank, filling out the Cruikshank collection in the Church library.

Many modern literary manuscripts of English and American interest were purchased from the collections of Mr. John Quinn and Mr. William K. Bixby. Among other authors of this period whose works in manuscript appear in the library are George Meredith, A. C. Swinburne, William Morris, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Christina Rossetti, Thomas Hardy, W. E. Henley, Lafcadio Hearn, Joseph Conrad, William Watson, George Gissing, Ernest Dowson, Bernard Shaw, Andrew



Page from one of Shelley's note-books, showing the opening lines of his lyric "To Night," first published by Mary Shelley in the "Posthumous Poems" of 1824.

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Lang, Robert Buchanan, William Black, Bret Harte, Richard Le Gallienne, and others.

Of more recent purchases I have not space to write, as a brief description of the books obtained in the Christie-Miller sales would alone occupy the rest of this article. I cannot close this very inadequate sketch of the Huntington collection, however, without mention of some other interesting material.

AMERICANA

The Americana include a large collection of early maps and works referring to America; six original editions of the letters of Columbus; Carvajal's "Oratio ad Alexander VI," delivered June 19, 1493, containing the first official announcement of the discovery of America; many original manuscripts of Spanish discoverers and pioneers, including the Pizarro-La Gasca collection (1537 to 1580) of 3,000 MS. pages, with signed letters of Almagro, the Pizarros, etc., and of Charles V and Philip II, the latter signing as King of England; the manuscript (322 folio pages, 1571) of Pizarro's description of his cousin's discovery and conquest of Peru; the Venegas-Burriel (27 volumes), and many other original manuscripts relating to explorations in California; the secret report (1820) to the Spanish Cortes on the cession of Florida, etc.

Passing over other periods of American exploration which are also represented by much original material, some mention should be made of the large collection of books and manuscripts relating to the Revolution, such as the Destouches papers, containing many unpublished letters and documents signed by Washington, Lafayette, Rochambeau, De Grasse, and La Perouse; original letters and secret state documents of King George III on peace with the American Colonies, including one in which the King disclaims all responsibility for their loss; Benedict Arnold's original manuscript letter to Lord North giving an account of his treason; the manuscript journals of John André and Aaron Burr; and a large amount of original material relating to George Washington. The Rufus King collection of about 600 letters and documents, 1796 to 1802, contains many letters of John Quincy Adams, Timothy Pickering, James Madison, etc. Another collection of autograph letters relates to the American war on the Great Lakes, 1812–14.

The manuscript material dealing with the Civil War, most of it unpublished, is equally rich. It includes many Lincoln manuscripts, among which is the well-known letter to the Ellsworth family on the death of their son, and a little notebook containing portions of his speeches; some remarkable letters of Robert E. Lee; and a large collection of unstudied documents.

Turning back to the "monuments of printing" which appeared before 1501, suffice it to say that the Library includes 5,300 incunabula from 794 different presses, more than all the libraries of Paris contained in 1910. Some 80 or 90 of these are the only known copies. Many of the incunabula are of great importance in the history of art and also in the history of medicine, astronomy, geography, and other branches of science. In this field also are a thirteenth-century manuscript of Ptolemy's "Almagest"; a remarkably fine pair of terrestrial and celestial globes by Jodocus Hondius, 1600; a copy of Gilbert's rare work "De Magnete," 1600, in which he first showed the earth to be a magnet; and other scientific books of various periods. Many of these are among the books by English authors before 1641, of which Mr. Huntington has over 10,000, more than one-third of the total number printed. In this field the library is surpassed only by the British Museum and the Bodleian.

It is difficult to attempt to select other rare books for special mention, as in more than 750 cases the Library possesses the only known copy. But readers who care for exceptional books will recognize the difficulty of passing in silence first editions of Dante's "Divine Comedy," 1472; Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," 1478; and Spenser's "Faerie Queen," 1590. These are typical samples of thousands of first editions, some of which are as rare as the "Hamlet" of 1603, of which only one other copy exists.

One of the greatest treasures of the Library consists of the archives of the Earls of Huntingdon (the family of Hast-

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ings), comprising over 40,000 pieces. The collection of charters and royal grants from A. D. 1105 to 1688 includes the first known seal of the Knights Templar, the great seals of nineteen English kings and queens, and of scores of other leaders of church and state. The historical correspondence includes hundreds of royal letters and state documents. Among these are a letter from Henry VIII informing the Earl of Huntingdon that he is about to invade France and requesting him to furnish footmen and archers; a letter from Queen Mary appealing for troops to be sent to the relief of Calais; many letters from Queen Elizabeth, one appointing the then Earl of Huntingdon jailer of Mary Queen of Scots; and others of equal interest.

The Huntingdon family early turned its attention to America, and Captain Edward Hastings, brother of the fifth Earl, accompanied Sir Walter Raleigh on his disastrous expedition to Guiana in 1617. His letters and many others describe this expedition and the colonization of Virginia, 1610–25. One member of the family, who fought in the battle of Bunker Hill, wrote long letters that give a vivid picture of the Revolution.

The Stowe archives, including more than a million papers, are quite comparable in interest and importance with the Huntingdon papers.

The Art Gallery contains a remarkable collection of more than forty British portraits, by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Lawrence, Raeburn, and Hoppner, formerly in the possession of Earl Spencer, William Beckford, Lord Petre, the Duke of Westminster, the Earl of Harrington, the Earl of Crewe, and other English families, which is certainly unrivalled. The landscape group, small at present, includes fine examples of Constable and Turner. Passing over the statuary and the Beauvais tapestries after Boucher, mention should be made of many illuminated manuscripts, missals, and books of hours, countless engravings and prints, and a collection of English seals dating from the twelfth century, equalled only by the British Museum. At present Mr. Huntington is preparing an art collection in memory of Mrs. Huntington, including nineteen Italian primitives formerly in her possession.

It can hardly be denied that Mr. Huntington has amply repaid his indebtedness to the rich resources of England. The masterpieces of the period of Reynolds and Gainsborough, previously seen only by the guests of titled families, will ultimately be accessible to public view and will inspire the work of artists competent to profit by them. Manuscripts that have reposed in private coffers and books that have escaped the scholar in the safe retreat of country houses will soon serve for the production of new chapters in the history of literature, art, and science. Moreover, those of us who regard with affection the land of our ancestors will hope that the Huntington collections, in the process of time, may serve to increase American appreciation of our debt to the past and aid in uniting the English-speaking peoples. The American critic who talks glibly of the "decadence" of the English should study the history of science and learn that it now stands in England at a level never before attained. And the Briton who honestly believes that American civilization is still in the frontier stage might do well, for example, to make a comparative study of modern British and American architecture. Careful inquiry and the dissemination of sound knowledge will heighten mutual respect and help to accomplish that unity of purpose which is so necessary to the stability of the modern world.

[As this article was going to press Mr. Huntington died on May 23, at the age of 77, in a hospital in Philadelphia, following an operation performed on May 5. The last volume which he examined was a catalogue of books printed in England between 1475 and 1640. It is said that Mr. Huntington's books for this period are more than those in the British Museum and the libraries of Oxford and Cambridge.]

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Has the Doctor of To-day Spoiled His Patients?

BY FREDERIC DAMRAU, M.D.
Author of "Must We Send Our Doctors to the Almshouse?"

THE last quarter of a century has been a golden age of medical discovery. One disease after the other, hitherto ranked in the highly fatal and unmanageable class, has yielded its terrors to the weapons of medical science. Medicine is rapidly emerging from the shadow of empiricism and becoming an exact science in the same sense as bridge-building and tunnel-construction.

The soupy infusion of foxglove, used as a heart stimulant during the nineteenth century, has been superseded by a standardized tincture, thoroughly tested by experiments on the cat's heart. The "shotgun prescription," meaning a fancy conglomeration of drugs that cured Mrs. Casey of pain in the back and should therefore help Mr. Jones's lumbago, is now a back number; it has been replaced by specific serums, vaccines, and hormones. The old-fashioned diagnosis of "acute indigestion" has been buried alongside the bones of its victims; to-day the tricky appendix is taken out in time to thwart death.

In brief, the old-time mental attitude of the profession, expressed by the statement, "I have found that this prescription hits the mark every time," is entirely out of date. The question now is: "What is the rationale of this method of treatment?"

Great should be the glory of the body of medical men that has so far advanced the efficiency of the healing art. But, as a matter of fact, the public has reacted unfavorably to changed methods of medical practice. In the memory of octogenarians, the prestige of our doctors with the public has never been lower. "Where, oh, where, is the good old family doctor of bygone years?" is the cry everywhere from an aggrieved public.

Comparisons are sometimes odious. Many folk seem to regard the modern medical man as a deteriorated pigmy of the idolized old-time country doctor. They do not have the same respect for the medical man of to-day as was held back in the nineties. The doctor has changed. The public no longer look up to him.

The arrival of the doctor in the nineties was an event of importance. His coat and hat were handled reverently, and his cane guarded like an emblem of royalty. With due ceremony, the practitioner was ushered into the presence of the sick. Every statement was carefully noted by those present; every order heeded to the smallest detail. When the doctor departed, he was escorted respectfully to the door. Perhaps his fee was only fifty cents and he had to drive ten miles with a horse to earn it. Just the same, he was treated with that respect and consideration that always gladden the heart of a professional man. As for questioning his diagnosis or method of treatment, the family would just as soon seek redress from a decree of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Simplicity marks the welcome of the doctor of to-day. As he rings the doorbell, a voice calls from up-stairs: "Mary, see whether that's the iceman or the doctor."

Mary inspects the doctor carefully, apparently in doubt as to his identity. Not seeing the tongs and cake of ice, she calls up: "It's the doctor."

"Tell him to come up," is the curt command from above.

As the physician enters the sick-room, the occupants eye him suspiciously. If

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he could interpret looks, he would read such unflattering messages as these:

"He's entirely too young! I wonder if he knows the difference between a boil and a cancer."

"That looks like a fifteen-dollar suit he has on."

"He acts as if this were the first patient he ever had."

If it disagrees with the preconceived notions of the family, the diagnosis is treated with contemptuous scorn, and the directions as to treatment travel via the time-honored route, in one ear and out the other.

As the doctor departs without his fee, picking his hat and coat off the floor where Mary has dropped them, three voices blurt out in unison: "The idea! Pleurisy! Send for another doctor right away!"

Such is the prestige of the modern doctor!

GLORIFYING THE OLD-TIME COUNTRY DOCTOR

Who was the old-time country doctor about whom we hear so much? What made him so great? Just what were his qualifications?

The old-time doctor was trained primarily as an apprentice to a practising physician. The student accompanied the practitioner on his rounds, watched his methods of examining the sick, and committed to rote the shotgun prescriptions from which such marvellous results were expected.

In this manner a type of medical practice that amounted to little more than systematized folklore was passed on from one generation to the next. The fundamental principle underlying this form of medical education was that experience teaches; but the experience was that of the individual doctor who was doing the teaching, not of the organized body of the profession.

The student had but one preceptor, whose example he followed religiously. Good, bad, or indifferent, the experience and prejudices of that single teacher were passed on to the future country doctor as his main stock in trade.

It is true that the term of apprenticeship was supplemented with a course of college lectures. But these desultory didactic lectures bore but slight resemblance to the highly organized medical curriculum of to-day. Twenty years ago America had more medical schools than all other countries combined; but what she had in quantity she lacked in quality.

The eighties and nineties were the Dark Ages in the training of America's doctors. An apprenticeship with a competent practitioner of medicine has definite advantages; but there is little to be said in favor of a perfunctory course of instruction at a third-rate college.

The renaissance in medical education did not begin until 1907. At that time, the American Medical Association, the representative body of America's physicians, investigated the one hundred and sixty colleges then existing and found the most deplorable conditions. In some institutions one teacher constituted the entire faculty. By word of mouth he attempted to teach anatomy without dissection. The blackboard took the place of the chemical laboratory; a stuffed dummy, the living patient; and a few graceful gestures of the hand, the steps in the removal of the diseased appendix.

One medical college, in 1905, graduated one hundred and five M.D.s who had never dissected the human body, worked in the laboratory, or been given a chance to see a single patient in the dispensary or hospital.

Doctors are not born such; they are nothing more than the products of a highly specialized education. And the old country doctor suffered a tremendous handicap with respect to the limitations of his education.

I do not wish to detract from the glory of the physician of the eighties and thereabouts. His wits were sharp, his judgment sound, and his heart stanch. He accomplished wonders with his limited equipment. He was a great pioneer.

Most emphatically, however, must one pooh-pooh the idea that, man for man, the practitioner of thirty or forty years ago was a better doctor than the product of to-day. He could not be, for his training was vastly inferior, and his opportunities for advancement less. The modern automobile is a great improvement over the one-horse shay; so is the physician of to-day over the old-time country doctor.

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THE HIGH STANDARD OF MEDICAL EDUCATION TO-DAY

When the appalling status of medical education was revealed by the investigation of 1907, the American Medical Association came down on the one hundred and sixty medical colleges "like the wolf on the fold." As the result of this wholesale housecleaning, there are to-day just eighty medical colleges, half the number of two decades ago.

The medical curriculum of to-day sets a very high standard. Before he is permitted to matriculate, the candidate for the degree of M.D. is required to graduate from high school and obtain the equivalent of two years of college education. The four years of medical instruction that follow contain many crowded hours.

If you happen to visit the wards of a hospital connected with a medical college on a Sunday or holiday, you may see some white-coated young men taking histories and examining patients. They are senior medical students trying to catch up with their overcrowded calendar.

The doctor of to-day is not only far ahead of the old-time country physician in fundamental training; his varied experience during his one or two years of internship gives him a direct contact with disease and the methods of treating it that was altogether impossible during the apprentice period of medical education.

Altogether, the doctor of to-day is head and shoulders above his predecessor of the eighties and nineties. How, then, has it come about that he has lost caste?

THE PASSING OF THE GOATEE

Before the days of diphtheria antitoxin, the kind-hearted physician would sadly tell the parents: "This is diphtheria. I am very much afraid you will lose the child." Then he would sit patiently by, waiting to detach a membrane with his finger, or give whatever simple aid the limited state of medical knowledge of that time permitted. If the case was serious, time meant nothing to him. He would hitch his horse to the lamp-post and send a small boy around to the office to tell the waiting patients that he would arrive when he got there. Gently he would close the child's eyes after the last gasp, and soothingly assure the stricken mother that God's will cannot be denied.

Let us rehearse the diphtheria drama as it occurs to-day. Baby has a sore throat, and so Doctor Modern is called on the telephone. He arrives in a Ford.

Grandma is shocked by the doctor's appearance. Where, oh, where, is his goatee? Can this smooth-chinned, impudent fellow, who looks more like a bank clerk or an actor in a stock company, profess to be a real doctor?

When the doctor looks at baby's throat, he says: "This looks like diphtheria, but I'll have to take a throat culture to make sure."

Then grandma pipes in: "When I was a girl, the doctors knew their business. They didn't have to poke sticks into a child's mouth to find out what's what."

The antitoxin is given. Then, without any patting of hands, soft soap, or bla-bla, the doctor is off.

The child recovers, thanks to the antitoxin. The parents take the recovery as a matter of course, as one accepts a suit that has been dry-cleaned properly.

One day, the garrulous gossip from the next apartment comes panting into the room with a newspaper item. The heading reads: "Child Dies in Five Minutes after Overdose of Antitoxin."

Antitoxin! That's just what Doctor Modern "experimented with" on baby!

Hastily baby is examined and, surely enough, some blotches are found on his skin. Then follows the hurry call for another doctor, and Doctor Modern's monthly statements suffer the ignominious fate of forty per cent of all medical accounts.

The cold, business-like efficiency of Doctor Modern has failed to impress his clientele. The public demands kind words, soft assurances, and honeyed expressions of comfort; in brief, the personal touch. They want the doctor with the goatee!

Everywhere to-day the conscientious efforts of the physician to cope with disease with the maximum of efficiency and the minimum of bla-bla are met with distrust and suspicion.

An acquaintance of mine in a small town had an attack of appendicitis. The

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local physician, quite correctly, advised immediate operation.

"I guess he needs a new car," said the patient. "Well, he's not going to buy it at my expense."

When the physician makes two calls a day, performs laboratory tests for exact diagnosis, or advises a necessary operation, the patient, in many instances, treats him as if he were a salesman. Oftentimes he directly insults the doctor by intimating that the desire for the fee, not the gravity of the illness, is the underlying reason for "all the fuss."

Never before has the medical profession been more efficient, scientific, or idealistic in its aims than to-day. Nevertheless, its reward from the public for this laudable trend is nothing better than general distrust, forty per cent of unpaid bills, and wholesale derelictions to ignorant quacks. The doctor has spoiled the public!

THE ROCKS OF ALTRUISM

It is a maxim of sound business that every concrete improvement in a product must be accompanied by a splurge of "good-will" advertising; otherwise, the purchasing public would be none the wiser.

Good-will advertising is no part of the programme of the medical profession. This body makes very little effort to inform the public of what it is doing for their betterment. Advertising and publicity in general are naturally repugnant to the medical mind; perhaps they should not be, but they are.

Medicine is a science. The men who are responsible for its advancement are interested in a greater knowledge of disease and improved methods of coping with it. Whether or not the public appreciates their efforts seems to make no difference to them.

Good-will cannot be built up by deeds alone. The achievement must be there, but so also must the advertising. Let the manufacturers of the finest grade of hosiery in the country cease advertising for a few years, and they will soon find very little demand indeed for their product.

The medical profession is tongue-tied with reference to its own achievements. Much of this medical aphasia is unavoidable. Advertising by individual physicians is, of course, unethical.

The logical answer to this difficulty would be for the profession to disseminate the knowledge of medical achievements to the public press. But here comes the great impasse. Newspaper editors insist that an item of information must have "news value." The medical man insists that it must be strictly accurate, regardless of its "news value." He will not twist the facts one iota in deference to that great editorial god, H. I. (human interest). Hence, many of the authentic accounts of medical advances find their way to the lower strata of the editorial waste-basket.

Lack of salesmanship is another important factor in the decline of the doctor's prestige. The old-time country doctor started his career in direct contact with the sick, not as a scientific man. Therefore his earliest training was in rubbing the cat's fur the right way. What he lacked in scientific training he made up in tact and diplomacy. He was primarily a good salesman.

The modern doctor is the poorest salesman in the world. A man who devotes his entire attention to the control of disease cannot be expected to master the essentials of expression and impression of which the advertising writers speak so glibly.

A very important factor in lowering the doctor's prestige is the deliberate cheapening of his services by the universal trend toward free medical attention. Whatever is free is not appreciated. Water is one of the essentials of life; but who ever thinks of thanking the engineering and public-health authorities for conveying it safely to our spigots?

In the United States 8,000,000 persons a year avail themselves of free medical service. The class of medical attention given at these clinics is usually of a very high order. How, then, can the practising physician expect to receive any respect, when his services are constantly compared with a form that can be received gratis?

THE REMEDY

The remedy must come either from the doctor or the public. If the doctor is to take steps to correct the conditions that have led to the downfall of his prestige, he

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must become less business-like and more human, learn less science and more bla-bla, and cater his advice to the whims of grandma rather than to the inflexible dictates of pathology; in short, he must rehabilitate the goatee and all that goes with it.

However, all vital statistics, to say nothing of common sense, prove that the work performed by the doctor of to-day is vastly superior to that of his predecessor with the goatee. Therefore it is manifestly to the interest of the public to retain the cold, calculating, scientific medical man of to-day and reconcile themselves to the loss of his goatee.

The doctor of to-day is a scientific idealist. He thinks of cancer as an extremely interesting problem in pathology, where the layman can see only human affliction and disaster. Frequently, the physician appears cold and unsympathetic. But his apparent lack of heart is only a mask that he wears for his own protection. A man who must perforce witness a dozen tragedies every day cannot take them all to heart; if he did, his calling would soon become impossible. After all, it is not mushy sentiment in the sick-room but cold, exact science that has increased the span of human life by more than ten years.

To my way of thinking, the public has been spoiled by the too easy-going toleration of the medical profession. The remedy must come from the public; otherwise, medicine will slip back into salesmanship. Appreciation of the modern doctor is much better than depreciation.

When the Dusk Comes Down

BY JAMES B. CARRINGTON

A LITTLE crescent moon glides up the sky,
Above a line of brooding trees,
That top the hill beyond; while fireflies try
Their lamps as I sit at my ease.

The world of busy men and all it means,
Lies far beyond the distant rim,
That shuts me in a land of wistful dreams,
Of mem'ries old and dim.

Somewhere, behind the misty purple hill,
How many little pathways wind,
Life's narrow trails that sombre shadows fill
At dusk, when sad thoughts come to mind.

Forgotten hopes of boyhood's long, long days,
Dear cherished things I thought to win,
All hidden lie along the devious ways
I've trod, and ne'er shall pass again.

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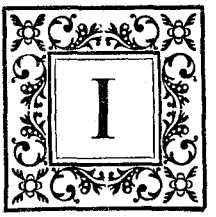
Who Says the Road Show Is Dead?

BY KYLE S. CRICHTON
Author of "For Sale: Med Show"



HAVE been afflicted for several semesters with a severe pain in the rear of the neck. This arises from clatter I am forced to listen to from the region bordering on 42d Street and Broadway in a prominent Eastern city. It has to do with the moans which indicate that theatrical road shows are a thing of the past.

For the last few years I have been endeavoring, with a skill considered—in other connections—next to uncanny, to book shows in the wonderful Western city of, let us say, Albuquerque, N. M. My results have been remarkable. Remarkable in that after two years I have booked no and no/100 shows in Albuquerque, N. M.

When, as a young man of exuberance should, I have asked why Albuquerque, N. M., has been so slighted, I am informed many things. Among other things I am told that the road-show business in the United States has been practically wiped out because the smaller cities have turned to the worship of new idols—yclept movies, radio, etc. To which I answer with three large snorts and a disgusted sneeze. The truth being, of course, that the smaller cities of the hinterland are starved to the point of anæmia from the lack of legitimate amusement, and are simply convulsed with the desire to pour their money into the Broadway coffers for anything at all that has a set of scenery and two principals who are able to talk the native tongue. Particularly are they anxious to enrich the venturesome gentlemen who bring them a show with music and dancing and pulchritude.

But, say the gentlemen, who in the name of Job can afford to put out a road show, with railroad fares and union rules and equity contracts what they are? Who can make any money on the road when the company electrician bears in his contract a provision that he must travel in a lower berth? Who can take out a musical show when chorus girls who once were paid ten dollars a week and found will not go out unless they receive seventy-five weekly and a special maid?

The obvious answer to this is that somebody is lopsided and I'm not the party. I say this because there *are* road shows that continue to make money, and waste no time complaining about it. They go about it a little differently, true enough, but that only goes to prove my point—that what the theatrical profession lacks is a small portion of what they all think they have an abundance of: to wit, brains.

For instance, three years ago the Ruth St. Denis Dancers played matinée and night in Albuquerque. Listen to this very carefully. They grossed $2,771.81 at night and $1,200 at the matinée, a total of $3,971.81 for the day. And this in a punk little theatre seating 888, counting every last rotten balcony seat and every box seat. And still I hear plaints that the road doesn't want legitimate shows any more. Earlier in the year Geraldine Farrar grossed $2,300 for one performance at the same house at lower prices.

But these are not "theatrical" shows. They are sold as concert attractions. It's the one big laugh the regular show people can't seem to appreciate. If St. Denis in a highbrow dancing show in which not a word is spoken can gross $3,971.81 in a town the size of Albuquerque and in a theatre the size of the one we have, what in the name of sense could a real fast-moving musical show with a headliner do?

The St. Denis company had twelve dancers, including Miss St. Denis and Ted Shawn. It also carried a chamber orchestra of four men, a stage carpenter,

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an electrician, and a manager—a total of twenty-three. The Farrar company had sixteen in the cast, a ballet of four and an orchestra of about twenty—an orchestra so large that the bull fiddler did his stuff from the front of one of the lower boxes. This looks like a flock of people to haul around, but Miss Farrar seemed to do it without loss of dignity or need of sacrificing her private car.

I give these figures on the gross receipts because some time ago I saw in a New York theatrical sheet awed words to the effect that Michael Arlen's "These Charming People" played its try-out in Hartford, Conn., to a gross of $2,400, which was considered "such a much" as money goes as to cause imminent swooning on the part of the theatrical wisecrackers, and to bring forth the hilarious witticism that it was a shame Mr. Dillingham hadn't allowed the company to play out the season in Hartford. And all that hullabaloo about $2,400!

New Mexico, you know, is supposed to be broke. And then the wild ribaldry about $2,400 in Hartford. Why, if we ever get a real good year out here we'll have to hold the shows—if we ever get any—in the ball park. We *could* do that very thing, too, if you come right down to it, but I'll not bother you here with accounts of the world's most wonderful climate.

I can hear my friends sniff at the idea of comparing the St. Denis company of twenty-three with a Broadway musical show. To which I answer that John Philip Sousa played here under my management a year ago, and Sousa carried close to a hundred men—all of them drawing as much every Saturday night as the general run of performers in a musical show. Sousa did $6,100 in Albuquerque in two shows—which should do a little something in the way of providing pocket-money for the march king. I'm told that Sousa netted over $125,000 the year before. Netted, mind you, after paying $60,000 railroad fares, $20,000 Pullman fares, and $20,000 baggage charges. Of course, Sousa is a household name. You bet he is! He takes good care to see that he continues to be one. In other words, he realizes that New York is after all just one big city in a nation and that there are millions of people who wouldn't know a New York newspaper from a bag of tripe and who never heard of *Billboard* or *Variety*. It takes a whaling big play to get general notice outside of New York. Only a few of them, such as Frank Bacon with "Lightnin'" or "Abie's Irish Rose," ever do it.

If Sousa stayed in New York all year, he'd soon notice the difference in the sticks. A very charming lady from New York tried to convince me last fall that we weren't getting much to hurrah about when Sousa's date here was announced. She said Franko and Goldman in New York had bands of far greater merit. I didn't agree with her in the least, but it made it even more plain to me that New York doesn't really amount to three half-witted screeches any more with the smaller towns. Mention Goldman or Franko in the same breath with Sousa in any of a thousand American towns and you'll get nothing but smiles for your effort. You won't get violence because nobody will have heard of Franko or Goldman in the first place, and will simply think that you're overcoming an early dumbness and were blossoming forth as something of a wit.

But to get back to the musical-show thing. There are two boys in New York who seem to have awakened from a long sleep. These gentlemen—speak it loudly—are Thompson and Archer, who turned out "Little Jesse James" a few years back. You probably never heard of the show, but you'll remember a song entitled "I Love You" which after its three billionth repetition threatened to nauseate the nation. That was from "Little Jesse James." I didn't see the show but they say that Thompson and Archer battled around until they got somebody to back them with a small chorus of hoofers, a small jazz band in the pit instead of the regular cumbersome theatre orchestra, and a few principals of worth rather than of reputation.

It was a comparatively cheap show to put on, and very little was spent for elaborate hangings or costumes. What they aimed for was speed, cleverness, and humor. I know it only from hearsay, but all tidings reaching my ears are to the

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effect that the young gentlemen knocked them over. And there, ladies and gentlemen, it seems to me, is the secret of the conquest of the road. Why try to drag around a flock of worn-out show girls when the stages of the hinterland haven't room for them anyhow? A good small chorus, a small orchestra, three or four jokes, and a few good principals to work them over—and the road show can take a laugh at the railroads and the Pullman company and salt away something substantial every Saturday night. I don't believe there is the slightest doubt about it.

I say it can be done even under the old system of booking road shows and without taking into consideration certain things I am going to bring out a little later in this article. I say it can be done even with a knowledge of the terrible human beings the New York booking managers have to deal with in the small towns. They are, I'll admit, awful. I speak now of the local managers, who in addition to being stupid are also apt to be maliciously and deep-seatedly prejudiced against the road show from business reasons.

Either the small-town manager owns the only opera-house in the city, or he controls the legitimate house—keeping it closed—and operates it in connection with a movie-house which is very much open. If he owns the sole show-house, it is used also for movies and cannot be secured except on off nights. That means that holidays and Saturdays and Sundays—in the West—are dead in that house so far as road shows are concerned. If he owns the movie-house and also the only legitimate theatre, he is secretly just as pleased when the road show either flops or gets discouraged and never comes. If the road show does venture out and happens to drag the hungry theatre-goer into the barn despite all the local manager can do in the way of poor exploitation, the local mistake can take his 30 per cent of the gross and count it a good night. He can't lose. When the legitimate house is dark, it is certain that the movie-house is bright. When the legitimate house is bright with a courageous road show, the local manager is bound to get something out of it, and every nickel he takes away from the hard-working road company is so much velvet.

The preparations the local manager makes to massacre the poor road show are enough to make the gods laugh. He sends down the janitor to take a few dabs at the dust that has been accumulating over everything for the past six months. The cover is taken off the jangling piano, and that part of the entertainment is cared for. The interior of the house has the delicious odor of an abandoned warehouse, and only the most innocent patron would think of wearing his best clothes for the evening of enjoyment. The wise would come outfitted in overalls and jumpers and fur coats, for it is not thought particularly sensible by the management to waste money on coal for an engagement that can't possibly amount to anything. If there is any one thing legitimate theatrical entertainment requires it is the glamour of the theatre, and a road-show performance under present conditions has all the glamour of a coroner's inquest in the basement of the city hall.

The op'ry-house may be open only four times a year, and may be eating itself to death with taxes and depreciation, but an individual who undertakes to present attractions on his own behalf will find himself confronted with a rent that will make him think he is trying to buy out the Metropolitan on a night when Marion Talley is singing. The small towns are ripe for a revolt that will bring them legitimate entertainment, but chances for results are small until they awake to the fact that the smug, smiling local manager who stands in the lobby of his movie-house and rubs his hands at the line outside is also the gentleman who is determined that they shall never see a real flesh-and-blood actor or actorine unless the notable's car should happen to break down on a motor trip through. When the small town gets wise to him, and when Broadway gets wise to itself, Albuquerque and the rest of them are going to get their first peep at the "drammer" as New York sees it.

Which brings us back to Broadway, and gets me on to a favorite subject: the theatrical advance man. When I speak of the theatrical advance man, I feel like

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apologizing to the local manager. When I speak of both of them in comparison with anything else, I think that Clarence Darrow is all wrong about capital punishment. But I confine myself now to the advance man.

He is supposed to be more or less in the nature of a genius and is expected to come along just far enough in advance of the troupe to get the local manager out of the doldrums. The manager in El Paso was telling me of a man out ahead of Paul Whiteman two years ago. Did he have any new publicity stuff to help the manager out with? No, he hadn't, but he'd get him some. He'd write it himself, b'gosh. And he did—one dissertation on the fact that Paul made Victor records and was formerly at the Palais Royal. He gave one story which was to do for three El Paso papers, and disappeared.

It isn't an isolated case. I once met a train bearing a concert company, with the expectation of meeting the company manager and getting details straightened out that he wouldn't deign to answer by wire. I failed in trying to pick him out of the crowd. All I could see was the star standing by his bags at the foot of the car steps, trying to count the pieces and get the members of the company to hotel buses without losing any of them. The company manager, I found, was up at the hotel taking a bath when the rest of the company landed. He was, from then till the show left, always the last man to be found. The company finally departed minus a bull-fiddle which reposed in its case resembling the crating for a steam-roller and was there three days later before they thought to wire and get it out of the clutches of the janitor of our theatre who evidently thought it was the base for a proposed monument to David Belasco and hadn't considered it worth mentioning to us.

Which is only slightly better than the company which arrived in Albuquerque minus the wooden leg of the star, although said limb was the crux of the whole dramatic opus. How some companies ever get back to New York alive under the guidance they are intrusted to is one eternal mystery to me.

I hope you're not sitting there expecting me to offer something to cure this terrible state of affairs. I'm just a small-town boy. I wouldn't *think* of trying to advise the young Broadway gentlemen who look on us yokels as something about as important as a palm-leaf fan in a cyclone. But the solution, in my view—if you insist on it—is the guarantee system such as is used by concert artists. If an agent can go out and sell Ruth St. Denis on a guarantee, he could surely do the same with, say, Ed Wynn's "Grab Bag." Pavlowa went traipsing all over the country for years with a company as big as a circus and didn't seem to miss any meals from poverty. And when you come right down to it, dear readers, this ballet stuff isn't what it's cracked up to be with the men folks. One ballet is about a ten years' plenty for most of them.

As a matter of fact the thing I'm speaking of has been started without the Broadway wisecrackers noticing it. While they have been bewailing the fact that business was poor in Akron, rotten in Oshkosh, and almost extinct in Sapulpa, the concert managers have been reaching up and snatching away their choice headliners as concert attractions. Charles L. Wagner was the first to realize the trend of theatrical affairs. It was he who weaned Will Rogers away from the Ziegfeld Follies and plumped him down on a bare concert stage. Will's tour of 1925–26 was one of the sensations of the concert stage. Supported by the De Reszke singers, Will packed some of the biggest auditoriums in the land. He packed them on his first appearance and left them howling for a second. Last year, Mr. Wagner let it be known, it was only a question of selecting the best route. When Will sailed from New York on a five months' trip abroad in an effort to alleviate the foreign debt burdens with part of the gravy of his late tour, he said that Broadway would see him in the future only for very brief periods. His only New York appearance last year was in Carnegie Hall. Real wealth for the artist is on the "road," as it has always been, but it took Charles L. Wagner and Will Rogers to prove it to the Wise Boys.

The thing has such immense possibilities that Elsie Janis has succumbed to it

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—also under the guidance of Mr. Wagner. She will be assisted by Robert Steel, baritone of the Chicago Civic Opera; Carolina Lazzari, operatic contralto, and Lauri and Daisy Kennedy, but it will be the same knock-out Elsie Janis act with which she has mopped up for years in vaudeville and in musical shows. The endeavor of Miss Janis may operate to set the theatrical big guns thinking. If the concert stage is going to join with the movies in taking away the big names of vaudeville and the legitimate stage, it will be necessary for steps to be taken. The Broadway gents may be forced to the realization that the road is still worth something to them after all.

Paul Whiteman realized it and was wise enough to turn his back on Broadway and escort his band into the sticks for two long seasons. The receipts from his concerts were enormous and in addition he had the unalloyed pleasure of seeing his phonograph-record sales leap to new proportions. Where he had formerly been a New York star and a name, he was now a distinct personage and a drawing attraction of great power. He did that because he had the nerve to desert New York at the height of his fame. The great city has consequently seen little of him since, and there will undoubtedly be New Yorkers in abundance to tell you blithely of orchestras so far beyond Whiteman's as to be apologetic about it. The profit, however, will all be on Paul's side. With the United States supporting him, he can afford to wiggle a derisive thumb at Broadway.

What Broadway has neglected to discover is that it isn't necessary to have a regular theatre for a regular show. Pavlowa for years led her enormous company around the farm-circuit and probably played less than half of her engagements in theatres. What she did use were large public auditoriums. There, my dear, patient friends, is the nub of the whole thing! Every city of any consequence nowadays has a civic auditorium. Either that or a high-school or college auditorium. Where a theatre of highly respectable size will seat 1,200, an auditorium will rarely seat less than 2,000, and more often will have capacity of at least 3,500. There are literally hundreds of such public halls in towns you couldn't find on a map. And, oh! what a difference those few thousand seats make in the box-office check-up!

Broadway says the road is dead and gone—to return no more. In answer to which Chaliapin forms his own opera company for a tour in the "Barber of Seville," and has a year's booking almost a year in advance. He asks—and seemingly gets—the modest sum of $8,000 for one performance. In the face of all the wails that surround him, Frank T. Kintzing forms the Manhattan Opera company with Tamaki Miura as the star, assisted by a full company and orchestra and the Pavley-Oukrainsky ballet, and sells dates so fast his head swims.

The "road" has been dying for years, say the Broadway entrepreneurs, and all the while Fortune Gallo with his San Carlo Opera company has been building something which closely resembles his first name. He starts with a short season in New York—principally for the prestige of it, I suppose—and then disappears into the wilds with his troupe. Before he disappears, however, he has booked his entire trip in advance, most of the engagements to fairly healthy guarantees backed by the wealth of the best people in strange-sounding towns you have never heard of.

There is one Broadway manager who still has faith in the road. I refer to George C. Tyler, who, several years ago, sent out an all-star company in "The Rivals," headed by Mrs. Fiske. It was a resounding success because Mr. Tyler used his head in fashioning a new idea. It consisted in sending Mr. Clayton Hamilton several weeks in advance of the company to lecture before women's clubs and civic organizations. It was a new idea and it worked admirably. So admirably that Mr. Tyler could keep out his expensive company for two years, and break theatre records in many parts of the country. But even with that example before them the Wise Boys of Gotham refused to wake up.

I say nothing here of the regular concert artists who have for years been reaping the small-town harvest. John McCormack, for example, asks and gets a

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guarantee of $5,000 for one performance in any city that craves the magic of his voice. Galli-Curci gets but little less. Madame Schumann-Heinck, the grand old woman of the concert stage, the wonder of the ages, the beloved favorite of literally millions of Americans who have never heard of Mr. Gatti-Cassaza and know only faintly of the Metropolitan Opera, goes over the country playing to capacity audiences year after year.

These are only a few of the big names. There are hundreds of other artists who make yearly fortunes entertaining the yokels of the hinterland. They have been doing it under the guidance of women's clubs and civic organizations and well-intentioned individuals, all during the sad years while the Broadway best minds have been lamenting that the theatre is confined exclusively to New York, with a mild offshoot still able to function in Chicago.

Why can't legitimate theatrical attractions be sold and booked under the same plan of guarantee and percentage that applies to concert attractions? Is it because of a belief that the people of this great land prefer Chaliapin to Al Jolson or Pavlowa to Marilynn Miller? Control your laughter.

I pay pretty close attention to the New York weekly grosses, and I notice that plenty of shows consider a $15,000 weekly gross something of a money-maker. Many get along with less and prosper. On top of that they have theatre rents so much higher than railroad fares and Pullman fares as to be a jest. If the New York managers will take the hint and put out small musical productions or good dramatic productions with drapes and hangings instead of costly and cumbersome wooden sets and with a cast of twenty instead of one hundred, they can make a clean-up. I particularly mention the musical show because it is a certain draw, and because if the idea would work with the musical show the problem of the road would be solved.

Show us a musical with six jazz boys in the pit and six steppers in the chorus and two good mediumly well-known principals, and we'll show you a pot of gold for somebody. I'll personally take two nights of any musical show I've ever heard of, and I'll guarantee it enough so that the troupe won't have to be billeted on members of the parish while awaiting a ticket from home.

All this in Albuquerque, N. M., mind you, where a little less than nothing is to be expected. What a real show would do elsewhere you can figure from that—provided of course that the Bright Boys of Broadway forget practically everything they ever heard and give their brains a chance to whirl on their own behalf. Which is providing quite a bit, I'll admit. And which brings me to the conclusion that it isn't the "road" that's so much dead as the New York managers.

Summer Lawn-Party

BY S. FOSTER DAMON

THE tables placed about the green
Glow in the dark beneath the trees,
Unconscious copies of the moon;
And violins are heard between
The tinkling silver and the breeze,
Playing an amorous new tune. . . .

Within her brain, unspoken quips
Lose all their veiled, malicious sting,
Make themselves gentle, wholly fade;
She dreams with still half-parted lips,
A single finger following
The veining of her new brocade.

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Grandfather's Dog

BY THOMAS BOYD

Author of "Through the Wheat," "Samuel Drummond," etc.

NOBODY but grandfather remembered when it was that the pup had first come to the little green house—it was so long ago. But then it was expected of grandfather to remember dates; not that he had any particular reason or practical use for doing so, but just that he had (like so many Ohio farmers of the older generation) established a reputation for exact recollection of the time of happenings which in any way concerned him or his family. Caressing his short red beard—in which there was more gray than actually showed—with a slow hand and peering abstractedly out of his age-dimmed eyes he could dig out of his memory the fact that it had been on a Thursday, years ago, that Gyp, the long-deceased mare, had sprained her left fore leg; or that the time when the Maumee River, in the whole history of the county, bloated the greatest was on the 3d of April in '97.

Grandfather's mind was a kind of storehouse for many unessential facts; and the little green house, which was all the property left him after years of sod-breaking, timber-clearing, and land-cultivation, and in which he and grandmother lived alone, was used more or less as a storeroom by his children. They had all gone away and were, with the exception of Martha Adelaide, the eldest daughter, all living in cities. But they had been born and brought up on the farm, on the farm out in the northwest corner of the county where grandfather had stubbornly ploughed virgin ground before the days of the Civil War.

Aunt Martha, whose son Frederick was as old as she had been when she married his father, now lived out on the farm, and it was known as The Gierke Place. In earlier days it had been called Sam Drummond's place—Samuel Drummond being grandfather, and Franz Gierke being Aunt Martha's husband, who had bought the farm at a low price after grandfather had put a mortgage on it and couldn't pay the interest. But Aunt Elizabeth was in Chicago; Aunt Nancy and Aunt Caroline were living in Toledo, up the Maumee River about forty miles.

It was from Aunt Nancy that the pup had come. Already past its youth when she decided to get rid of it, the passing years did not make it younger. Aunt Nancy had concluded to send it down to the little green house after a vexing accident one night in the dark streets of Toledo in which it had lost its tail. A street-car, in some strange fashion, had caught the pup as he was trotting across the pavement in front of the flat building, the crushing wheels leaving nothing but a ragged, bleeding stump. And in mystified pain he had limped howling up the steps in the middle of the night and whined until the door was opened.

It is easy to recall how Aunt Nancy had gazed mournfully in the gaslight at the blood-marked path; on the anguished, pleading eyes, and the painfully wagging stump. And though she was a sentimental person, it is difficult to know whether vexation or pity was uppermost in her heart. Even then the pup was old and a care. He was sent off to grandmother's house, where many decrepit things from the children found themselves when they were just a little bit too good to be thrown away.

Grandfather welcomed the pup to the little green house. He was not talkative about it, but you could tell he liked the pup to be there from the way he would scratch the top of its black, short-furred head; and sometimes he made remarks to the slowly blinking eyes of the pup as it lay with its narrow jaw resting on its crossed forepaws.

Out to the garden which lay between the back door and the disused canal which ran behind the house the pup would follow grandfather in the planting or grow-

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ing months; sometimes he would sniff, then scratch furiously at a hole in the ground, or stand militant guard at a rat's ingress into the smoke-house, which adjoined the woodshed.

But as time went on and grandmother's white hair grew thinner over her pink scalp, and grandfather's short beard turned frostier, the pup was less of a worry to the rats and moles. In winters he stayed in the settin'-room close to the big Jewell base-burner with its nickel fenders and mica squares, through which the hot coals showed a rosy, comfortable glow. He worried bones with less fervor but with the same persistency as before. In summers he lay on the narrow front porch where he (like grandfather) could watch all the carriages that raised dust on the gravel pike. There he would remain, his pointed nose supported by a weary black paw, motionless even when the flies came within a tantalizing distance of his jaws.

Then there came a time when the pup disregarded bones completely. He no longer bothered about burying them, even the choicest ones. It was as if he had said to himself: "There's no sense in that. I'll never have any use for bones again. I even have trouble with chicken-bones. Why bury them!" And grandmother had to soak the pup's food in milk or water and put it in a little granite pan out on the back porch. Grandmother herself was not very active. Years of household cares, churning butter, milking cows, standing all day over a hot cook-stove with a baby tugging at her skirts, had left little of the gay, slim girl in grandmother.

One day the pup, whose own hair had grown gray, disregarded even the tender morsels which were set before him in the granite dish, when he was indifferent to all food. And as this continued, grandmother said with her usual sigh: "Sam, I guess you better put that dog out of the way. He's starvin' to death. It's only common humanity to put an end to him."

Grandfather scratched his head at the side where the hair was a tuft of white. "Now, Matt, don't you worry. That dog'll be all right in no time."

Winter was not far away. Already the red and gold leaves of the maples were underfoot; already the sun was setting early in the evenings, and the nights were cold and left white hoar frost on the ground. Grandmother said flatly: "I don't want any ailing dog around these premises. There's no sense in it. Put him out of his misery and have it over with."

"Why, Matt," said grandfather weakly, "that pup'll be as spry as a kitten in a little while. He'll be all right," he said hopefully.

"Spry as a kitten," scoffed grandmother. "He looks it. Anybody with a lick of sense could tell by looking at his eyes that he was nearly blind. They're shut most all of the time. You're not helping the dog by being chicken-hearted, you're only pampering yourself. You just get a little bottle of chloroform, and it'll all be over with before he knows anything about it."

"Matt," said grandfather, "that's downright hard-hearted." But he knew he would do it. Grandmother would keep pestering him until he did. And she would threaten to do it herself; when she did that it always seemed to aggravate the situation in grandfather's mind.

He got the bottle of chloroform and approached his duty with loathing. "The devil and Tom Thumb," he muttered. "That poor little pup." He had the bottle in his hand. There was also a fluffy ball of cotton which he would saturate and then put it with the dog under the wash-tub in the back yard.

Over beyond the row of dead sunflowers by the fence which separated his lot from the property of his next-door neighbor the evening sky was streaked with deep shades. It was Indian summer, and there was a mellowness and sweetness in the air that was somehow like the smell of a stone cellar filled with apples when the door is opened. And in the dusk grandfather carried the old wash-tub from the back porch and set it down on the hard bare earth.

But then his hateful job was just begun. The next thing was to fetch the pup. Going back into the house, he found the pup beneath the stove, where it had crawled as if in protection from danger.

"Hyuh, pup; hyuh pup," he called, and felt like a criminal as the pup looked on him with bleared, reproachful eyes.

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Nevertheless, it got up and followed him through the settin'-room, the kitchen, and out on the back porch, limping a little from stiffness.

Grandfather said, "Plague on it" (which sounded like Play Gone It), and lifted up one side of the wash-tub; he called gruffly: "Here now, hop under there."

Trustingly, the pup limped under the upraised tub, made a lazy half-circle and lay down. Grandfather slowly saturated the cotton with the chloroform, emptying the bottle. At last he lowered the wash-tub on the soaked wad which he had dropped close to the pup's nose. Then he stood there for a few minutes and waited to hear if the pup would make any attempts to break free of his suffocating place.

"If he takes it quietly," grandfather muttered, "I'll just let it go. But if I hear him whining and scratching around, by thunder I'll kick that tub into the middle of next week, and Matt can say what she had a mind to."

He stood by for a while, tempted to lift up the tub and discover what had happened. But to have done so would have undone all of the work which he had so far accomplished. . . . At last he turned away and went to the back porch and into the house.

Grandfather didn't eat very much that night for supper, even though grandmother had made dumplings to be cooked with the boiling beef, a dish of which he was especially fond. He was no more partial to dumplings than to a number of other kinds of food; but, as he always said, there was to be mentioned in favor of dumplings the fact that they were soft and did not require a great deal of chewing.

Grandmother kept a disapproving eye on him across the red-and-white checked table-cloth; in all their many years together she had never failed to become piqued when his appetite was sluggish. For she took it as a personal reflection if any one who sat at her table did not eat until all of the food had disappeared. It was embarrassing for grandfather in this particular evening.

They had their supper in the kitchen, by lamplight. And there were mountainous banks of soft shadows outside the window. Grandfather's beard moved rhythmically and slowly. Now and again he would be utterly still and his dim blue eyes would stare vacuously in front of him toward the window.

This did not pass grandmother's notice. She said: "Now what's the matter?"

And grandfather replied uneasily: "Why, nothing. Nothing at all."

Of course grandmother knew there was something the matter; she also knew what it was. "Thinking about that dog! I never saw such a man in all my born days. You take on just like a baby." There was a certain sharpness in her tone, calculated to rouse him out of his foolishness.

But grandfather did not answer. And they finished their supper in silence. Afterward grandfather went into the settin'-room and lowered himself on the cushion which lay at the bottom of the big easy chair which stood by the outside window. Grandmother stayed in the kitchen, clearing off the table and washing the evening dishes. She could be heard, as always, padding heavily about on the pine floor as she dried the cups and saucers and plates and carried them to the cherrywood cupboard.

Grandfather sat back in his armchair and stared out of the window where the unpaved street was barely distinguishable in the deepening night. Patently, he was thinking about the pup, thinking of it as a poor little devil and wondering what could have got into him that he would do such a thing. Taking away the life of that harmless little pup!

"Sam!" The voice came from the kitchen. Grandfather had heard it too often not to know what it meant. The dish-water was ready to be emptied. That was his part of the work each evening. He got up slowly and went into the kitchen. "All right!" he said, as if to forestall a repeated command.

"Be sure to throw it 'way out," said grandmother. "I don't want any puddles of water right next to the back door."

"I reckon I know that much by this time," grandfather growled good-humoredly. But he didn't possess a very good humor at the moment. Walking out some distance from the porch he

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swept the dish-water widely upon the ground with a great swish-sh-sh which had an ominous sound in the still, clear night. Then he stood silent and motionless, listening for any slight scuffle or moan which might come from the wash-tub.

He heard not the slightest of sounds. "Thunderation!" he muttered as he turned and carried the empty dish-pan into the kitchen.

Slowly he seated himself in his chair, his knees lengthened out before him, his hands slack on the broad arms. Those hands were rough and had knotted blue veins showing through the fine hair on the back of them, and square, stubby fingers. His axe gripped in those hands and whistling through the air, he had felled more trees in his lifetime than he could have counted. And he had busted a good deal of sod, enough to take in fifty of the little plots the size of the one which he now owned.

But—so he sometimes said—he didn't amount to much any more. He just puttered around this little green house and vegetable-garden, rarely ever doing a full day's work since his sixty-fifth birthday had come and departed. It seemed as if there wasn't much work for a man of his age to be had. Nobody wanted him. Sometimes, when grandmother scolded because he sat in the house for so long that he seemed to have become a part of the chair, he would venture forth in search of a job. And now and then he would find something to do: cutting up a pile of wood and cording it for some man whose employment kept him away from home all day, helping in John Kitson's cooper shop, or hauling some light load for somebody who did not require a dray. But in the main he just sat in the house and lived on what few dollars he had to his name, helped out occasionally by one of his daughters, by Martha Adelaide who, nearly every Saturday when she came into market, brought her parents a pound of butter or a sack of potatoes. Sometimes she would bring a ham. Grandfather would hang it in the smoke-house which he had made of part of the woodshed. Grandmother kept a coopful of chickens, and unless company came too often she gathered a basketful of eggs nearly every week. Elizabeth, who was working in a hospital in Chicago, often sent small sums of money with instructions for "mother to buy this" or for "daddy to buy that." And Nancy's husband, now that she had got a good, reliable man, would occasionally buy grandfather a box of his favorite Virginia cheroots or mail a box of candy for grandmother. Except for those events grandfather had little to look forward to. His world was either close at hand or far away, with nothing in the middle distance.

Grandmother came in and sat down slowly in her wicker rocker, which was low-seated enough for her to rest her feet comfortably on the floor. Picking up the evening newspaper, *The Democrat*, with a sigh, she peered through her gold-rimmed spectacles at the print while grandfather sat motionless by the window.

They had achieved a kind of silent communion during their long life together, a way of knowing what the other was thinking about, of knowing without asking; which was possibly intuitive, but somewhat explainable in that from many years of acquaintance they knew what the other would think and do under a given condition. And now grandmother, sitting in her rocker by the table on which the kerosene-lamp rested, lowered the paper to her generous lap and said: "I'll declare, Sam, if you ain't the biggest goose I ever knew in my born days."

Grandfather reared back his grizzled head so that his reddish-gray beard stood out truculently. "Now what's the matter?"

"The way you fret about that pup. I swan to man if you don't just take on the same as if it had been a human being."

Grandfather thumped rhythmically on the arm of his chair for an answer. No doubt that he was worrying about the pup. It had been a sin and a shame for him to have taken away the life of the poor little thing, so pitiful and friendly. He could recall the times, years before, when it had gone burrowing after moles in the back yard, and caught them too; when it had cleaned the rats out of the woodshed. And the little pup had always been so friendly, wagging its stump of a tail as if it would make up for the shortcoming by its fervor, thrusting its

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cold, black nose into your hand for sympathy and appreciation.

Grandmother said: "I suppose you would rather have had that pup sick all winter, not being able to crawl a foot away from the stove. I suppose you think it would have been better off that way than to die a nice easy way like being chloroformed?"

Grandfather scratched his beard in vexation. "Well, I guess I would. It don't sound reasonable, maybe, but that's exactly what I'd like to see. That poor little pup could lie in front of that stove all winter long and never budge and I wouldn't say a word against it."

Grandmother exclaimed, "My conscience! You take on like a five-year-old!" and lifted up *The Democrat* and continued her reading of the Personal Items.

So far as she was concerned the discussion was ended. But grandfather continued to brood. He scarcely spoke during the rest of the evening. His beard remained sunk on the lapels of his worn coat, his faded eyes staring blankly into the shadows of the room. And thus the evening passed, and the hands of the old clock on the mantel came round to nine. That was the hour for retiring, as they always called the bedtime hour.

Grandmother folded up the paper and laid it on the table. She said: "Well?" to let grandfather know that she was going to bed and that she expected him to follow her. She did not like to have any one sit up in the house after she had gone to her bedroom; it seemed as if the day were incomplete. . . . Grandfather waited up to blow out the light. And when, the little green house in darkness, he settled himself between the quilts and the feather-bed, his last words for the night were: "That poor little pup." He heard the crowing of the Leghorn rooster from the chicken-coop before he went to sleep.

But in the morning he was dressed by six o'clock, out in the kitchen building a fire in the cook-stove for grandmother to make breakfast. And after the flames were roaring and he had filled the tea-kettle and set it on the stove to heat, he stepped out-of-doors into the morning light.

The wash-tub loomed reproachfully in the back yard. Grandfather averted his eyes from the sight of it. For now came the most hateful part of the whole disagreeable job: the burying of the pup. Going into the woodshed where he kept his tools, grandfather picked up a spade, then stood for a moment, debating on where he would dig the grave, whether he would dig it by the sunflower row or over at the west end of the lot where the canal flowed past. Down by the canal would be the best place, and there he went, his congress boots reluctantly tracking over the earth made hard by the coolness of the night.

He set his spade in the ground, pushed it down with his foot, and threw out the first slab of earth, which was thick with angleworms. He worked slowly and steadily; by the time grandmother appeared on the back porch to summon him to breakfast he had completed the small, rectangular hole in which the body of the pup was to rest.

"Sam!" called grandmother. "Your breakfast's ready."

"Go ahead, I'll come in a minute," he answered, and moved off toward the wash-tub. That poor little pup!

He stood over the wash-tub a moment before lifting it up, and on his face was a sad, lugubrious expression. Bending over, he raised the tub, under which he reached for the inanimate body——

A cold nose touched his hand, and in a moment the pup was crawling out from under. It stood in the sunshine, blinking and shaking itself, trying to caper about on stiff legs, none the worse for the chloroform.

And at the sight of it grandfather lost his temper. "You—damned little devil!" he muttered, as he realized that all of his worries, his self-indictment, his sleepless night, his spading, had gone for nothing. He threw down his spade and would not even look at the pup, who scampered along beside him as he walked to the house.

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A Flight to the Unknown

BY TOM GILL

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

HE was in all ways a mysterious person. For suddenly I became aware of him beside my desk, unannounced and apparently out of nowhere. But he perched quite comfortably beside the dictaphone, puffing a black cigar.

"You have charge of the Forest Service photographs here?" he asked, singling me out with that cigar of his.

I nodded.

"Photographs of trees and forests and that sort of thing?"

"About fifty thousand."

"Got any airplane views of forest areas?"

I showed him a few that our Forest Fire Air Patrol had taken over the national forests of Oregon. Then I added: "If you're particularly interested in airplane views, I have a number I made during the big disturbance."

He looked at me with sudden interest. "You're an aviator?"

"Yes."

"And a forester?"

"That's what the Forest Service has been kind enough to call me for the past ten years."

"Hum." For a time he sat in deep thought, strumming with his fingers on my dictaphone. "That's interesting," he said finally.

"What?"

"The combination of aviator and forester—very interesting." He smoked for a time. "Do you suppose the Forest Service would give you two months' leave?"

"Only God can predict that. Leave for what?"

"For an airplane trip to southern Mexico to estimate mahogany timber there. Listen."

Then in those jerky sentences of his he outlined to my amazed ears a plan that struck me as something new in the history of tropical exploration. It was no less than to take a seaplane to southern Mexico and fly over those trackless forests, mapping the land and the timber from the air.

"Mahogany," I remember his saying, "king of tropical woods—my people have an option on a million acres. Option runs out in two months. We've got to know how much timber's there. A month will tell how much of the land is covered with forest and how much is grass-land. That's about all that you can learn from the plane anyhow. Then go into the country afoot or mule-back and make a careful estimate of how the mahogany runs. Use the plane first." He seemed quite decided now that I was to make the trip.

"And if," I suggested, "if the motor quits when the seaplane is a hundred miles from water what does the pilot do?"

My unknown puffed a moment in silence. "When a motor quit in war time, what did the pilot do?"

"Became a prisoner."

"Exactly. Well, that's what will happen to you in Mexico. Carib Indians will take care of that."

"Are they unfriendly?"

"Kind of. Every tribe believes in the survival of the fittest." He let that sink in.

We lunched together twice that week and at last, partly because I had been chained to an office-desk overlong and partly because the flying game has an insistent allure for all of us who once followed that precarious mistress—well, at last I said I'd go.

My incognito friend arose and laid a check on the table. "You don't know me or my people. Don't need to. See you at Galveston one week from to-day. Hotel Galvez. Luck."

He left me, and but for the blue slip of

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paper on the table and the blue haze of cigar smoke about me I could easily have wondered if it were not all some fantastic dream. Still, the figures on that slip of paper were very concrete realities.

Only one other episode occurred before I left Washington, and that had to do with my friend Pratt, who runs the Equitable in his spare moments. I had thought not unnaturally that it might be the part of wisdom to take out additional insurance for the next two months. Vague thoughts of landing in a mahogany-tree with a tribe of playful Caribs at the base may have prompted this. At any rate Pratt listened to my tale, whistling what sounded ominously like Chopin's "Funeral March," then reached for the telephone.

"There's just one company in the United States that may want to bet on you," he said, and called a number.

"A friend of mine wants to take out twenty-five thousand dollars," Pratt told his man. "He's going to fly over some unknown forests in Mexico populated by hostile Indians. No, not for pleasure. To estimate mahogany timber. No, quite rational." I beamed my thanks. "Oh, about two hundred miles from the nearest settlement. Yes, well, that's for you to decide, of course. All right. Good-by."

He hung up and I knew the verdict before he spoke.

"They wouldn't handle you. Tropical jungle and Indians running amuck are bad enough, but the airplane gave the finishing touch."

And so I left Pratt thoughtfully whistling that damnable funeral march.

Four days later in the lobby of the Galvez I espied my unknown, again half-obscured in cigar-smoke. This time he pulled out not a map, but a one-way ticket to Frontera, Mexico, and a sealed letter marked "Instructions. Open Second Day Out."

"Just a precaution," he answered my unspoken question. "Precaution against any news of your trip leaking out prematurely. Boat leaves at three," he added. "I'll see you off."

He did. I remember we both looked a little sceptically at the craft to which I was intrusting my being for the next three days. Two hundred feet long and a thirty-foot beam, she had the appearance of a Pittsburgh stogy and seemed just about as seaworthy.

"Used to be a sub-chaser," said my unknown, with a visible effort to reassure me. "Stanch little boat."

"Stanch" wasn't inappropriate. I said so, but before we could find a really descriptive adjective he was hustled ashore, and with a thud of the gang-plank, a muffled whirr of the engines, and a splash of the hawsers we cast off.

"Luck," came his smoky valedictory from the dock. I waved and in answer my man of mystery wiggled his cigar. I never saw him again.

And as the sun set over the low Texas coast, I had opportunity again to consider this rather mad adventure. Why had I embarked upon it? Well, part of the answer, at least, lies in the eternal attraction of the unknown. There to the south was a land where the clock of time still ticked out prehistoric minutes—a land to which so far as I knew no white man had ever penetrated to find what manner of people lived there, what secrets of the past or what promise for the future it might hold. Then for a time the anachronism of the seaplane in this land of yesterday amused me. But what if the confounded motor failed? That possibility restrained my amusement. I had landed many times because of a dead motor with more or less satisfactory results, but the prospect of gliding down into a trackless jungle desperately seeking a landing-place as the precious moments passed, and finally crashing among tree-tops a hundred feet or more from the ground—well, as I say, one could imagine more amusing situations.

Dusk fell, and the sea-gulls that had been crying about our wireless aerial fell astern. The last of the bell-buoys tolled a dismal farewell, and free of the channel we turned our bow toward the equator. And so for three days we bore south with never sight of a sail or a pause in the monotonous throb of the engines. Each morning I woke to the sound of splashing waters intermingled with the voice of the cook in the galley cursing life in fluent Italian whenever a lurch of the vessel sent table things sprawling on the mess-floor.

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Each evening I watched the sun set in flaming grandeur over the starboard bow. Between times nothing happened; and as hour followed hour a pall of monotony settled over me and I wondered why in heaven's name a man ever chooses the sea as a vocation.

Yes, one thing did happen. On the morning of the second day I opened my sealed envelope and took out a map and the letter. "At Frontera," the letter read, "you will find a seaplane, with pilot and mechanic. After your air work you will proceed by canoe to Encanto, where Robert Marsh and Colonel Richardson will take you to any portion of the property you wish to investigate. Primarily I want to know the amount of cedar and mahogany on this land. Your report is to be shown to none but the undersigned."

The signature was a name very familiar to me, one identified with many a courageous undertaking—the name of a far-sighted pioneer of industry.

So I was to have a pilot. Well, that would leave me free to put in part of my air-time mapping. I looked at my letter again.

"Richardson"—I wondered if it could be my good fortune to meet again the Tracy Richardson I had flown with in war time. A long chance—still wherever danger and adventure and the unknown were, there sooner or later was Richardson. No better comrade in the pinch ever lived, no more fearless soldier of fortune. General under the flag of Mexico—trench fighter with the Princess Pats—flier in the armies of the British—and later instructor in the art of aerial warfare to those of us who wore the wings of the U. S. A.

I remembered the foggy day I had almost flown Tracy into a church steeple, when he was a captain and I a struggling shave-tail. Anticipating a royal bawling out, I had dreaded landing after that flight. But he had only grinned, and as he wiped the oil from his glasses said casually enough: "You know, Gill, those ecclesiastical structures aren't a damn bit softer to hit than a brewery."

The triangular fin of a shark sped past—sign of nearing land; and before noon we sighted clumps of water-narcissus floating by. A tropical storm burst over us, deluged the deck, and was gone. Those sudden tropical storms—they resemble nothing we know in the North. They come unheralded, and like the sudden opening of some celestial faucet. Not in drops do they come but as in solid slender columns of water. Then, just as suddenly, the faucet is turned off and again the world steams beneath the tropical sun.

At dusk the captain, a weather-scarred Norwegian speaking English with a poisonous accent, called me to the bridge and pointed to what seemed a low-lying bank of clouds. "Dar she bane," he told me, and gave me the glass. With their aid I could make out a fringe of palm-trees and several thatched roofs. "Frontera," he added, "lie ten mile up river."

The engines ceased. We anchored, and for the first time in three days marked time on the long swells of the Gulf, awaiting our pilot. In the offshore wind I caught the damp heavy breath of the jungle, that troubling scent, complex with the multitudinous and hidden life of the tropic night. One never forgets it and no one has ever described it, but in some mysterious way it came to me on the low, fitful gusts, like the breath of some gigantic entity typified by the jungle—yet one with the silver of the moonlight above and with the dark, swaying palms along the distant beach. Once I made out dimly the reflection of the lights of Frontera on the low-lying clouds to the south.

At ten that night, while I bent over my map in the cabin, a faint hail came over the water. I hurried on deck in time to see a little dory glide from beneath the shadow of our bow and a dark figure vault the railing.

"I am your pilot," he said in Spanish to the mate. "Start the engines. Where is your captain?"

The mate pointed toward the pilot-house and the Mexican disappeared up the ladder. Followed the clank of the winch as we raised anchor, then the thud of the screws. Soon we were over the bar and slipping in silence through the quiet waters of the Rio Usumacinta. Suddenly as we rounded a turn in the channel, the lights of Frontera glittered above the dark stream bed. We anchored opposite the brilliantly lighted custom-house, where from the deck we could see shadowy couples dancing. In the silence that fol-

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lowed the cessation of the engines there came to us very clearly from across the waters that favorite air of *caballero* and *peon*, "*Quiêreme mucho.*"

Somehow it means Mexico to me, that air played as only they can play it south of the Rio Grande. Couples passed and repassed, waltzing with the effortless rhythm of motion that has come to them as a heritage from old Spain. The faint laughter of women reached us and the applause that followed the music. Yes, Mexico means music, I thought, music and laughter and smiles from lips that have learned that life is, after all, no very important matter, and that sorrow is the only immorality. Children, I caught myself thinking, as I watched the dancers weaving patterns of color; children in their gaiety as in their cruelty. For I had known them, these people of the sunlight, at times when there was no music and in places where there was no laughter. And always they played at life as at a game. But romance, I knew, fades in the light of day; so I leaned on the rail that night listening and watching, and wondering what awakening to-morrow might bring.

As a matter of fact, I awoke with the first mate thumping my shoulder.

"Come down to the captain's cabin," he ordered. "The custom's outfit want to see your papers."

Hurriedly digging into my bag for the passport which one really doesn't need, I ran below to be greeted by a dark, portly Mexican in full official regalia, and wearing at his belt a Luger revolver.

"*Americano?*" he questioned.

"*Sí.*"

"*Señor Tomás Gill?*"

I nodded. He examined a batch of papers, then leisurely checked my name from the passenger-list. Next the inspecting doctor signified that so far as he was concerned I could depart. "But if the *señor* ascends in that villainous airplane," he added smiling, "we shall perhaps meet again."

Free now to enter the country, I packed my luggage and went aft. Bedlam had broken out on deck and in the waters about the boat. Custom officials swarmed from bow to stern. Cargo was being lowered into lighters, and about the steamer like little water-beetles innumerable canoes glided, laden with bananas, oranges, and *tortillas*. I hailed one of the river-men and in ten minutes was exhibiting my baggage at the Custom House.

Yes, assuredly romance had fled with the night and the music. Two-story houses stretched interminably along dusty streets where evil-looking vultures—the city's only street-cleaning force—hopped and fought on innumerable refuse heaps. Indians squatting on the dock offered for sale grass baskets, cocoanuts, and dogs. To the wrist of one Indian an otter was chained. Their women knelt in the street near by baking *tortillas* on hot stones. Every bench in the plaza was occupied by sleeping soldiers, for Frontera teemed with men in ragged uniforms.

At the hotel a telegram from Marsh told me that the plane was up the river at Salto and would reach me by noon. So with two hours of leisure before me I sauntered back to the plaza, and as a soldier wandered off in search of food, seized my opportunity of pre-empting a bench. There I had smoked and sunned myself for perhaps an hour when a down-at-the-heel fellow countryman approached me.

"What brought you to this benighted country, buddy?" was his greeting.

I pointed to the ship still anchored in midstream. "That banana-boat is the guilty party."

He chuckled. "Which is a polite way of saying it's none of my business. Oil or bananas, buddy—one or the other you're after, and if you don't feel like saying, why, don't. Oil's my game. Though I can't say my success has been exactly uproarious."

I changed the subject. "How are living conditions?"

"Not bad. Not now since things quieted down. But it was hell and pinwheels while the revolution was running. The band-stand is still chipped up with bullets. A man needed a tin suit to walk through town."

"We didn't hear much about it back in the States."

"Sure you didn't, and for good and sufficient reasons." My friend rolled a cigarette and looked reflectively out over the plaza. He belonged to the fraternity of picturesque nomads that frequent the seaports of the world—always on the

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move, always in pursuit of some fantastic will-o'-the-wisp. We talked for more than an hour, and at last I sensed the inevitable "touch" coming.

Then from far up the river, faint and thin at first like the angry hum of a myriad gnats, came a distant whirring that put an end to talk. As the sound increased and drew nearer, men and women, innumerable children and dogs, the entire town, it seemed to me, came pouring down to the river's edge.

"*Aeroplano, aeroplano*"—the word was on the lips of all. A minute more of tense, eager gazing, and we could make out the seaplane above the palms. The engine grunted and back-fired as the pilot closed the throttle. Then, making as perfect a spiral as I have ever seen, the plane touched the water and came to rest within a few feet of the dock. It was already moored when I pushed through the mass of jabbering spectators. Williams, the pilot, grinned up at me out of the cockpit. As I joined him I cast a dismayed look about.

"Where did they get this ark?" I asked.

"That's something I've never doped out. My guess would be the National Museum or an old ladies' home. Still she's a safe and sane old bus—lumbers along at about ninety miles an hour and doesn't need the whole Atlantic Ocean to land in."

"What have you found up the river?"

"Plenty, oh, plenty." He spoke with a kind of deprecatory disgust. "I'll tell you this—in all the years of the war I never took so many chances as have come my way in the last week here. Every time you take off it's a case of putting everything up to God and the motor." He pointed to the wide stretch of river below. "This is the only decent landing-place I've seen in Mexico. Up there if the motor conks it is going to be a case of landing wherever you come down, and that means the jungle."

"How about those rivers?"

"Oh, they told you about those rivers, too, eh? Well, those rivers are a delight for canoes and alligators, but they were never intended to land a plane on. Why, the trees meet over them! I spent yesterday flying south of Salto to see if we could establish a base somewhere. Nobody knows anything about that country except the Indians, and they won't talk much. Well, five minutes after I started I was over the wildest country you ever saw—all on end—gorges, mountains, and jungle. Yes, there were a couple of lakes big enough to launch a catboat in, but if a plane ever got in there it would never get out. A broken ankle in that country would be just about as disastrous as a broken neck. Well, we flew pretty low for half an hour, for I didn't want to overlook anything. About that time one of those storms came out of nowhere and for the next ten minutes this plane was as completely beyond control as if both hands had been off the wheel and in my pockets. I couldn't see ten feet ahead of me. The whole world was just a swirl of water and cloud, and every time the lightning cracked, the plane bucked like a frightened bronco. I had lost sight of land and began climbing as steep as the motor would stand, expecting every minute to bump into a chunk of the Sierra Madres. Water poured in over the cowl, and I thought more than once of the cheery possibilities if the engine flooded. Sweet prospect, wasn't it? I could see myself turning her nose down into the blackness and waiting until the smash came. But of course that didn't happen or I wouldn't be here inhaling this cigarette. When the storm blew by, I found myself passing a range of the timber-covered mountains, and not five hundred feet above them. Coming back I made out two ruins—might have been some of those ancient temples. I guess that's why the Indians won't talk much about that country. They don't want white men prowling around out there."

He asked suddenly: "Did you bring a parachute?"

I shook my head.

"Neither did I, and I don't suppose there's much use wiring north for a couple, but if I'd known that landing-water was as scarce as ice-cream, I'd sure have packed one along. Let's eat. I'm starved. Up there at Salto they feed you fried firecrackers and kerosene."

Leaving the mechanic to guard the plane, we made our way to the town's one café. It was, I remember, a rather silent meal, for Williams devoted himself whole-

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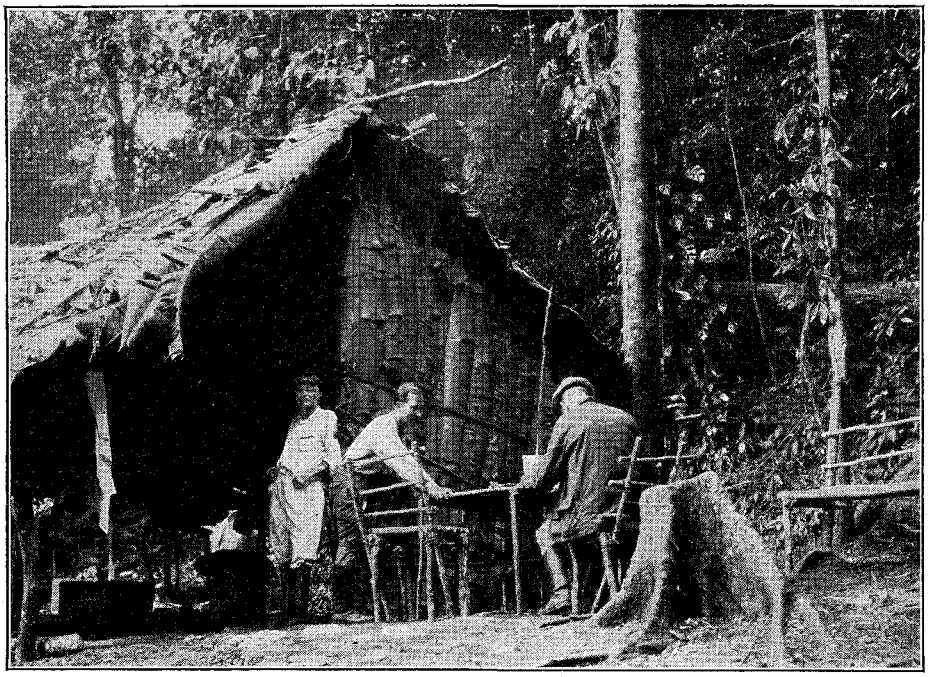
heartedly to the food and I had much to think about. If back in that country it was impossible to land and establish bases from which to penetrate deeper, our air work would be distinctly limited. It would mean touching only the nearer portions of the tract and remaining in ignorance of what lay beyond the low mountainous divide to the south. Then, too, one had to how I'd like to have at least an even break. And while I'm willing to go ahead with this cursed scheme, I can't help thinking that we are a couple of damn fools."

The next day we made our first flight into the unknown. Taking off at sunrise, we flew south up the Usumacinta toward the mountains. A strong wind was blow-



Our first camp on the expedition to the unknown.

Marsh with his back to the camera is cursing a map in which all the rivers flow the wrong way. The hut is thatched with plantain leaves.

face the fact that if the engine gave trouble we had little hope of returning. If Williams was right, only by a miracle would we be able to escape disaster in landing, back there in the forest, and, even if we didn't crash, it would still be necessary to cut our way through perhaps a hundred miles of trackless wilderness to where we might or might not find aid. We talked of these things a little over a bottle of warm beer.

"Funny," Williams commented, "while the war lasted one never thought about the chances of coming back. '*C'est la guerre.*' The French taught us to say that and we took what came. It was all part of the big game. But now—well, some-

ing from the Gulf, and within an hour we had sighted and passed Encanto, where stood the *hacienda* of Doren—last outpost on the outer fringe of the white man's world. Later it was to take me four days to cover the same distance by mule and canoe. Just south of Encanto we crossed the northern boundary of the property, and the pilot turned abruptly west, paralleling the boundary while I sketched in details of the rivers and the mountain ranges. The map I had been given in the States proved to be a highly imaginative work. It was certainly not confused with many accurate details. On it were rivers that never existed and "open land" that was only too obviously impenetrable jun-

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Mahogany—king of tropical timbers.

For centuries the markets of the world have placed this wonderfully figured wood above all other products of the forests. Trees of this size were quite common.

gle. With a sigh I dropped this piece of engineering fiction overboard and took up the task of sketching my own map from the air.

We had now left the main stream behind. Before us lay a great sea of unbroken timber, rolling hills, and deep gorges. Once Williams looked back and, indicating the country beneath with a sweep of his hand, blew an imaginary kiss toward the engine. I understood well enough. We were, in his words, "putting it up to God and the motor." But the motor was hitting perfectly. Wonderfully clear the air, and once, though I could not be sure, I thought I could make out the Pacific lying far out on the southern horizon like a little misty pool of light.

So two hours passed. The gasoline-gauge was pointing toward a depressingly low supply when we turned back toward Frontera and, leaving the timber, made a bee-line for the river. I breathed more easily when we got within gliding distance of water, and Williams, abandoning his tense attitude of watchfulness, sat back comfortably in the cockpit. We landed without mishap opposite the custom-house, and again the town tore down to the dock in a body to see this machine of never-ending wonder.

"What do you think of it?" was Williams's first question.

"It's bad country to fly in, but there's a wealth of timber in it. We can finish up this northern end in three more flights. What's bothering me is how we can see the country beyond the divide. We can't stretch our flight from here much farther than we did today. We've got to gas up somewhere back there if we are to push farther on, and the sweet part of that is there's no place to land."

"What's the answer?"

"Finish this end by air and go into the back country by canoe, I suppose. That's the only answer I can think of now. But something may happen."

Something did happen—but not just the way I meant. The next three days we made daily flights, and by that time

Pascuala makes *matz*.

This fundamental diet of the southern Mexican Indian is composed of ground corn, river water, and whatever bacteria may care to infect it.

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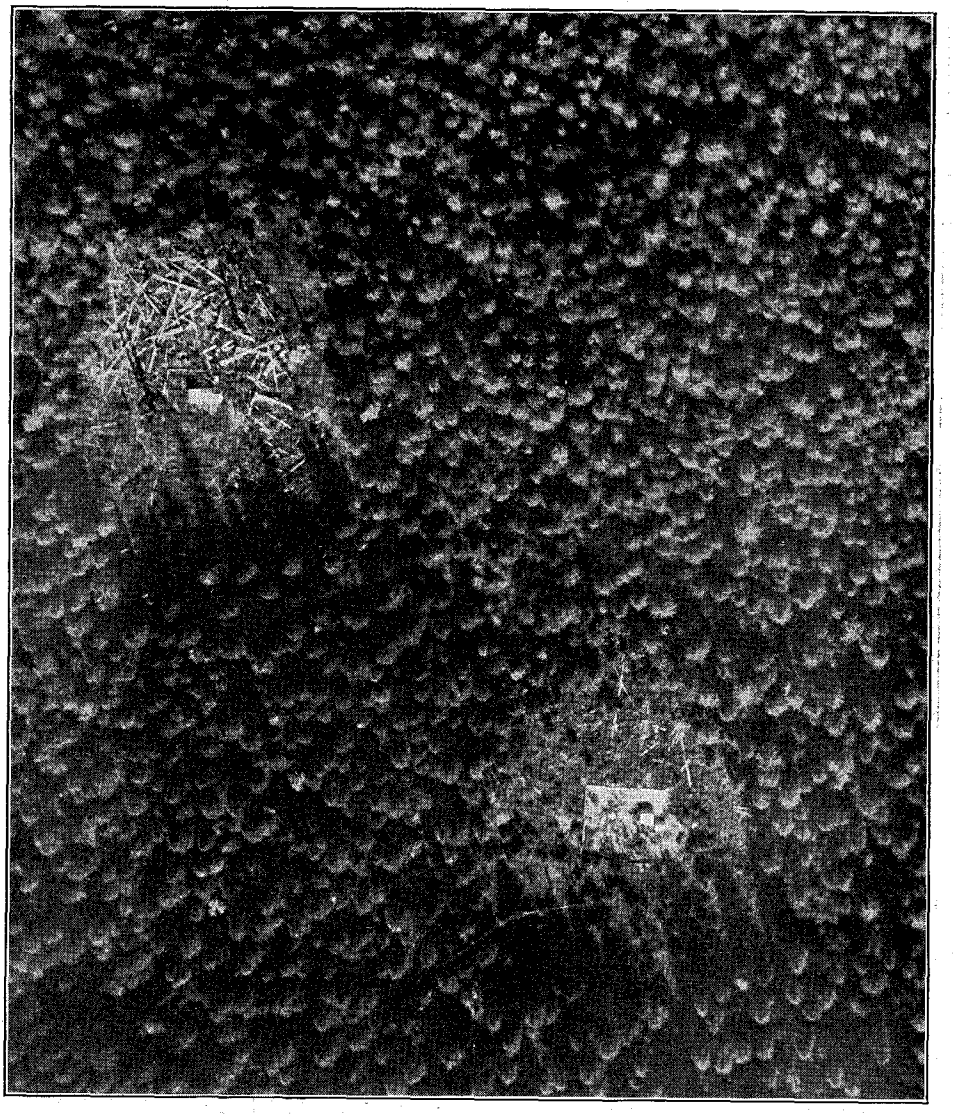

This picture started everything.

For if my man of mystery hadn't been seeking airplane views of forests my Mexican flight would never have happened. Those spots, like moth-holes in a rug, are tiny clearings made by some settler about his cabin.

we knew the location of all the main streams at the north end of the property. That information would be important if later a logging railroad was built. In addition we had mapped the mountain chains and the main timber bodies. For it wasn't all solid timber beneath us. There were some acres of bamboo and some marshland and occasional tracts of worthless scrub growth. And of course we could not tell from the air how much of the timber we saw was the prized cedar and mahogany. I think had we come when the mahogany was in flower it might have been possible to distinguish its showy crown from other forest growth; but in December all species merged in a thick carpet of varying shades of green. Still we could find out later, by actual examination, how the cedar and mahogany ran; the main thing now was to get an idea of the timber as a whole.

Our four uneventful flights must have

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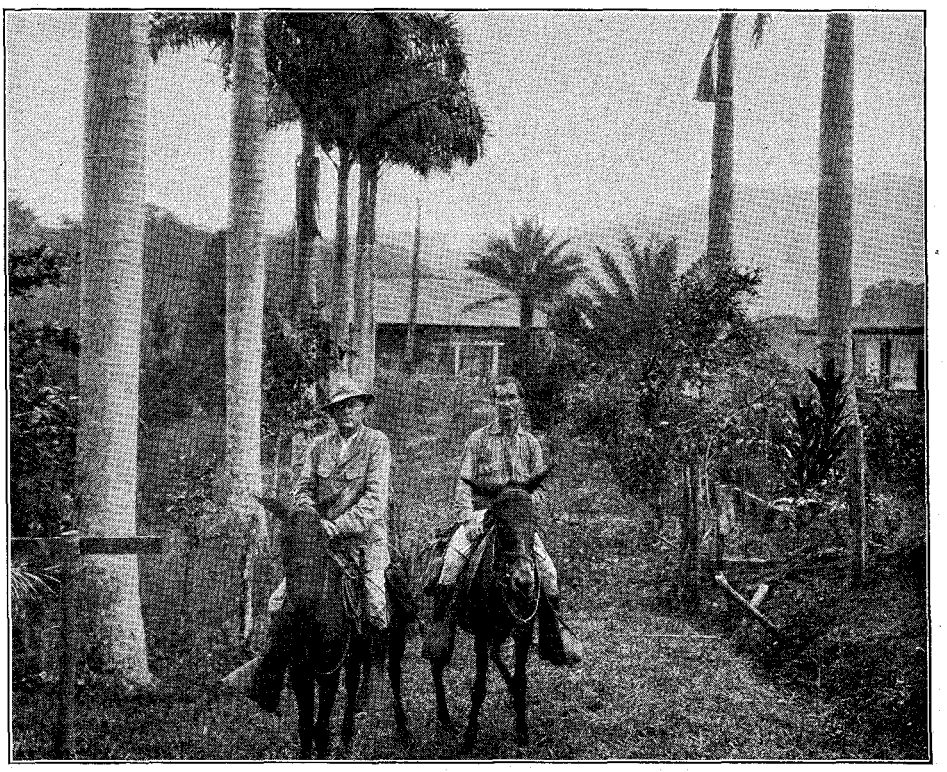
made us optimistic, for the fifth and last hop we agreed to stretch to the limit of safety. We wanted especially to get an idea of the timber in the higher country of the south. I had a suspicion that back there the broad-leaf trees might give way to pine, and if that were true no mahogany would grow in that section. I remember how clear was that last morning and how cool the air as we gained altitude and turned our plane due south. There we held our course for two hours. Once we crossed a river on whose northern banks gleamed a ruined temple of the old Maya people. We hummed on over two mountain ranges, and now the land became wilder and more broken. Ahead, not twenty miles, lay the foot-hills of the Sierra Madres. And our gas-tank was less than half emptied. "Twenty minutes more," I found myself muttering, "and we make it." Yes, less than that. In fifteen we would be able to read the riddle of the land beyond. Would it be scrubby pine, worthless waste, or good honest timber?

We were not to know that day, for a moment later I felt the plane quiver and saw Williams lean forward frowning. Again came that quiver of unbalanced motion, telling its tale of a cylinder missing. Williams gave the gas a quick turn. This time the unequal pound came more distinctly, and with a sinking heart I knew another cylinder had failed us. Like a flash Williams jammed the wheel over into a sharp bank. In a tight curve we spun around. Then opening the throttle wide, he sped straight for the river. We were going to race for it. The crippled engine groaned beneath the sudden load on its six firing cylinders. Should another one fail, we would never make it. If the six held out—we might.

The air seemed to come in hot angry gusts now, as if eager to buffet us and force us back. I remember feeling an un-



Doren and I outside the *hacienda* at Encanto.
Two of these palms support Doren's aerial for the radio with which he plagued us nightly.

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reasoning hatred of those sudden blasts that shrieked in our rigging wires with a kind of malevolent merriment. Already we were losing altitude. I followed the pilot's eager gaze out into the distance, longing for the sight of water and landing space. Beneath was still that torn and inhospitable country. And now the foliage of the individual trees stood out more distinctly as we sank slowly under insufficient power. A little ahead of us the shadow of our plane sped over the tree-tops, and even as I watched I could see we were settling nearer and nearer. Of what would happen when we met that shadow I refused to think. Would that river never come? Then at the same instant we both saw it—a dark ribbon beyond the tree-tops. But already the plane was dangerously low. By now both of us were sitting on the edges of our seats leaning intently forward, hoping and fearing. Williams's hands were knotted and white with the intensity of his grasp on the wheel—my own clutched the fuselage in a kind of death grip. At last, a full minute before I myself could say with certainty we would make the river, Williams nodded reassurance.

He touched the quiet waters in a perfect landing and cut the switch. He grinned back at me. "And they talk about the care-free life of the young aviator," he commented, while I tried to roll a cigarette and spilled half my tobacco in the fuselage. "Still longing to see the other side of that mountain range?"

"I am, but I'm going to see it from a safe and sane four-cylinder mule. You can scuttle this neurotic sewing-machine any time you like."

A half-hour's work put the motor in working order, but we clung very closely to water all the way back to Frontera.

So my air exploration came to a close, and the following morning Williams ferried me to Salto, the limit of safe aerial navigation. There we parted—Williams to return north to the land of ear-muffs and synthetic gin; before me stretched long days of exploration aboard an unromantic but relatively dependable mule. For it was written that before I should see the Gulf again I was to travel far back into that unknown country, sleep in the shadow of ancient Maya temples, swim unnamed streams, and at the trail's end find groves of giant mahogany worth a prince's ransom. And at last I was to come down this self-same river laden with specimens of strange woods and careful estimates of timber so magnificent in quality, so limitless in extent, that the forester might well believe himself in Paradise. But in all those days that followed not once did I see anything one-half so alluring as the grin on Williams's face when he turned and nodded reassurance on that last wild flight into the unknown.

Ballad

BY EVELYN HARDY

Lightly, lightly drifts the snow
And laden lies the broom:
But Annet never more will go
To broider at her loom.

For Vyet's donned his silken hose
And Nairne her buckled shoon,
And swiftly they have ridden away
By the high light o' the moon;

Silver-shod his horse before
And golden-shod behind,
A cloak of satin cramoisie
To keep them from the wind.

But Annet's gown's a winding-sheet,
And narrow is her room. . . .
Lightly, lightly drifts the snow
And laden lies the broom.

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The Silver Trumpets

BY THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LAWRENCE BARNES

HOLLAND PORTER came down the stone stairs of his villa with square shoulders, but slowly. In his alert carriage was indicated the gayness of the Florentine April, its untiring, always fresh optimism. Ever since he had lived in Florence, each April he felt that fifteen or twenty years were going to slough off his shoulders like the dead skin of a snake. In the reflectiveness of his step was the afterthought that would come from his image in the mirror at the landing. The mirror was like the painter in the story who could make true portraits only. Unflattering, it would show him as he really was.

This time it made no exception. The determined, squarish face that it framed was ruddy and the expression youthful, but the cropped mustache had only a few sandy threads left in its whiteness. Except upon the top, the carefully brushed hair was snowy. Though he carried his tall body like a young man, the skin was not entirely smooth.

He looked at the reflection distastefully. "Twenty years," he said to himself. "Fifteen even! *God!* And to-day I'm sixty. Holland Porter, you're getting old."

With the swift memory of beauty after beauty he had seen here, came also a shudder of futility. After all, he had not really lived life, only tasted it as one breathes in the heavy fragrance of China roses. His existence had been as artificial as flowers painted on majolica, as selfish as the life of a monk.

At the foot of the stairs his housekeeper Giuseppina waited for him. On her head was a bright-green silk scarf.

"Buon giorno, signorino," she greeted him.

"Buon giorno, Giuseppina. I'll have breakfast on the terrace. Coffee and toast and marmalade. Some strawberries, if you have any."

"Subito, signorino. Subito, subito, subito," she replied. Right away!

His villa, furnished handsomely with the Italian things he loved, stood on the via Vecchia Fiesolana, that steep way that climbs between gray walls from dusty San Domenico up to the tall, blue-crowned forehead of Fiesole. In front of it was a blank, undecorated wall with a gate and a bell-wire. In back of it was a garden.

The garden was not formalized. In it were a couple of almond-trees and some silver-green olives, the home of hamadryads. Irises grew in it, roses, campanulas. There were tall wine-colored snapdragons and orange tawny snapdragons. Close to the wall the blossoms of a Judas-tree were like crimson blood-drops. From the next place a mimosa reached its yellow-powdered branches. Over the small gray stone table on the terrace, honey-fragrant wistaria, which had burst from the purple cocoons of its buds into lavender loveliness, cast shadows like a mottled leopard's skin.

And below, the hillside dropped steeply like the front side of an advancing breaker. At the foot lay Florence, a toy town, with its two pink domes and its graceful machicolated towers. Here and there you could see the white thread of a road or the steel-colored curve of a river. Florence! Where every single thing was beautiful! The home of his dreams!

Certain aspects he did not like, to be sure. His lady of the Arno was not absolutely flawless. The Pitti gallery was one. It was always filled with common American women admiring its worst pictures and making atrocious comments on them. He did not like the noisy ultra-modern young Italians who were given to imitating with exaggerations the worst quali-

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ties of the Americans and English. Nor the overdressed fops and the narrow-waisted officers who drank numerous cocktails at the three Anglo-Italian cafés on the via Tornabuoni. Nor the women-oglers of the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. It was the overhanging roof of the Palazzo del Arte della Lana that appealed to him. It was the Ghiberti bronze doors and Cimabue's madonna in the Rucellai chapel that thrilled him to the bone.

He gave his life to them. He came to Florence when he was twenty-nine. A moderate income afforded him all that he needed in those days. Twice it was increased by inheritances. Four times what it was originally, it furnished what he needed still. So he stayed. At first in rooms and now at the villa. At first bewildered and lonely. Now with friends and stability. Secure.

In those days he intended to write, and indeed he did write. Later he gave that up. It seemed so pointless when he could spend the same time reading the much finer stuff that others had written. All that kept him from going soft was the fact that he still played tennis. He did this nearly every week-end. He derived a malicious satisfaction from still being able to beat most of the younger men.

To-day he felt none of this satisfaction. Sixty. He hadn't lived! He had only heard life going by him like the silver of distant trumpets! He was suddenly swept by regret.

When Giuseppina arrived with his breakfast, he put to her a question:

"It's my birthday to-day. How old do you think I am?"

Her teeth flashed. "Perhaps fifty, signorino," she said cautiously.

"Sixty!"

"Dio mio! But you look like a boy, signorino. You'll live to be a hundred." She grinned, wrinkling her brown face optimistically. Half forthright honesty like the soil she came from, half inherited sagacity in pleasing the *signori* who were lords of good and evil—what a peasant she really was!

After she went off, he wondered. Like all persons of an inactive selfishness, he found it hard to think of death as coming to him personally. Somehow he would always live, always delight in things. Nevertheless, did he want to live to be a hundred? Forty years. Suddenly he was conscious of their monotony. Now if one or two things were different—One or two things. That meant Leonie. She flashed before his eyes.

She was married now and had one daughter, who must be the same age that she had been when he knew her. He wondered if the daughter's hair too was dark and her countenance laughing-serious and her eyes of deep violet. He wondered if she too were as cool and as fragrant as a camelia flower. Then he smiled at his sentimentality. Suppose he had married Leonie, as he wanted to. Well, for one thing he would probably be a faded English professor or a tired executive of a publishing-house whose reputation was sounder than its finances, instead of sitting here in this garden.

II

Holland Porter was not the only person in that distant long ago to be fascinated by the lovely Leonie Winslow. Her father was Professor Horatio Winslow of the Harvard history faculty. Living in Cambridge, she had plenty of opportunity to attract admirers. Holland, however, was apparently the first person to make an admirer of her.

What could be more likely? Tall and poetic-looking, he was known also to be literary. He was not a Harvard man, to be sure, having been graduated from Columbia. Nevertheless, poet and editor in a safe way by his middle twenties, he was offered on the strength of this a connection with a Boston publishing-house. He came to Cambridge to live because he liked the academic atmosphere. He was furnished with a letter to Professor Winslow, whose Bay State shrewdness saw instantly an ideal son-in-law in the moderately successful Apollo with sense enough to accept a fixed salary. Professor Winslow introduced him to his daughter.

Consequently the announcement of their engagement—staidly worded, as befitted those days, when to attend a formal ball without white gloves was more serious than to commit adultery—surprised nobody. It broke many hearts.

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Holland Porter remembered the day with vividness.

Mrs. Winslow: "My dear children, I'm so happy. *Oh!* Let me kiss you, dear Holland. But my baby daughter old enough to get married! *Oh!*"

Professor Winslow: "Allow me to congratulate you, Holland. We're very fond of Leonie, but we know you'll be worthy of her. Ha! That is, if anybody will be."

Leonie: "Daddy, he's worthy millions and millions of me. You know, dear, I didn't mean to say yes to you. I meant to wait a while. But I'm glad I didn't wait. Really I am."

"Leonie!"

The whole world was dancing and flashing before him. He saw goals ahead of him, dreams to attain to, shining castles as lacy-fantastic as frost patterns. Oh, they would assault them, win to them, he and Leonie. And then it all shattered on an absurd lover's quarrel. How silly that quarrel now seemed!

Technically he was in the right and an explanation would have solved everything, but his first words were so rude and angry that she did not give him one. When two days later, appreciating his foolishness, he came back, she demanded an apology. Stupidly he refused one. When two weeks later he was ready to do anything, buy the moon for her, crawl upon his hands and knees across Boston Common, he was greeted with astonishing news. She had run away with Carl Paulin, a man she hardly knew. Holland Porter gave up his position without even a courteous notice. He was on the ocean in a week.

By the time he reached Florence he was as coldly cynical as the March rain that slatted against the black-and-white marbles of the Duomo. Women! A wry, disillusioned face expressed his opinion better than words could. But somehow, though he never married, he changed this attitude. More than one came into his life. The first was the animated Contessa da Ripoli with her lovely brown-golden hair. He met her at one of Colonel Allentown's Sunday teas.

Though Colonel Allentown was charming as usual, they both were bored by the inane conversation. They went into the garden to admire his extraordinary yellow roses. The roses really were extraordinary. Faintly tinged with pink, the color of an exquisite evening gown, they clambered up one corner of the villa as thickly as honeysuckle. They might have been a symbol of Italy's rich life.

Then he and she started down a smooth gravel walk on either side of which were neat lemon-trees. Elena da Ripoli pointed up at them.

"The golden apples of the Hesperides," she said. Her richly Italian English was sensuous with vowel sounds.

"And you one of the three beautiful daughters of Atlas guarding them? Only where's the dragon?"

"Why not Romulus?" She indicated Allentown's great wolflike sheep-dog.

"And I'm afraid that if I have to be Hercules I'll show more interest in at least *one* of the daughters than I will in the apples I'm supposed to get. I'm afraid that I'll spend most of my time trying to persuade *one* of the daughters to leave her apple-tree."

She laughed. It was known that this comely, rich-voiced lady and her husband, the Count da Ripoli, did not live happily together. She courtesied to him with a mock formality. "Toujours le gallant!"

After they had tired of each other, he met Kitty Hoagland, the pretty, empty-headed wife of Sir Kenneth Hoagland, a large, red-faced, insolent North-of-Englander. Elena. Kitty. And there were others. The little American school-teacher, for instance. No, certainly, he had not lived entirely aloof.

But in all these affairs was the unreality that attaches to what is simply diversion. They were not living, but only its reflection. In them, as in these later years at the villa, life had gone by him like distant silver trumpets. Leonie Winslow, with her dark hair and camelia-fragrant face, was more vivid than their intensest moments.

After he left her he never saw her again, never really heard from her. Once she wrote him, but he tore up the letter. Afterward he regretted this. Another time he read in the Paris *Herald* that she was coming to Florence. He left abruptly. He doubted that he could see her dispassionately even now.

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From a drawing by Lawrence Barnes.

"I'm Leonie Paulin. *You* must be Holland Porter."—Page 74.

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III

THE soaring flight of his revery was broken without warning by the sounding jangle of the door-bell. He heard Giuseppina hurry from the kitchen to answer it. There was conversation. A girl's voice.

"Does Mr. Porter live here?"

"Si, il signorino Portaire abita qui."

"Is he here now?"

"Si, si. Il signorino e nel giardino."

As Giuseppina came toward him, he rose from his chair. A girl dressed in filmy white followed her. Her hair was dark and wavy and her countenance laughing-serious. Her eyes were violet. A tall, fragrant camelia flower she was.

He stepped toward her.

"Leonie!" he cried astounded. "But it can't be. Leonie Winslow!"

"Everybody tells me that I look like mother," she said. "I'm Leonie Paulin. *You* must be Holland Porter."

IV

AT lunch she told him what brought her to look for him. And oh, what a lunch it was! Giuseppina was almost dazzled into speechlessness by the lovely Americanina. But not quite. No, not quite. Therefore, first she rushed up to Holland Porter and told him that the signorina's teeth were like pearls—*come perle*—and that her eyes were *bellissimi, bell*-ISS-*imi!* Then she asked him what she should give them. There was nothing in the house. *Niente, niente, niente.* After which she vanished to the kitchen, and a meal appeared.

Spaghetti. Firm to the teeth and a faintly tan color. A meaty brown sauce was poured over it. Chicken broiled to a melted-butter tenderness in rich yellow olive-oil. Salad. Country red wine in tall Florentine glasses, as graceful as the work of Cellini, yet as simple as primitives. Bel paese cheese and marsala. After that coffee—he had taught Giuseppina to make really tolerable coffee—and cigarettes.

As they smoked their cigarettes Leonie leaned back comfortably. "I suppose you would like to know why I came here," she said.

He nodded.

"Mother didn't send me. She wouldn't, you know. Once a long time ago I found your picture in an old bureau of hers. You wore long, curling mustaches and a silly high collar. But you were very romantic-looking. Later, when mother wouldn't tell me who it was, I took it. Afterward I found out, and that made me all the more anxious to see you when I had the chance."

The dining-room connected with a living-room, beyond which was a sun-room. In this stood a piano.

"Can I play it?" asked Leonie.

"I'd love to have you."

His reply sounded awkward. The truth is that he was afraid that she would spoil an illusion. She sat down. Instead of rendering what was in her head she took up the music that was standing there—"Anitra's Dance" from the "Peer Gynt Suite"; then a Bach fugue, that was surprisingly melodious; some of Wagner's more lyric moments, like the thrilling song from the first act of the "Meistersinger." One of his strongest theories was that no woman could render serious music adequately. It crumbled into dust.

From these she shifted to a couple of airy Italian tangos. Then she changed her mood a second time, playing selection after selection of American jazz. Between each selection she looked at him to see if he minded. He was quite absorbed. All at once she stopped.

"I've been an awful nuisance," she said. "But I've really had a wonderful time, and you've been a dear to let me bother you. Now I have to go."

"But you can't. You haven't had tea yet."

"I know. But Aunt Esther is waiting for me at our pension. She'll decide that I've been kidnapped long ago."

"Then it won't hurt her to wait a little longer. Only till tea, Miss Paulin."

"You don't know Aunt Esther. She's probably already telegraphed the King and Mussolini. I wouldn't dare."

At the gate he asked her if he was going to see her again. "I'll be here a month," she answered.

"In that case of course I'll see you. I wouldn't think of not showing you Florence. If you haven't got somebody younger and more attractive, that is—you and Aunt Esther," he added.

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"Not Aunt Esther; she'd bore you terribly," said Leonie. "Instead of showing me Florence you'd spend all your time trying to convince her that since she hadn't brought any rubbers she couldn't possibly have lost them. Anyway all she wants to do is look at pictures by Guido Reni. But I'd love to have you show me."

He showed her Florence. Once he even braved the responsibility of Aunt Esther with her rubbers and her platitudes.

V

And so began for him a second period of youthfulness. Without leaving his beloved Tuscany he found that illusive Florida fountain whose waters are more precious than the gold and opals of ten El Dorados. No longer was his existence like the sound of distant silver trumpets. From the new Leonie he recovered at least a measure of what the old Leonie had taken away from him. Life, like the fine Florentine April, once again came to flower.

Every day he and Leonie did something together. They went to Certosa del Galuzzo, that sprawling monastery on a hilltop. They drove through the farm-scattered countryside, with its vines and olive-trees and wheat strewn with poppies, its white oxen and blue-shirted peasants, to pine-shadowed Vallombrosa beloved of young brown-haired John Milton before he turned dour and Puritan. He showed her Florence. Once he even braved the responsibility of Aunt Esther with her rubbers and her platitudes and her obsession for buying things so that he could take Leonie for a five-day trip to Siena, Perugia, and Assisi, those towns among the hills.

What pleased him more than anything was that she seemed to pick out intuitively the things that made him love this multi-colored garden of Italy and love them also. Without being any less the charming and thoroughly human young lady, with a sure touch she avoided the obvious. He was surprised. "Her mother wouldn't have chosen the crimson and blue paintings of Fra Angelico," he thought. "She would have looked at pictures by the followers of Raphael. Her mother wouldn't have chosen the square

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towers of San Gemignano. She would have admired the strange nineteenth-century statues in front of the Uffizi because they are of famous men."

VI

It was raining. Nowhere in the world can it rain as it does in Tuscany. Low, frayed gray clouds drifted against the encircling gray-green mountains. When for a few moments they parted, showing tatters of pale-blue sky, you could see white that was new snow on the higher ridges. In the city it rebounded from the pavement. A raincoat was no protection.

Holland Porter had planned to take Leonie for another drive. He came in from the villa to tell her that this would be useless. As the rain slatted against the tan, rubberized curtains of his carozza, he was almost childishly irritated. Since Leonie was only going to be in Florence a month, it seemed the least the weather could do was to stay clear. When he reached the pension he found her in the same mood.

"Let's do something anyway," she said.

"What, for example?"

"Go to Rajola's. We could dance. Would you mind awfully?"

"But I don't know how. I haven't for years, you know."

"Of course you do. Anyway I'll show you."

He agreed.

Rajola's is a dancing establishment, the one Florentine counterpart of the Club de Vingt or Zelli's. It is in an old building not completely remodelled. Frilly decorations add a touch of modernity, however. It has a noisy dance orchestra well versed in the Continental theory that anything discordant is jazz and American. The prices of its highballs and excellent champagne cocktails are high enough to keep it thoroughly in fashion.

The clientele is an assortment. For a large part it consists of those admirable young Florentine counts who hope to endow themselves for life by marrying an American heiress and of those sage American heiresses who think that the above-mentioned are just adorable. There is also a handful of inexperienced collegians on a first trip abroad. And a few sub-débutantes, alert for excitement, escaped from their chaperons. And a few eager-eyed chaperons escaped from their sub-débutantes. Nevertheless all Americans except artists and unsuccessful writers rather like the place. Holland Porter could not stand it.

And yet, though he hated to admit the fact even to himself, this time he rather enjoyed it. In the first place, he danced well. He had a good ear for rhythm and an instinctive dignity. In the second place, Leonie told him he did. He ought to have been old enough to be immune to flattery, but he wasn't. He liked that. He wanted more.

VII

It so happened that as they walked out of Rajola's they met Colonel Allentown. His small office, where he did a pleasant business in Florentine real estate, was on the same street. The same one at whose tea Holland Porter met Elena da Ripoli twenty years ago, though he was seventy-five he still went to this regularly. An Englishman either always works or never works. He grumbled courteously, though often a little profanely, at the legend he had invented that he had to do this. He didn't have to, but nothing could have persuaded him to give it up.

When he saw them, his thin, intent face lighted pleasurably. "How'd ye do, *Holland*? I haven't seen you in a long time." Underlying a typical British accent was a mannerism of biting together some words and drawling out others. Later he would say: "Oh, b't I *like* Leonie. She's *so* American. She makes me *laarf*."

Holland Porter indicated that he did well enough.

"And is this Miss Paulin?"

Holland indicated that it was Miss Paulin.

"My deah Miss Paulin, I'm delighted to meet you."

Then he turned to Holland. "She must see my garden. Won't you bring her out to tea on Sunday? You will come to tea on Sunday, won't you, Miss Paulin? Everybody comes to my teas."

Everybody did come to Colonel Allentown's teas. Socially Florence is divided into two factions. No member of either is

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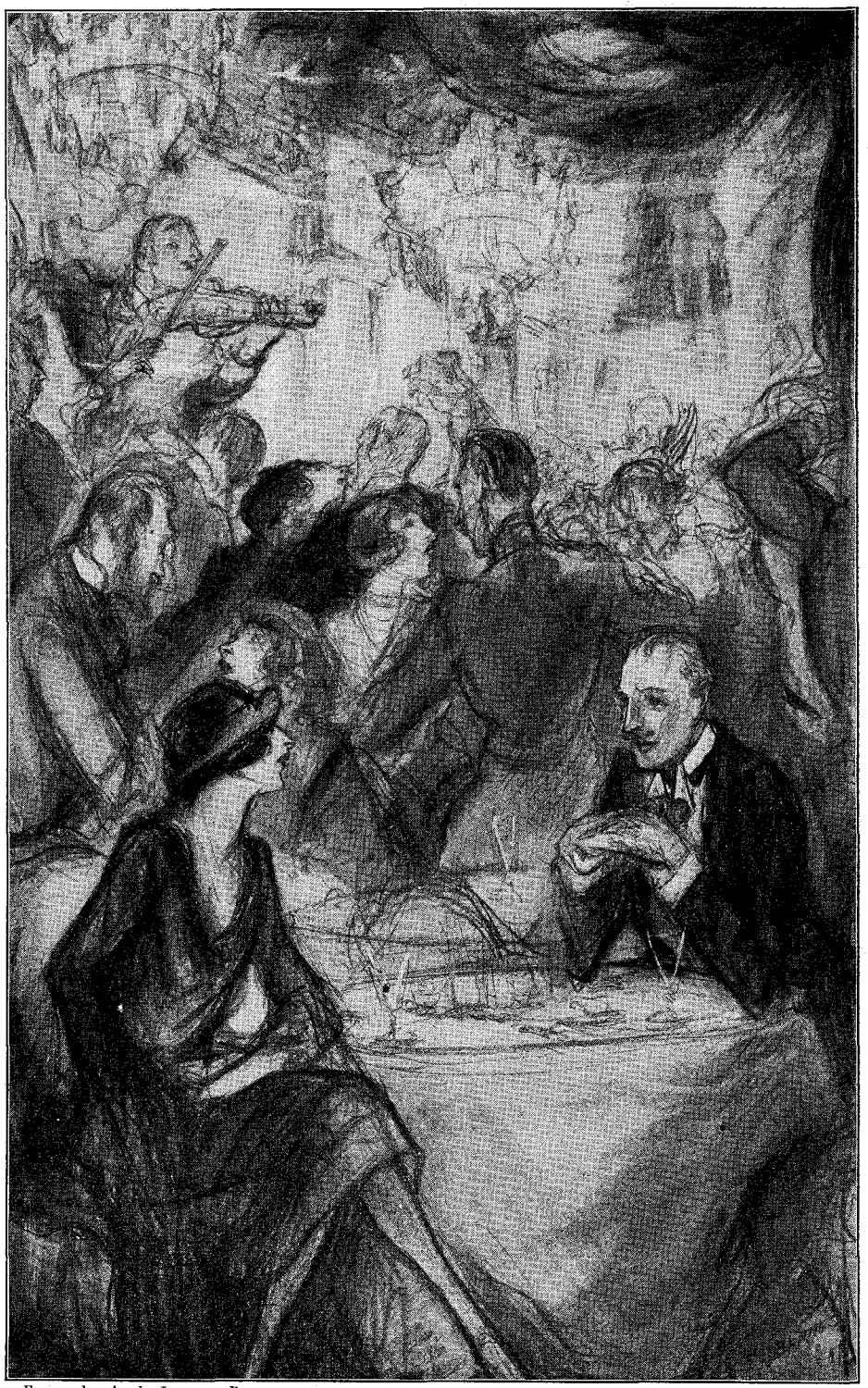

From a drawing by Lawrence Barnes.

He ought to have been old enough to be immune to flattery, but he wasn't. He liked that. He wanted more.
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on calling terms with any member of the other. Every member of each considers all the members of the other either just a little stupid or just a little "ord'nary." Colonel Allentown delighted in having elderly, black-clad ladies, dangling eyeglasses, come up to him and say: "But I had no idea you knew Mrs. Blyghter. I always thought she was rather—common." He found it especially amusing since Mrs. Blyghter had invariably made the same remark not more than a few minutes previously. He dubbed them the Guelphs and the Ghibellines and always managed to invite a few members of each. For him it was great fun.

But for one who, like Holland Porter, was a true dilettante—*one who delights in things*—it was infinitely boring. The small talk of Florentine scandlemongery did not interest him. As to how many and what sort of lovers the Principessa Caldezza possessed he hadn't the slightest interest. He was not one of them, thank God! Yet he preferred conversation on this subject to the babble of some lisping art enthusiast or the drawling pauses of some woman compatriot who conceded this was nearly as pretty as southern California.

It was into just this that he was plunged with Leonie. On one side of the bric-à-brac-crowded room stood a man with a face like a pug half metamorphosed to that of a sea-lion by drooping tobacco-stained mustaches. He was tearing apart reputations for a couple of countesses whose own could not have been entirely unshopworn. Alone in a corner was the Marchese di Bono, the last of the Sforzas. A distracted octogenarian, in his veins actually, if somewhat incredibly, flowed the blood of the great condottiere. He spilled tea into his saucer and on his trousers. Then he spilled more as he tried to remedy the first catastrophe with dabs of his handkerchief. By the window the giggly, high-voiced young man with red hair who had once written a book on primitive art was expounding his theories. A cruel observer might have explained him out of Havelock Ellis. Two young ladies, Americans, who taught at a school in Florence listened intently with large eyes.

As Holland Porter entered, he was introduced to the lady from Des Moines, who was also among those present. It seems Allentown told her that there was going to be another American. She insisted upon meeting him.

"It does you good to talk to some one from your own part of the world after all these foreigners, dontcher know," she said after he had been given that pleasure. "Land, it don't seem to me I've spoken to anybody but Frenchmen and Eyetalians for a year, it seems. I can't make them understand me. The only Italian I ever spoke to before was our vegetable man, dontcher know. Louie Bagucci his name was, but we always called him Tony."

In the midst of this was Leonie, poised and assured of herself. When he escaped and was talking to Allentown's servant Maria, who was solid and pleasant like Giuseppina, Leonie engaged lightly in the ping-pong game of conversation and outpointed all these veteran players of it. She paused before each person and said something charming or gracious. What she said was acknowledged. She made a favorable impression with all of them. Holland Porter was amazed.

How did she do it, he asked himself. What was her formula? "She doesn't like most of these people or think any more of them than I do. Yet she is perfectly sincere in being nice to them."

His quickened pulses sent a warm blood coursing through him. He realized that he had felt that way only once before!

VIII

The *Giuseppe Garibaldi* of the Lloyd Italiano gave its prolonged blast of warning. Then slowly, with the assistance of half a dozen officious tugboats, it backed into the olive-drab Hudson River. Once clear of the dock, it turned with deliberation. Once turned, its two black and white funnels gleaming, it started downstream.

On shore there was a flutter of handkerchiefs and a mixture of Italian and English. "Buon viaggio."

"A rivederci."

"Have a good time, old man. See you in September."

"Beva il buon vino d'Italia."

"Send me a cable if the Pope gets married."

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"Good-by, Mary. Wave your hand at Mary, Jimmy. By-by, Mary! Jimmy says by-by."

Some of this heard, but much unheard, was answered similarly from the steamer. It was a good-natured crowd.

One passenger, however, did not take part in the general joyousness. He was a young American with blond hair and steady features and steady brown eyes. A little humorless, you thought. A little inclined to take himself seriously. Not wholly unlikable, however, in spite of his solid, grim jaw.

His farewell was solemn. A friend of his own age—perhaps twenty-five—came down to the dock with him. There was no banter or jests.

"So long, David. Good luck to you."

"Thanks, old man. I guess I'll need it."

"Oh, you'll come out all right; don't worry. I haven't got the slightest doubt."

The trip over did not bring him added cheerfulness. The other passengers formed small groups to play deck-tennis and shuffle board, or discovered that two and only two could sit comfortably behind a lifeboat in the moonlight. He walked alone, looking gloomily at the sea-gulls. Occasionally, it is true, he had a drink, but he downed it as if it were cough medicine. The blue Azores did not interest him, neither did the snow-clad Atlas Mountains. He did not even get off the *Garibaldi* when she halted at lavender-and-gold Palermo.

When they reached Naples he was the first ashore. While the others entertained plans of climbing in the funicular to the creamy feather on top of Vesuvius or sailing toward violet Capri across the most beautiful bay in all existence, he assembled his baggage and secured a porter.

"Treno. Rome. Firenze," he directed him, under the impression that he was speaking fluent Italian. Presently he was jolting north.

Now that he was actually in Italy he felt let down, empty. After all, was there any chance that he would accomplish anything by having crossed the ocean? Their parting had been absolute, final. They had both allowed themselves to get angry.

"I wonder if you realize that you have been both rude and offensive."

"Of course. I always am. It's the nature of the beast."

"And it won't do you any good to be sarcastic, my conceited young man."

"Wrong, as usual."

"Oh, you're so clever. But I want to tell you one thing. I think you're hateful. I think you're rotten selfish and completely stuck on yourself. I don't want to ever see you again."

This gave him the opportunity to retire victorious. "You won't!"

A hill crowned with a pink villa went by. The train was running through a fire-formed country of vines and cedar-trees. Distant blue mountains had veined snow on their summits. "How long will it take to get to Florence?" he wondered. "Will this damn train be late? Of course it will. Do you suppose that she will even see me when I get there? Why did I ever quarrel with her in the first place? It was my fault. I had no business being jealous. Oh, my God!"

IX

"But if I love her, why shouldn't I marry her? Why is that so silly?"

"Because you're sixty, and she can't be twenty-four, if she is that old. There you have the excellent reason, my good fellow."

"I have money."

"You're sixty."

"I can keep us both comfortable."

"More than twice her age."

"We both have the same tastes; like the same sort of things."

"But you're sixty, Holland Porter. It wouldn't be fair to her."

"Why not?"

Ever since Colonel Allentown's tea Holland Porter had carried on this debate with himself. There was no respite from it.

"Why not let her decide?" he cried suddenly.

He went into the library. On his stiff blue-gray paper he wrote a note to her. Would she take tea with him the next day?

But now, as he stood in the garden waiting for her to walk laughing in among

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the red and white roses, a queer doubt came over him. After all, was it really fair to her? Suppose she should have some obscure reason for accepting him? Wouldn't he be responsible? Suppose she should have some obscure reason for *not* accepting him—was, however, his more panicky wonder as his discontented thoughts on this subject were broken by a grating sound of wheels!

He was so eager that he strode to the gate without waiting for Giuseppina. The person who stood there was not Leonie, but a white-faced and harrowed young man.

And the young man addressed him. "Is this Mr. Porter?" he said.

"Yes, sir, it is. What can I do for you?"

"My name is David Mellon, sir. I've just come to Florence. I'm in an awful mess and I've gotten up my nerve to ask you to help me out of it."

It instantly occurred to Holland Porter that here was undoubtedly the son of some friend of his who had lost or spent all his money. He would want to borrow a hundred dollars. This might never return, but even so the thing to do was to send him off dog-grateful before Leonie came.

"I'd be glad to," he said cordially.

"You know Leonie Paulin, don't you?"

"I do, sir."

"Are you going to see her soon? I mean, would it be possible for you to see her soon?"

"Of course. I see her frequently."

"Then you can help me. I was engaged to her, but we had some fool quarrel. I don't dare write to her, because she might tear up my letter, but I know if she saw me she would make up with me. Can't you invite her here and then invite me so that we can meet as if by accident?"

Holland Porter never knew why he replied what he did. "Go into the next room," he commanded, "and wait there until I send for you. She is coming here this afternoon."

It was not until David was out of sight that he realized fully the decision he had made. Yet even then he was not wholly regretful, so intoxicating it is to be self-sacrificing and noble. Leonie came in a few minutes later, and only for a moment was he tempted to forego his resolution. He put this aside as unworthy and started to work.

"Do you happen to know a man named David Mellon?"

"I hate him."

"Then it won't do you any good to know that he is waiting for you."

"Waiting for me? Where?"

"In the music-room."

"Right here? Oh, you dear person! Where did you find him?"

She flung her arms suddenly around him and kissed him. Just as suddenly she was gone.

X

HALF an hour later she and David returned together. "We're engaged," she said. "Isn't it wonderful, wonderful? We were before, but it got broken. That's why I said I hated him."

"Thanks to you, sir," said David a little heavily. He was the solemn sort who always writes his bread-and-butter letters the day after he has finished a visit. And one bread-and-butter letter is like another bread-and-butter letter.

"And I know you'll like David. He's a perfect dear. Really he is," went on Leonie.

They both laughed at this, and it occurred to Holland Porter that their laughter sounded just a little bit like distant silver trumpets. After all, as far as he was concerned, why shouldn't it? It should, he thought. It was most appropriate. Thinking which, he congratulated them. Almost as stiffly as David would have done, he told himself. Then he assured them that his feelings and the feelings of Giuseppina would be hurt seriously if they did not stay to dine.

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The "Canary" Murder Case

BY S. S. VAN DINE

Author of "The Benson Murder Case"

XVI

SIGNIFICANT DISCLOSURES

(Thursday, September 13; forenoon)

GREATLY to Currie's astonishment Vance gave instructions to be called at nine o'clock the following morning; and at ten o'clock we were sitting on his little roof-garden having breakfast in the mellow mid-September sunshine.

"Van," he said to me, when Currie had brought us our second cup of coffee, "however secretive a woman may be, there's always some one to whom she unburdens her soul. A confidant is an essential to the feminine temperament. It may be a mother, or a lover, or a priest, or a doctor, or, more generally, a girl chum. In the Canary's case we haven't a mother or a priest. Her lover—the elegant Skeel—was a potential enemy; and we're pretty safe in ruling out her doctor—she was too shrewd to confide in such a creature as Lindquist. The girl chum, then, remains. And to-day we seek her." He lit a cigarette and rose. "But, first, we must visit Mr. Benjamin Browne of Seventh Avenue."

Benjamin Browne was a well-known photographer of stage celebrities, with galleries in the heart of the city's theatrical district; and as we entered the reception-room of his luxurious studio later that morning my curiosity as to the object of our visit was at the breaking-point. Vance went straight to the desk, behind which sat a young woman with flaming red hair and mascaro-shaded eyes, and bowed in his most dignified manner. Then, taking a small unmounted photograph from his pocket, he laid it before her.

"I am producing a musical comedy, *mademoiselle*," he said, "and I wish to communicate with the young lady who left this picture of herself with me. Unfortunately I've misplaced her card; but as her photograph bore the imprint of Browne's, I thought you might be good enough to look in your files and tell me who she is and where I may find her."

He slipped a five-dollar bill under the edge of the blotter, and waited with an air of innocent expectancy.

The young woman looked at him quizzically, and I thought I detected the hint of a smile at the corners of her artfully rouged lips. But after a moment she took the photograph without a word and disappeared through a rear door. Ten minutes later she returned and handed Vance the picture. On the back of it she had written a name and address.

"The young lady is Miss Alys La Fosse, and she lives at the Belafield Hotel." There was now no doubt as to her smile. "You really shouldn't be so careless with the addresses of your applicants—some poor girl might lose an engagement." And her smile suddenly turned into soft laughter.

"*Mademoiselle*," replied Vance, with mock seriousness, "in the future I shall be guided by your warning." And with another dignified bow, he went out.

"Good Lord!" he said, as we emerged into Seventh Avenue. "Really, y' know, I should have disguised myself as an impresario, with a gold-headed cane, a derby, and a purple shirt. That young woman is thoroughly convinced that I'm contemplating an intrigue. . . . A jolly smart *tête-rouge*, that."

He turned into a florist's shop at the corner, and selecting a dozen American Beauties, addressed them to "Benjamin Browne's Receptionist."

"And now," he said, "let us stroll to the Belafield, and seek an audience with Alys."

***A summary of the preceding chapters of "The 'Canary' Murder Case" will be found in "Behind the Scenes with Scribner's Authors."

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As we walked across town Vance explained.

"That first morning, when we were inspecting the Canary's rooms, I was convinced that the murder would never be solved by the usual elephantine police methods. It was a subtle and well-planned crime, despite its obvious appearances. No routine investigation would suffice. Intimate information was needed. Therefore, when I saw this photograph of the xanthous Alys half hidden under the litter of papers on the escritoire, I reflected: 'Ah! A girl friend of the departed Margaret's. She may know just the things that are needed.' So, when the Sergeant's broad back was turned, I put the picture in my pocket. There was no other photograph about the place, and this one bore the usual sentimental inscription, 'Ever thine,' and was signed 'Alys.' I concluded, therefore, that Alys had played Anactoria to the Canary's Sappho. Of course I erased the inscription before presenting the picture to the penetrating sibyl at Browne's. . . . And here we are at the Belafield, hopin' for a bit of enlightenment."

The Belafield was a small, expensive apartment-hotel in the East Thirties, which, to judge from the guests to be seen in the Americanized Queen Anne lobby, catered to the well-off sporting set. Vance sent his card up to Miss La Fosse, and received the message that she would see him in a few minutes. The few minutes, however, developed into three-quarters of an hour, and it was nearly noon when a resplendent bell-boy came to escort us to the lady's apartment.

Nature had endowed Miss La Fosse with many of its arts, and those that Nature had omitted, Miss La Fosse herself had supplied. She was slender and blonde. Her large blue eyes were heavily lashed, but though she looked at one with a wide-eyed stare, she was unable to disguise their sophistication. Her toilet had been made with elaborate care; and as I looked at her, I could not help thinking what an excellent model she would have been for Chéret's pastel posters.

"So you are Mr. Vance," she cooed. "I've often seen your name in *Town Topics*."

Vance gave a shudder.

"And this is Mr. Van Dine," he said sweetly, "—a mere attorney, who, thus far, has been denied the pages of that fashionable weekly."

"Won't you sit down?" (I am sure Miss La Fosse had spoken the line in a play: she made of the invitation an impressive ceremonial.) "I really don't know why I should have received you. But I suppose you called on business. Perhaps you wish me to appear at a society bazaar, or something of the kind. But I'm so busy, Mr. Vance. You simply can't imagine how occupied I am with my work. . . . I just love my work," she added, with an ecstatic sigh.

"And I'm sure there are many thousands of others who love it, too," returned Vance, in his best drawing-room manner. "But unfortunately I have no bazaar to be graced by your charming presence. I have come on a much more serious matter. . . . You were a very close friend of Miss Margaret Odell's——"

The mention of the Canary's name brought Miss La Fosse suddenly to her feet. Her ingratiating air of affected elegance had quickly disappeared. Her eyes flashed, and their lids drooped harshly. A sneer distorted the lines of her cupid's-bow mouth, and she tossed her head angrily.

"Say, listen! Who do you think you are? I don't know nothing, and I got nothing to say. So run along—you and your lawyer."

But Vance made no move to obey. He took out his cigarette-case and carefully selected a *Régie*.

"Do you mind if I smoke?—And won't you have one? I import them direct from my agent in Constantinople. They're exquisitely blended."

The girl snorted, and gave him a look of cold disdain. The doll-baby had become a virago.

"Get yourself outa my apartment, or I'll call the house detective." She turned to the telephone on the wall at her side.

Vance waited until she had lifted the receiver.

"If you do that, Miss La Fosse, I'll order you taken to the District Attorney's office for questioning," he told her indifferently, lighting his cigarette and leaning back in his chair.

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Slowly she replaced the receiver and turned.

"What's your game, anyway? . . . Suppose I did know Margy—then what? And where do you fit into the picture?"

"Alas! I don't fit in at all." Vance smiled pleasantly. "But, for that matter, nobody seems to fit in. The truth is, they're about to arrest a poor blighter for killing your friend, who wasn't in the tableau, either. I happen to be a friend of the District Attorney's; and I know exactly what's being done. The police are scouting round in a perfect frenzy of activity, and it's hard to say what trail they'll strike next. I thought, don't y' know, I might save you a lot of unpleasantness by a friendly little chat. . . . Of course," he added, "if you prefer to have me give your name to the police, I'll do so, and let them hold the audition in their own inimitable but crude fashion. I might say, however, that, as yet, they are blissfully unaware of your relationship with Miss Odell, and that, if you are reasonable, I see no reason why they should be informed of it."

The girl had stood, one hand on the telephone, studying Vance intently. He had spoken carelessly and with a genial inflection; and she at length resumed her seat.

"Now, won't you have one of my cigarettes?" he asked, in a tone of gracious reconciliation.

Mechanically she accepted his offer, keeping her eyes on him all the time, as if attempting to determine how far he was to be trusted.

"Who are they thinking of arresting?" She asked the question with scarcely a movement of her features.

"A johnny named Skeel.—Silly idea, isn't it?"

"Him!" Her tone was one of mingled contempt and disgust. "That cheap crook? He hasn't got nerve enough to strangle a cat."

"Precisely. But that's no reason for sending him to the electric chair, what?" Vance leaned forward and smiled engagingly. "Miss La Fosse, if you will talk to me for five minutes, and forget I'm a stranger, I'll give you my word of honor not to let the police or the District Attorney know anything about you. I'm not connected with the authorities, but somehow I dislike the idea of seeing the wrong man punished. And I'll promise to forget the source of any information you will be kind enough to give me. If you will trust me, it will be infinitely easier for you in the end."

The girl made no answer for several minutes. She was, I could see, trying to estimate Vance; and evidently she decided that, in any case, she had nothing to lose—now that her friendship with the Canary had been discovered—by talking to this man who had promised her immunity from further annoyance.

"I guess you're all right," she said, with a reservation of dubiety; "but I don't know why I should think so." She paused. "But, look here: I was told to keep out of this. And if I don't keep out of it, I'm apt to be back hoofing it in the chorus again. And that's no life for a sweet young thing like me with extravagant tastes—believe me, my friend!"

"That calamity will never befall you through any lack of discretion on my part," Vance assured her, with good-natured earnestness. . . . "Who told you to keep out of it?"

"My—fiancé." She spoke somewhat coquettishly. "He's very well known, and he's afraid there might be scandal if I got mixed up in the case as a witness, or anything like that."

"I can readily understand his feelings." Vance nodded sympathetically. "And who, by the by, is this luckiest of men?"

"Say! You're good." She complimented him with a coy *moue*. "But I'm not announcing my engagement yet."

"Don't be horrid," begged Vance. "You know perfectly well that I could find out his name by making a few inquiries. And if you drove me to learn the facts elsewhere, then my promise to keep your name a secret would no longer bind me."

Miss La Fosse considered this point.

"I guess you could find out, all right . . . so I might as well tell you—only I'm trusting to your word to protect me." She opened her eyes wide and gave Vance a melting look. "I know you wouldn't let me down."

"My dear Miss La Fosse!" His tone was one of pained surprise.

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"Well, my fiancé is Mr. Mannix, and he's the head of a big fur-importing house. . . . You see"—she became clingingly confidential—"Louey—that is, Mr. Mannix—used to go round with Margy. That's why he didn't want me to get mixed up in the affair. He said the police might bother him with questions, and his name might get into the papers. And that would hurt his commercial standing."

"I quite understand," murmured Vance. "And do you happen to know where Mr. Mannix was Monday night?"

The girl looked startled.

"Of course I know. He was right here with me from half past ten until two in the morning. We were discussing a new musical show he was interested in; and he wanted me to take the leading rôle."

"I'm sure it will be a success." Vance spoke with disarming friendliness. "Were you home alone all Monday evening?"

"Hardly." The idea seemed to amuse her. "I went to the 'Scandals'—but I came home early. I knew Louey—Mr. Mannix—was coming."

"I trust he appreciated your sacrifice." Vance, I believe, was disappointed by this unexpected alibi of Mannix's. It was, indeed, so final that further interrogation concerning it seemed futile. After a momentary pause, he changed the subject.

"Tell me; what do you know about a Mr. Charles Cleaver? He was a friend of Miss Odell's."

"Oh, Pop's all right." The girl was plainly relieved by this turn in the conversation. "A good scout. He was certainly gone on Margy. Even after she threw him over for Mr. Spotswoode, he was faithful, as you might say—always running after her, sending her flowers and presents. Some men are like that. Poor old Pop! He even phoned me Monday night to call up Margy and try to arrange a party.—Maybe if I'd done it, she wouldn't be dead now. . . . It's a funny world, isn't it?"

"Oh, no end funny." Vance smoked calmly for a minute; I could not help admiring his self-control. "What time did Mr. Cleaver phone you Monday night—do you recall?" From his voice one would have thought the question of no importance.

"Let me see. . . ." She pursed her lips prettily. "It was just ten minutes to twelve. I remember that the little chime clock on the mantel over there was striking midnight, and at first I couldn't hear Pop very well. You see, I always keep my clock ten minutes fast so I'll never be late for an appointment."

Vance compared the clock with his watch.

"Yes, it's ten minutes fast.—And what about the party?"

"Oh, I was too busy talking about the new show, and I had to refuse. Anyway, Mr. Mannix didn't want to have a party that night. . . . It wasn't my fault, was it?"

"Not a bit of it," Vance assured her. "Work comes before pleasure—especially work as important as yours. . . . And now, there is one other man I want to ask you about, and then I won't bother you any more.—What was the situation between Miss Odell and Doctor Lindquist?"

Miss La Fosse became genuinely perturbed.

"I was afraid you were going to ask me about him." There was apprehension in her eyes. "I don't know just what to say. He was wildly in love with Margy; and she led him on, too. But she was sorry for it afterward, because he got jealous—like a crazy person. He used to pester the life out of her. And once—do you know!—he threatened to shoot her and then shoot himself. I told Margy to look out for him. But she didn't seem to be afraid. Anyway, I think she was taking awful chances. . . . Oh! Do you think it could have been—do you really think——?"

"And wasn't there any one else," Vance interrupted, "who might have felt the same way?—any one Miss Odell had reason to fear?"

"No." Miss La Fosse shook her head. "Margy didn't know many men intimately. She didn't change often, if you know what I mean. There wasn't anybody else outside of those you've mentioned, except, of course, Mr. Spotswoode. He cut Pop out—several months ago. She went to dinner with him Monday

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night, too. I wanted her to go to the 'Scandals' with me—that's how I know."

Vance rose and held out his hand.

"You've been very kind. And you have nothing whatever to fear. No one shall ever know of our little visit this morning."

"Who do you think killed Margy?" There was genuine emotion in the girl's voice. "Louey says it was probably some burglar who wanted her jewels."

"I'm too wise to sow discord in this happy ménage by even questioning Mr. Mannix's opinion," said Vance half banteringly. "No one *knows* who's guilty; but the police agree with Mr. Mannix."

For a moment the girl's doubts returned, and she gave Vance a searching look.

"Why are you so interested? You didn't know Margy, did you? She never mentioned you."

Vance laughed.

"My dear child! I only wish I knew why I am so deuced concerned in this affair. 'Pon my word, I can't give you even the sketchiest explanation. . . . No, I never met Miss Odell. But it would offend my sense of proportion if Mr. Skeel were punished and the real culprit went free. Maybe I'm getting sentimental. A sad fate, what?"

"I guess I'm getting soft, too." She nodded her head, still looking Vance squarely in the eyes. "I risked my happy home to tell you what I did, because somehow I believed you. . . . Say, you weren't stringing me, by any chance?"

Vance put his hand on his heart, and became serious.

"My dear Miss La Fosse, when I leave here it will be as though I had never entered. Dismiss me and Mr. Van Dine here from your mind."

Something in his manner banished her misgivings, and she bade us a kittenish farewell.

XVII

CHECKING AN ALIBI

(Thursday, September 13; afternoon)

"My sleuthing goes better," exulted Vance, when we were again in the street. "Fair Alys was a veritable mine of information—eh, what? Only, you should have controlled yourself better when she mentioned her beloved's name—really, you should, Van old thing. I saw you jump and heard you heave. Such emotion is most unbecoming in a lawyer."

From a booth in a drug-store near the hotel he telephoned Markham: "I am taking you to lunch. I have numerous confidences I would pour into your ear." A debate ensued, but in the end Vance emerged triumphant; and a moment later a taxicab was driving us down-town.

"Alys is clever—there are brains in that fluffy head," he ruminated. "She's much smarter than Heath; she knew at once that Skeel wasn't guilty. Her characterization of the immaculate Tony was inelegant but how accurate—oh, how accurate! And you noticed, of course, how she trusted me. Touchin', wasn't it? . . . It's a knotty problem, Van. Something's amiss somewhere."

He was silent, smoking, for several blocks.

"Mannix. . . . Curious he should crop up again. And he issued orders to Alys to keep mum. Now, why? Maybe the reason he gave her was the real one. Who knows?—On the other hand, was he with his *chère amie* from half past ten till early morning? Well, well. Again, who knows? Something queer about that business discussion. . . . Then Cleaver. He called up just ten minutes before midnight—oh, yes, he called up. That wasn't a fairy-tale. But how could he telephone from a speeding car? He couldn't. Maybe he really wanted to have a party with his recalcitrant Canary, don't y' know. But then, why the brummagem alibi? Funk? Maybe. But why the circuitousness?—why didn't he call his lost love direct? Ah, perhaps he did! Some one certainly called her by phone at twenty minutes to twelve. We must look into that, Van. . . . Yes, he may have called her, and then when a man answered—who the deuce was that man, anyway?—he may have appealed to Alys. Quite natural, y' know. Anyway, he wasn't in Boonton.—Poor Markham! How upset he'll be when he finds out! . . . But what really worries me is that story of the doctor. Jealous mania: it squares with Ambroise's character perfectly. He's

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the kind that does go off his head. I knew his confession of paternalism was a red herring. My word! So the doctor was making threats and flourishing pistols, eh? Bad, bad. I don't like it. With those ears of his, he wouldn't hesitate to pull the trigger. Paranoia—that's it. Delusions of persecution. Probably thought the girl and Pop—or maybe the girl and Spotswoode—were plotting his misery and laughing at him. You can't tell about those chaps. They're deep—and they're dangerous. The canny Alys had him sized up—warned the Canary against him. . . . Taken by and large, it's a devilish tangle. Anyway, I feel rather bucked. We're moving—oh, undoubtedly we're moving—though in what direction I can't even guess. It's beastly annoyin'."

Markham was waiting for us at the Bankers' Club. He greeted Vance irritably.

"What have you got to tell me that's so damned important?"

"Now, don't get ratty." Vance was beaming. "How's your lode-star, Skeel, behaving?"

"So far he's done everything that's pure and refined except join the Christian Endeavor Society."

"Sunday's coming. Give him time. . . . So you're not happy, Markham dear?"

"Was I dragged away from another engagement to report on my state of mind?"

"No need. Your state of mind's execrable. . . . Cheerio! I've brought you something to think about."

"Damn it! I've got too much to think about now."

"Here, have some brioche." Vance gave the order for lunch without consulting either of us. "And now for my revelations. *Imprimis:* Pop Cleaver wasn't in Boonton last Monday night. He was very much in the midst of our modern Gomorrah, trying to arrange a midnight party."

"Wonderful!" snorted Markham. "I lave in the font of your wisdom. His *alter ego*, I take it, was on the road to Hopatcong. The supernatural leaves me cold."

"You may be as pancosmic as you choose. Cleaver was in New York at midnight Monday, craving excitement."

"What about the summons for speeding?"

"That's for you to explain. But if you'll take my advice you'll send for this Boonton catchpole, and let him have a look at Pop. If he says Cleaver is the man he ticketed, I'll humbly do away with myself."

"Well! That makes it worth trying. I'll have the officer at the Stuyvesant Club this afternoon, and I'll point out Cleaver to him. . . . What other staggering revelations have you in store?"

"Mannix will bear looking into."

Markham put down his knife and fork and leaned back.

"I'm overcome! Such Himalayan sagacity! With that evidence against him, he should be arrested at once. . . . Vance, my dear old friend, are you feeling quite normal? No dizzy spells lately? No shooting pains in the head? Knee-jerks all right?"

"Furthermore, Doctor Lindquist was wildly infatuated with the Canary, and insanely jealous. Recently threatened to take a pistol and hold a little pogrom of his own."

"That's better." Markham sat up. "Where did you get this information?"

"Ah! That's my secret."

Markham was annoyed.

"Why so mysterious?"

"Needs must, old chap. Gave my word, and all that sort of thing. And I'm a bit quixotic, don't y' know—too much Cervantes in my youth." He spoke lightly, but Markham knew him too well to push the question.

In less than five minutes after we had returned to the District Attorney's office Heath came in.

"I got something else on Mannix, sir; thought you might want to add it to the report I turned in yesterday. Burke secured a picture of him, and showed it to the phone operators at Odell's house. Both of 'em recognized it. He's been there several times, but it wasn't the Canary he called on. It was the woman in Apartment 2. She's named Frisbee, and used to be one of Mannix's fur models. He's been to see her several times during the past six months, and has

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taken her out once or twice; but he hasn't called on her for a month or more. . . . Any good?"

"Can't tell." Markham shot Vance an inquisitive look. "But thanks for the information, Sergeant."

"By the by," said Vance dulcetly, when Heath had left us, "I'm feeling top-hole. No pains in the head; no dizzy spells. Knee-jerks perfect."

"Delighted. Still, I can't charge a man with murder because he calls on his fur model."

"You're so hasty! Why should you charge him with murder?" Vance rose and yawned. "Come, Van. I'd rather like to gaze on Perneb's tomb at the Metropolitan this afternoon. Could you bear it?" At the door he paused. "I say, Markham, what about the Boonton bailiff?"

Markham rang for Swacker.

"I'll see to it at once. Drop in at the club around five, if you feel like it. I'll have the officer there then, as Cleaver is sure to come in before dinner."

When Vance and I returned to the club late that afternoon, Markham was stationed in the lounge-room facing the main door of the rotunda; and beside him sat a tall, heavy-set, bronzed man of about forty, alert but ill at ease.

"Traffic Officer Phipps arrived from Boonton a little while ago," said Markham, by way of introduction. "Cleaver is expected at any moment now. He has an appointment here at half past five."

Vance drew up a chair.

"I do hope he's a punctual beggar."

"So do I," returned Markham viciously. "I'm looking forward to your *felo-de-se*."

"'Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair,'" murmured Vance.

Less than ten minutes later Cleaver entered the rotunda from the street, paused at the desk, and sauntered into the lounge-room. There was no escaping the observation point Markham had chosen; and as he walked by us he paused and exchanged greetings. Markham detained him a moment with a few casual questions; and then Cleaver passed on.

"That the man you ticketed, officer?" asked Markham, turning to Phipps.

Phipps was scowling perplexedly.

"It looks something like him, sir; there's a kind of resemblance. But it ain't him." He shook his head. "No, sir; it ain't him. The fellow I hung a summons on was stouter than this gent, and wasn't as tall."

"You're positive?"

"Yes, sir—no mistake. The guy I tagged tried to argue with me, and then he tried to slip me a fiver to forget it. I had my headlight on him full."

Phipps was dismissed with a substantial *pourboire*.

"*Væ misero mihi!*" sighed Vance. "My worthless existence is to be prolonged. Sad. But you must try to bear it. . . . I say, Markham, what does Pop Cleaver's brother look like?"

"That's it," nodded Markham. "I've met his brother; he's shorter and stouter. . . . This thing is getting beyond me. I think I'll have it out with Cleaver now."

He started to rise, but Vance forced him back into his seat.

"Don't be impetuous. Cultivate patience. Cleaver's not going to do a bunk; and there are one or two preliminary steps strongly indicated. Mannix and Lindquist still seduce my curiosity."

Markham clung to his point.

"Neither Mannix nor Lindquist is here now, and Cleaver is. And I want to know why he lied to me about that summons."

"I can tell you that," said Vance. "He wanted you to think he was in the wilds of New Jersey at midnight Monday.—Simple, what?"

"The inference is a credit to your intelligence! But I hope you don't seriously think that Cleaver is guilty. It's possible he knows something; but I certainly cannot picture him as a strangler."

"And why?"

"He's not the type. It's inconceivable—even if there were evidence against him."

"Ah! The psychological judgment! You eliminate Cleaver because you don't think his nature harmonizes with the situation. I say, doesn't that come perilously near being an esoteric hypothesis?—or a metaphysical deduction? . . . However, I don't entirely agree with you in your application of the theory to Cleaver. That fish-eyed gambler has unsuspected potentialities for evil. But

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with the theory itself I am wholly in accord. And behold, my dear Markham: you yourself apply psychology in its abecedarian implications, yet ridicule my application of it in its higher developments. Consistency may be the hobgoblin of little minds, y' know, but it's none the less a priceless jewel. . . . How about a cup of tea?"

We sought the Palm Room, and sat down at a table near the entrance. Vance ordered oolong tea, but Markham and I took black coffee. A very capable four-piece orchestra was playing Tchaikovsky's "Casse-Noisette" Suite, and we sat restfully in the comfortable chairs without speaking. Markham was tired and dispirited, and Vance was busy with the problem that had absorbed him continuously since Tuesday morning. Never before had I seen him so preoccupied.

We had been there perhaps half an hour when Spotswoode strolled in. He stopped and spoke, and Markham asked him to join us. He, too, appeared depressed, and his eyes showed signs of worry.

"I hardly dare ask you, Mr. Markham," he said diffidently, after he had ordered a ginger ale, "but how do my chances stand now of being called as a witness?"

"That fate is certainly no nearer than when I last saw you," Markham replied. "In fact, nothing has happened to change the situation materially."

"And the man you had under suspicion?"

"He's still under suspicion, but no arrest has been made. We're hoping, however, that something will break before long."

"And I suppose you still want me to remain in the city?"

"If you can arrange it—yes."

Spotswoode was silent for a time; then he said:

"I don't want to appear to shirk any responsibility—and perhaps it may seem wholly selfish for me even to suggest it—but, in any event, wouldn't the testimony of the telephone operator as to the hour of Miss Odell's return and her calls for help be sufficient to establish the facts, without my corroboration?"

"I have thought of that, of course; and if it is at all possible to prepare the case for the prosecution without summoning you to appear, I assure you it will be done. At the moment, I can see no necessity of your being called as a witness. But one never knows what may turn up. If the defense hinges on a question of exact time, and the operator's testimony is questioned or disqualified for any reason, you may be required to come forward. Otherwise not."

Spotswoode sipped his ginger ale. A little of his depression seemed to have departed.

"You're very generous, Mr. Markham. I wish there was some adequate way of thanking you." He looked up hesitantly. "I presume you are still opposed to my visiting the apartment. . . . I know you think me unreasonable and perhaps sentimental; but the girl represented something in my life that I find very difficult to tear out. I don't expect you to understand it—I hardly understand it myself."

"I think it's easily understandable, don't y' know," remarked Vance, with a sympathy I had rarely seen him manifest. "Your attitude needs no apology. History and fable are filled with the same situation, and the protagonists have always exhibited sentiments similar to yours. Your most famous prototype, of course, was Odysseus on the citron-scented isle of Ogygia with the fascinatin' Calypso. The soft arms of sirens have gone snaking round men's necks ever since the red-haired Lilith worked her devastatin' wiles on the impressionable Adam. We're all sons of that racy old boy."

Spotswoode smiled.

"You at least give me an historic background," he said. Then he turned to Markham. "What will become of Miss Odell's possessions—her furniture and so forth?"

"Sergeant Heath heard from an aunt of hers in Seattle," Markham told him. "She's on her way to New York, I believe, to take over what there is of the estate."

"And everything will be kept intact until then?"

"Probably longer, unless something unexpected happens. Anyway, until then."

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"There are one or two little trinkets I'd like to keep," Spotswoode confessed, a bit shamefacedly, I thought.

After a few more minutes of desultory talk he rose and, pleading an engagement, bade us good afternoon.

"I hope I can keep his name clear of the case," said Markham, when he had gone.

"Yes; his situation is not an enviable one," concurred Vance. "It's always sad to be found out. The moralist would set it down to retribution."

"In this instance chance was certainly on the side of righteousness. If he hadn't chosen Monday night for the Winter Garden, he might now be in the bosom of his family, with nothing more troublesome to bother him than a guilty conscience."

"It certainly looks that way." Vance glanced at his watch. "And your mention of the Winter Garden reminds me. Do you mind if we dine early? Frivolity beckons me to-night. I'm going to the 'Scandals.'"

We both looked at him as though he had taken leave of his senses.

"Don't be so horrified, my Markham. Why should I not indulge an impulse? . . . And, incidentally, I hope to have glad tidings for you by lunch-time to-morrow."

XVIII

THE TRAP

(Friday, September 14; noon)

VANCE slept late the following day. I had accompanied him to the "Scandals" the night before, utterly at a loss to understand his strange desire to attend a type of entertainment which I knew he detested. At noon he ordered his car, and instructed the chauffeur to drive to the Belafield Hotel.

"We are about to call again on the allurin' Alys," he said. "I'd bring posies to lay at her shrine, but I fear dear Mannix might question her unduly about them."

Miss La Fosse received us with an air of crestfallen resentment.

"I might've known it!" She nodded her head with sneering perception. "I suppose you've come to tell me the cops found out about me without the slightest assistance from you." Her disdain was almost magnificent. "Did you bring 'em with you? . . . A swell guy *you* are!—But it's my own fault for being a damn fool."

Vance waited unmoved until she had finished her contemptuous tirade. Then he bowed pleasantly.

"Really, y' know, I merely dropped in to pay my respects, and to tell you that the police have turned in their report of Miss Odell's acquaintances, and that your name was not mentioned in it. You seemed a little worried yesterday on that score, and it occurred to me I could set your mind wholly at ease."

The vigilance of her attitude relaxed.

"Is that straight? . . . My God! I don't know what would happen if Louey'd find out I'd been blabbing."

"I'm sure he won't find out, unless you choose to tell him. . . . Won't you be generous and ask me to sit down a moment?"

"Of course—I'm so sorry. I'm just having my coffee. Please join me." She rang for two extra services.

Vance had drunk two cups of coffee less than half an hour before, and I marvelled at his enthusiasm for this atrocious hotel beverage.

"I was a belated spectator of the 'Scandals' last night," he remarked in a negligent, conversational tone. "I missed the *revue* earlier in the season.—How is it you yourself were so late in seeing it?"

"I've been so busy," she confided. "I was rehearsing for 'A Pair of Queens'; but the production's been postponed. Louey couldn't get the theatre he wanted."

"Do you like *revues?*" asked Vance. "I should think they'd be more difficult for the principals than the ordin'ry musical comedy."

"They are." Miss La Fosse adopted a professional air. "And they're unsatisfactory. The individual is lost in them. There's no real scope for one's talent. They're breathless, if you know what I mean."

"I should imagine so." Vance bravely sipped his coffee. "And yet, there were several numbers in the 'Scandals' that you could have done charmingly; they seemed particularly designed for you. I

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thought of you during them, and—d' ye know?—the thought rather spoiled my enjoyment of the young lady who appeared in them."

"You flatter me, Mr. Vance. But, really, I have a good voice. I've studied very hard. And I learned dancing with Professor Markoff."

"Indeed!" (I'm sure Vance had never heard the name before, but his exclamation seemed to imply that he regarded Professor Markoff as one of the world's most renowned ballet-masters.) "Then you certainly should have been starred in the 'Scandals.' The young lady I have in mind sang rather indifferently, and her dancing was most inadequate. Moreover, she was many degrees your inferior in personality and attractiveness. . . . Confess: didn't you have just a little desire last Monday night to be singing the 'Chinese Lullaby' song?"

"Oh, I don't know." Miss La Fosse carefully considered the suggestion. "They kept the lights awfully low; and I don't look so well in cerise. But the costumes were adorable, weren't they?"

"On you they certainly would have been adorable. . . . What color are you partial to?"

"I love the orchid shades," she told him enthusiastically; "though I don't look at all bad in turquoise blue. But an artist once told me I should always wear white. He wanted to paint my portrait, but the gentleman I was engaged to then didn't like him."

Vance regarded her appraisingly.

"I think your artist friend was right. And, y' know, the St. Moritz scene in the 'Scandals' would have suited you perfectly. The little brunette who sang the snow song, all in white, was delightful; but really, now, she should have had golden hair. Dusky beauties belong to the southern climes. And she impressed me as lacking the sparkle and vitality of a Swiss resort in midwinter. You could have supplied those qualities admirably."

"Yes; I'd have liked that better than the Chinese number, I think. White fox is my favorite fur, too. But, even so, in a *revue* you're on in one number and off in another. When it's all over, you're forgotten." She sighed unhappily.

Vance set down his cup, and looked at her with whimsically reproachful eyes. After a moment he said:

"My dear, why did you fib to me about the time Mr. Mannix returned to you last Monday night? It wasn't a bit nice of you."

"What do you mean!" Miss La Fosse exclaimed in frightened indignation, drawing herself up into an attitude of withering hauteur.

"You see," explained Vance, "the St. Moritz scene of the 'Scandals' doesn't go on until nearly eleven, and it closes the bill. So you couldn't possibly have seen it and also received Mr. Mannix here at half past ten.—Come. What time did he arrive here Monday night?"

The girl flushed angrily.

"You're pretty slick, aren't you? You shoulda been a cop. . . . Well, what if I didn't get home till after the show? Any crime in that?"

"None whatever," answered Vance mildly. "Only a little breach of good faith in telling me you came home early." He bent forward earnestly. "I'm not here to make you trouble. On the contrary, I'd like to protect you from any distress or bother. You see, if the police go nosing round, they may run on to you. But if I'm able to give the District Attorney accurate information about certain things connected with Monday night, there'll be no danger of the police being sent to look for you."

Miss La Fosse's eyes grew suddenly hard and her brow crinkled with determination.

"Listen! I haven't got anything to hide, and neither has Louey. But if Louey asks me to say he's somewhere at half past ten, I'm going to say it—see? That's my idea of friendship. Louey had some good reason to ask it, too, or he wouldn't have done it. However, since you're so smart, and have accused me of playing unfair, I'm going to tell you that he didn't get in till after midnight. But if anybody else asks me about it, I'll see 'em in hell before I tell 'em anything but the half-past-ten story. Get that?"

Vance bowed.

"I get it; and I like you for it."

"But don't go away with the wrong idea," she hurried on, her eyes sparkling with fervor. "Louey may not have got

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here till after midnight, but if you think he knows anything about Margy's death, you're crazy. He was through with Margy a year ago. Why, he hardly knew she was on earth. And if any fool cop gets the notion in his head that Louey was mixed up in the affair, I'll alibi him—so help me God!—if it's the last thing I do in this world."

"I like you more and more," said Vance; and when she gave him her hand at parting he lifted it to his lips.

As we rode down-town Vance was thoughtful. We were nearly to the Criminal Courts Building before he spoke.

"The primitive Alys rather appeals to me," he said. "She's much too good for the oleaginous Mannix. . . . Women are so shrewd—and so gullible. A woman can read a man with almost magical insight; but, on the other hand, she is inexpressibly blind when it comes to *her* man. Witness sweet Alys's faith in Mannix. He probably told her he was slaving at the office Monday night. Naturally, she doesn't believe it; but she knows—*knows*, mind you—that her Louey just couldn't have been concerned in the Canary's death. Ah, well, let us hope she's right and that Mannix is not apprehended—at least not until her new show is financed. . . . My word! If this being a detective involves many more *revues*, I shall have to resign. Thank Heaven, though, the lady didn't attend the cinema Monday night!"

When we arrived at the District Attorney's office we found Heath and Markham in consultation. Markham had a pad before him, several pages of which were covered with tabulated and annotated entries. A cloud of cigar-smoke enveloped him. Heath sat facing him, his elbows on the table, his chin resting in his hands. He looked pugnacious but disconsolate.

"I'm going over the case with the Sergeant," Markham explained, with a brief glance in our direction. "We're trying to get all the salient points down in some kind of order, to see if there are any connecting links we've overlooked. I've told the Sergeant about the doctor's infatuation and his threats, and of the failure of Traffic Officer Phipps to identify Cleaver. But the more we learn, the worse, apparently, the jumble grows."

He picked up the sheets of paper and fastened them together with a clip.

"The truth is we haven't any real evidence against anybody. There are suspicious circumstances connected with Skeel and Doctor Lindquist and Cleaver; and our interview with Mannix didn't precisely allay suspicions in his direction, either. But when we come right down to it, what's the situation?—We've got some finger-prints of Skeel, which might have been made late Monday afternoon. —Doctor Lindquist goes berserk when we ask him where he was Monday night, and then offers us a weak alibi. He admits a fatherly interest in the girl, whereas he's really in love with her—a perfectly natural bit of mendacity.—Cleaver lent his car to his brother and lied about it, so that I'd think he was in Boonton Monday at midnight.—And Mannix gives us a number of shifty answers to our questions concerning his relations with the girl. . . . Not an embarrassment of riches."

"I wouldn't say your information was exactly negligent," observed Vance, taking a chair beside the Sergeant. "It may all prove devilish valuable if only it could be put together properly. The difficulty, it appears to me, is that certain parts of the puzzle are missing. Find 'em, and I'll warrant everything will fit beautifully —like a mosaic."

"Easy enough to say 'find 'em,'" grumbled Markham. "The trouble is to know where to look."

Heath relighted his dead cigar and made an impatient gesture.

"You can't get away from Skeel. He's the boy that did it, and, if it wasn't for Abe Rubin, I'd sweat the truth outa him. —And by the way, Mr. Vance, he had his own private key to the Odell apartment, all right." He glanced at Markham hesitantly. "I don't want to look as if I was criticising, sir, but I got a feeling we're wasting time chasing after these gentlemen friends of Odell—Cleaver and Mannix and this here doctor."

"You may be right." Markham seemed inclined to agree with him. "However, I'd like to know why Lindquist acted the way he did."

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"Well, that might help some," Heath compromised. "If the doc was so far gone on Odell as to threaten to shoot her, and if he went off his head when you asked him to alibi himself, maybe he could tell us something. Why not throw a little scare into him? His record ain't any too good, anyway."

"An excellent idea," chimed in Vance.

Markham looked up sharply. Then he consulted his appointment book.

"I'm fairly free this afternoon, so suppose you bring him down here, Sergeant. Get a subpœna if you have to—only see that he comes. And make it as soon after lunch as you can." He tapped on the desk irritably. "If I don't do anything else, I'm going to eliminate some of this human flotsam that's cluttering up the case. And Lindquist is as good as any to start with. I'll either develop these various suspicious circumstances into something workable, or I'll root them up. Then we'll see where we stand."

Heath shook hands pessimistically and went out.

"Poor hapless man!" sighed Vance, looking after him. "He giveth way to all the pangs and fury of despair."

"And so would you," snapped Markham, "if the newspapers were butchering you for a political holiday.—By the way, weren't you to be a harbinger of glad tidings this noon, or something of the sort?"

"I believe I did hold out some such hope." Vance sat looking meditatively out of the window for several minutes. "Markham, this fellow Mannix lures me like a magnet. He irks and whirrets me. He infests my slumbers. He's the raven on my bust of Pallas. He plagues me like a banshee."

"Does this jeremiad come under the head of tidings?"

"I sha'n't rest peacefully," pursued Vance, "until I know where Louey the furrier was between eleven o'clock and midnight Monday. He was somewhere he shouldn't have been. And you, Markham, must find out. Please make Mannix the second offensive in your assault upon the flotsam. He'll parley, with the right amount of pressure. Be brutal, old dear; let him think you suspect him of the throttling. Ask him about the fur model—what's her name?—Frisbee—" He stopped short and knit his brows. "My eye—oh, my eye! I wonder. . . . Yes, yes, Markham; you must question him about the fur model. Ask him when he saw her last; and try to look wise and mysterious when you're doing it."

"See here, Vance"—Markham was exasperated—"you've been harping on Mannix for three days. What's keeping your nose to that scent?"

"Intuition—sheer intuition. My psychic temperament, don't y' know."

"I'd believe that if I hadn't known you for fifteen years." Markham inspected him shrewdly; then shrugged his shoulders. "I'll have Mannix on the tapis when I'm through with Lindquist."

XIX

THE DOCTOR EXPLAINS

(Friday, September 14; 2 p. m.)

We lunched in the District Attorney's private sanctum; and at two o'clock Doctor Lindquist was announced. Heath accompanied him, and, from the expression on the Sergeant's face, it was plain he did not at all like his companion.

The doctor, at Markham's request, seated himself facing the District Attorney's desk.

"What is the meaning of this new outrage?" he demanded coldly. "Is it your prerogative to force a citizen to leave his private affairs in order to be bullied?"

"It's my duty to bring murderers to justice," replied Markham, with equal coldness. "And if any citizen considers that giving aid to the authorities is an outrage, that's *his* prerogative. If you have anything to fear by answering my questions, doctor, you are entitled to have your attorney present. Would you care to phone him to come here now and give you legal protection?"

Doctor Lindquist hesitated. "I need no legal protection, sir. Will you be good enough to tell me at once why I was brought here?"

"Certainly; to explain a few points which have been discovered regarding your relationship with Miss Odell, and to elucidate—if you care to—your reasons for deceiving me, at our last conference, in regard to that relationship."

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"You have, I infer, been prying unwarrantably into my private affairs. I had heard that such practices were once common in Russia. . . ."

"If the prying was unwarranted, you can, Doctor Lindquist, easily convince me on that point; and whatever we may have learned concerning you will be instantly forgotten.—It is true, is it not, that your interest in Miss Odell went somewhat beyond mere paternal affection?"

"Are not even a man's sacred sentiments respected by the police of this country?" There was insolent scorn in the doctor's tone.

"Under some conditions, yes; under others, no." Markham controlled his fury admirably. "You need not answer me, of course; but, if you choose to be frank, you may possibly save yourself the humiliation of being questioned publicly by the People's attorney in a court of law."

Doctor Lindquist winced and considered the matter at some length.

"And if I admit that my affection for Miss Odell was other than paternal—what then?"

Markham accepted the question as an affirmation.

"You were intensely jealous of her, were you not, doctor?"

"Jealousy," Doctor Lindquist remarked, with an air of ironic professionalism, "is not an unusual accompaniment to an infatuation. Authorities such as Freud, Krafft-Ebing, Ferenczi, Moll, and Adler, I believe, regard it as an intimate psychological corollary of amatory attraction."

"Most instructive." Markham nodded his head appreciatively. "I am to assume, then, that you were infatuated with—or, let us say, amatorily attracted by—Miss Odell, and that on occasions you exhibited the intimate psychological corollary of jealousy?"

"You may assume what you please. But I fail to understand why my emotions are any of your affair."

"Had your emotions not led you to highly questionable and suspicious acts, I would not be interested in them. But I have it on unimpeachable authority that your emotions so reacted on your better judgment that you threatened to take Miss Odell's life and also your own. And, in view of the fact that the young woman has since been murdered, the law naturally—and reasonably—is curious."

The doctor's normally pale face seemed to turn yellow, and his long splay fingers tightened over the arms of his chair; but otherwise he sat immobile and rigidly dignified, his eyes fixed intently on the District Attorney.

"I trust," added Markham, "you will not augment my suspicions by any attempt at denial."

Vance was watching the man closely. Presently he leaned forward.

"I say, doctor, what method of extermination did you threaten Miss Odell with?"

Doctor Lindquist jerked round, thrusting his head toward Vance. He drew in a long rasping breath, and his whole frame became tense. Blood suffused his cheeks; and there was a twitching of the muscles about his mouth and throat. For a moment I was afraid he was going to lose his self-control. But after a moment's effort he steadied himself.

"You think perhaps I threatened to strangle her?" His words were vibrant with the intensity of his passionate anger. "And you would like to turn my threat into a noose to hang me?—Paugh!" He paused, and when he spoke again his voice had become calmer. "It is quite true I once inadvisedly attempted to frighten Miss Odell with a threat to kill her and to commit suicide. But if your information is as accurate as you would have me believe, you are aware that I threatened her with a revolver. It is the weapon, I believe, that is conventionally mentioned when making empty threats. I certainly would not have threatened her with thuggee, even had I contemplated so abominable an act."

"True," nodded Vance. "And it's a rather good point, don't y' know."

The doctor was evidently encouraged by Vance's attitude. He again faced Markham and elaborated his confession.

"A threat, I presume you know, is rarely the forerunner of a violent deed. Even a brief study of the human mind would teach you that a threat is *prima facie* evidence of one's innocence. A threat, generally, is made in anger, and

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acts as its own safety-valve." He shifted his eyes. "I am not a married man; my emotional life has not been stabilized, as it were; and I am constantly coming in close contact with hypersensitive and overwrought people. During a period of abnormal susceptibility I conceived an infatuation for the young woman, an infatuation which she did not reciprocate—certainly not with an ardor commensurate with my own. I suffered deeply; and she made no effort to mitigate my sufferings. Indeed, I suspected her, more than once, of deliberately and perversely torturing me with other men. At any rate, she took no pains to hide her infidelities from me. I confess that once or twice I was almost distracted. And it was in the hope of frightening her into a more amenable and considerate attitude that I threatened her.—I trust that you are a sufficiently discerning judge of human nature to believe me."

"Leaving that point for a moment," answered Markham non-committally, "will you give me more specific information as to your whereabouts Monday night?"

Again I noted a yellow tinge creep over the man's features, and his body stiffened perceptibly. But when he spoke it was with his habitual suavity.

"I considered that my note to you covered that question satisfactorily. What did I omit?"

"What was the name of the patient on whom you were calling that night?"

"Mrs. Anna Breedon. She is the widow of the late Amos H. Breedon of the Breedon National Bank of Long Branch."

"And you were with her, I believe you stated, from eleven until one?"

"That is correct."

"And was Mrs. Breedon the only witness to your presence at the sanitarium between those hours?"

"I am afraid that is so. You see, after ten o'clock at night I never ring the bell. I let myself in with my own key."

"And I suppose that I may be permitted to question Mrs. Breedon?"

Doctor Lindquist was profoundly regretful.

"Mrs. Breedon is a very ill woman. She suffered a tremendous shock at the time of her husband's death last summer, and has been practically in a semi-conscious condition ever since. There are times when I even fear for her reason. The slightest disturbance or excitement might produce very serious results."

He took a newspaper cutting from a gold-edged letter-case and handed it to Markham.

"You will observe that this obituary notice mentions her prostration and confinement in a private sanitarium. I have been her physician for years."

Markham, after glancing at the cutting, handed it back. There was a short silence broken by a question from Vance.

"By the by, doctor, what is the name of the night nurse at your sanitarium?"

Doctor Lindquist looked up quickly.

"My night nurse? Why—what has she to do with it? She was very busy Monday night. I can't understand. . . . Well, if you want her name, I have no objection. It's Finckle—Miss Amelia Finckle."

Vance wrote down the name and, rising, carried the slip of paper to Heath.

"Sergeant, bring Miss Finckle here tomorrow morning at eleven," he said, with a slight lowering of one eyelid.

"I sure will, sir. Good idea." His manner boded no good for Miss Finckle.

A cloud of apprehension spread over Doctor Lindquist's face.

"Forgive me if I say that I am insensible to the sanity of your cavalier methods." His tone betrayed only contempt. "May I hope that for the present your inquisition is ended?"

"I think that will be all, doctor," returned Markham politely. "May I have a taxicab called for you?"

"Your consideration overwhelms me. But my car is below." And Doctor Lindquist haughtily withdrew.

Markham immediately summoned Swacker and sent him for Tracy. The detective came at once, polishing his *pince-nez* and bowing affably. One would have taken him for an actor rather than a detective, but his ability in matters requiring delicate handling was a byword in the department.

"I want you to fetch Mr. Louis Mannix again," Markham told him. "Bring him here at once; I'm waiting to see him."

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Tracy bowed genially and, adjusting his glasses, departed on his errand.

"And now," said Markham, fixing Vance with a reproachful look, "I want to know what your idea was in putting Lindquist on his guard about the night nurse. Your brain isn't at par this afternoon. Do you think I didn't have the nurse in mind? And now you've warned him. He'll have until eleven to-morrow morning to coach her in her answers. Really, Vance, I can't conceive of anything better calculated to defeat us in our attempt to substantiate the man's alibi."

"I did put a little fright into him, didn't I?" Vance grinned complacently. "Whenever your antagonist begins talking exaggeratedly about the insanity of your notions, he's already deuced hot under the collar. But, Markham old thing, don't burst into tears over my mental shortcomings. If you and I both thought of the nurse, don't you suppose the wily doctor also thought of her? If this Miss Finckle were the type that could be suborned, he would have enlisted her perjurious services two days ago, and she would have been mentioned, along with the comatose Mrs. Breedon, as a witness to his presence at the sanitarium Monday night. The fact that he avoided all reference to the nurse shows that she's not to be wheedled into swearing falsely. . . . No, Markham. I deliberately put him on his guard. Now he'll have to do something before we question Miss Finckle. And I'm vain enough to think I know what it'll be."

"Let me get this right," put in Heath. "Am I, or am I not, to round up the Finckle woman to-morrow morning?"

"There'll be no need," said Vance. "We are doomed, I fear, not to gaze upon this Florence Nightingale. A meeting between us is about the last thing the doctor would desire."

"That may be true," admitted Markham. "But don't forget that he may have been up to something Monday night wholly unconnected with the murder, that he simply doesn't want known."

"Quite—quite. And yet, nearly every one who knew the Canary seems to have selected Monday night for the indulgence of *sub-rosa* peccadilloes. It's a bit thick, what? Skeel tries to make us believe he was immersed in Khun Khan. Cleaver was—if you take his word for it—touring the countryside in Jersey's lake district. Lindquist wants us to picture him as comforting the afflicted. And Mannix, I happen to know, has gone to some trouble to build up an alibi in case we get nosey. All of 'em, in fact, were doing something they don't want us to know about. Now, what was it? And why did they, of one accord, select the night of the murder for mysterious affairs which they don't dare mention, even to clear themselves of suspicion? Was there an invasion of efreets in the city that night? Was there a curse on the world, driving men to dark bawdy deeds? Was there Black Magic abroad? I think not."

"I'm laying my money on Skeel," declared Heath stubbornly. "I know a professional job when I see it. And you can't get away from those finger-prints and the Professor's report on the chisel."

Markham was sorely perplexed. His belief in Skeel's guilt had, I knew, been undermined in some measure by Vance's theory that the crime was the carefully premeditated act of a shrewd and educated man. But now he seemed to swing irresolutely back to Heath's point of view.

"I'll admit," he said, "that Lindquist and Cleaver and Mannix don't inspire one with a belief in their innocence. But since they're all tarred with the same stick, the force of suspicion against them is somewhat dispersed. After all, Skeel is the only logical aspirant for the rôle of strangler. He's the only one with a visible motive; and he's the only one against whom there's any evidence."

Vance sighed wearily.

"Yes, yes. Finger-prints—chisel marks. You're such a trustin' soul, Markham. Skeel's finger-prints are found in the apartment; therefore, Skeel strangled the lady. So beastly simple. Why bother further? A *chose jugée*—an adjudicated case. Send Skeel to the chair, and that's that! . . . It's effective, y' know, but is it art?"

"In your critical enthusiasm you understate our case against Skeel," Markham reminded him testily.

"Oh, I'll grant that your case against

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him is ingenious. It's so deuced ingenious I just haven't the heart to reject it. But most popular truth is mere ingenuity—that's why it's so wrong-headed. Your theory would appeal strongly to the popular mind. And yet, y' know, Markham, it isn't true."

The practical Heath was unmoved. He sat stolidly, scowling at the table. I doubt if he had even heard the exchange of opinions between Markham and Vance.

"You know, Mr. Markham," he said, like one unconsciously voicing an obscure line of thought, "if we could show how Skeel got in and out of Odell's apartment we'd have a better case against him. I can't figure it out—it's got me stopped. So, I've been thinking we oughta get an architect to go over those rooms. The house is an old-timer—God knows when it was originally built—and there may be some way of getting into it that we haven't discovered yet."

"'Pon my soul!" Vance stared at him in satirical wonderment. "You're becoming downright romantic! Secret passageways—hidden doors—stairways between the walls. So that's it, is it? Oh, my word! . . . Sergeant, beware of the cinema. It has ruined many a good man. Try grand opera for a while—it's more borin' but less corruptin'."

"That's all right, Mr. Vance." Apparently Heath himself did not relish the architectural idea particularly. "But as long as we don't know how Skeel got in, it's just as well to make sure of a few ways he didn't get in."

"I agree with you, Sergeant," said Markham. "I'll get an architect on the job at once." He rang for Swacker, and gave the necessary instructions.

Vance extended his legs and yawned.

"All we need now is a Favorite of the Harem, a few blackamoors with palm-leaf fans, and some *pizzicato* music."

"You will joke, Mr. Vance." Heath lit a fresh cigar. "But even if the architect don't find anything wrong with the apartment, Skeel's liable to give his hand away 'most any time."

"I'm pinnin' my childish faith on Mannix," said Vance. "I don't know why I should; but he's not a nice man, and he's suppressing something.—Markham, don't you dare let him go until he tells you where he was Monday night. And don't forget to hint mysteriously about the fur model."

XX

A MIDNIGHT WITNESS

(Friday, September 14; 3.30 p. m.)

In less than half an hour Mannix arrived. Heath relinquished his seat to the newcomer, and moved to a large chair beneath the windows. Vance had taken a place at the small table on Markham's right where he was able to face Mannix obliquely.

It was patent that Mannix did not relish the idea of another interview. His little eyes shifted quickly about the office, lingered suspiciously for a moment on Heath, and at last came to rest on the District Attorney. He was more vigilant even than during his first visit; and his greeting to Markham, while fulsome, had in it a note of trepidation. Nor was Markham's air calculated to put him at ease. It was an ominous, indomitable Public Prosecutor who motioned him to be seated. Mannix laid his hat and cane on the table, and sat down on the edge of his chair, his back as perpendicular as a flag-pole.

"I'm not at all satisfied with what you told me Wednesday, Mr. Mannix," Markham began, "and I trust you won't necessitate me to take drastic steps to find out what you know about Miss Odell's death."

"What I know!" Mannix forced a smile intended to be disarming. "Mr. Markham—Mr. Markham!" He seemed oilier than usual as he spread his hands in hopeless appeal. "If I knew anything, believe me, I would tell you—positively I would tell you."

"I'm delighted to hear it. Your willingness makes my task easier. First, then, please tell me where you were at midnight Monday."

Mannix's eyes slowly contracted until they looked like two tiny shining disks, but otherwise the man did not move. After what seemed an interminable pause, he spoke.

"I should tell you where I was Monday? Why should I have to do that?

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. . . Maybe I'm suspected of the murder—yes?"

"You're not suspected now. But your apparent unwillingness to answer my question is certainly suspicious. Why don't you care to have me know where you were?"

"I got no reason to keep it from you, y' understand." Mannix shrugged. "I got nothing to be ashamed of—absolutely! . . . I had a lot of accounts to go over at the office—winter-season stocks. I was down at the office until ten o'clock—maybe later. Then at half past ten——"

"That'll do!" Vance's voice cut in tartly. "No need to drag any one else into this thing."

He spoke with a curious significance of emphasis, and Mannix studied him craftily, trying to read what knowledge, if any, lay behind his words. But he received no enlightenment from Vance's features. The warning, however, had been enough to halt him.

"You don't want to know where I was at half past ten?"

"Not particularly," said Vance. "We want to know where you were at midnight. And it won't be necess'ry to mention any one who saw you at that time. When you tell us the truth, we'll know it." He himself had assumed the air of wisdom and mystery that he had deputed to Markham earlier in the afternoon. Without breaking faith with Alys La Fosse, he had sowed the seeds of doubt in Mannix's mind.

Before the man could frame an answer, Vance stood up and leaned impressively over the District Attorney's desk.

"You know a Miss Frisbee. Lives in 71st Street; accurately speaking—at number 184; to be more exact—in the house where Miss Odell lived; to put it precisely—in Apartment Number 2. Miss Frisbee was a former model of yours. Sociable girl: still charitable to the advances of her erstwhile employer—meanin' yourself.—When did you see her last, Mr. Mannix? . . . Take your time about answering. You may want to think it over."

Mannix took his time. It was a full minute before he spoke, and then it was to put another question.

"Haven't I got a right to call on a lady—haven't I?"

"Certainly. Therefore, why should a question about so obviously correct and irreproachable an episode make you uneasy?"

"Me uneasy?" Mannix, with considerable effort, produced a grin. "I'm just wondering what you got in your mind, asking me about my private affairs."

"I'll tell you. Miss Odell was murdered at about midnight Monday. No one came or went through the front door of the house, and the side door was locked. The only way any one could have entered her apartment was by way of Apartment 2; and nobody who knew Miss Odell ever visited Apartment 2 except yourself."

At these words Mannix leaned over the table, grasping the edge of it with both hands for support. His eyes were wide and his sensual lips hung open. But it was not fear that one read in his attitude; it was sheer amazement. He sat for a moment staring at Vance, stunned and incredulous.

"That's what you think, is it? No one could've got in or out except by Apartment 2, because the side door was locked?" He gave a short vicious laugh. "If that side door didn't happen to be locked Monday night, where'd I stand then—huh? Where'd I stand?"

"I rather think you'd stand with us—with the District Attorney." Vance was watching him like a cat.

"Sure I would!" spat Mannix. "And let me tell you something, my friend: that's just where I stand—absolutely!" He swung heavily about and faced Markham. "I'm a good fellow, y' understand, but I've kept my mouth shut long enough. . . . *That side door wasn't locked Monday night. And I know who sneaked out of it at five minutes to twelve!*"

"*Ça marche!*" murmured Vance, reseating himself and calmly lighting a cigarette.

Markham was too astonished to speak at once; and Heath stood stock-still, his cigar half-way to his mouth.

At length Markham leaned back and folded his arms.

"I think you'd better tell us the whole story, Mr. Mannix." His voice held a

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quality which made the request an imperative.

Mannix, too, settled back in his chair.

"Oh, I'm going to tell it—believe me, I'm going to tell it.—You had the right idea. I spent the evening with Miss Frisbee. No harm in that, though."

"What time did you go there?"

"After office hours—half past five, quarter to six. Came up in the subway, got off at 72d, and walked over."

"And you entered the house through the front door?"

"No. I walked down the alleyway and went in the side door—like I generally do. It's nobody's business who I call on, and what the telephone operator in the front hall don't know don't hurt him."

"That's all right so far," observed Heath. "The janitor didn't bolt the side door until after six."

"And did you stay the entire evening, Mr. Mannix?" asked Markham.

"Sure—till just before midnight. Miss Frisbee cooked the dinner, and I'd brought along a bottle of wine. Social little party—just the two of us. And I didn't go outside the apartment, understand, until five minutes to twelve. You can get the lady down here and ask her. I'll call her up now and tell her to explain the exact situation about Monday night. I'm not asking you to take my word for it—positively not."

Markham made a gesture dismissing the suggestion.

"What took place at five minutes to twelve?"

Mannix hesitated, as if loath to come to the point.

"I'm a good fellow, y' understand. And a friend's a friend. But—I ask you—is that any reason why I should get in wrong for something I didn't have absolutely nothing to do with?"

He waited for an answer, but receiving none, continued.

"Sure, I'm right!—Anyway, here's what happened. As I said, I was calling on the lady. But I had another date for later that night; so a few minutes before midnight I said good-by and started to go. Just as I opened the door I saw some one sneaking away from the Canary's apartment down the little back hall to the side door. There was a light in the hall, and the door of Apartment 2 faces that side door. I saw the fellow as plain as I see you—positively as plain."

"Who was it?"

"Well, if you got to know, it was Pop Cleaver."

Markham's head jerked slightly.

"What did you do then?"

"Nothing, Mr. Markham—nothing at all. I didn't think much about it, y' understand. I knew Pop was chasing after the Canary, and I just supposed he'd been calling on her. But I didn't want Pop to see me—none of his business where I spend my time. So I waited quietly till he went out——"

"By the side door?"

"Sure.—Then I went out the same way. I was going to leave by the front door, because I knew the side door was always locked at night. But when I saw Pop go out that way, I said to myself I'd do the same. No sense giving your business away to a telephone operator if you haven't got to—no sense at all. So I went out the same way I came in. Picked up a taxi on Broadway, and went——"

"That's enough!" Again Vance's command cut him short.

"Oh, all right—all right." Mannix seemed content to end his statement at this point. "Only, y' understand, I don't want you to think——"

"We don't."

Markham was puzzled at these interruptions, but made no comment.

"When you read of Miss Odell's death," he said, "why didn't you come to the police with this highly important information?"

"I should get mixed up in it!" exclaimed Mannix in surprise. "I got enough trouble without looking for it—plenty."

"An exigent course," commented Markham with open disgust. "But you nevertheless suggested to me, after you knew of the murder, that Cleaver was being blackmailed by Miss Odell."

"Sure I did. Don't that go to show I wanted to do the right thing by you—giving you a valuable tip?"

"Did you see any one else that night in the halls or alleyway?"

"Nobody—absolutely nobody."

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"Did you hear any one in the Odell apartment—any one speaking or moving about, perhaps?"

"Didn't hear a thing." Mannix shook his head emphatically.

"And you're certain of the time you saw Cleaver go out—five minutes to twelve?"

"Positively. I looked at my watch, and I said to the lady: 'I'm leaving the same day I came; it won't be to-morrow for five minutes yet.'"

Markham went over his story point by point, attempting by various means to make him admit more than he had already told. But Mannix neither added to his statement nor modified it in any detail; and after half an hour's cross-examination he was permitted to go.

"We've found one missing piece of the puzzle, at any rate," commented Vance. "I don't see now just how it fits into the complete pattern, but it's helpful and suggestive. And, I say, how beautifully my intuition about Mannix was verified, don't y' know!"

"Yes, of course—your precious intuition." Markham looked at him sceptically. "Why did you shut him up twice when he was trying to tell me something?"

"*O, tu ne sauras jamais*," recited Vance. "I simply can't tell you, old dear. Awfully sorry, and all that."

His manner was whimsical, but Markham knew that at such times Vance was at heart most serious, and he did not press the question. I could not help wondering if Miss La Fosse realized just how secure she had been in putting her faith in Vance's integrity.

Heath had been considerably shaken by Mannix's story.

"I don't savvy that side door being unlocked," he complained. "How the hell did it get bolted again on the inside after Mannix went out? And who unbolted it after six o'clock?"

"In God's good time, my Sergeant, all things will be revealed," said Vance.

"Maybe—and maybe not. But if we do find out, you can take it from me that the answer'll be Skeel. He's the bird we gotta get the goods on. Cleaver is no expert jimmy artist; and neither is Mannix."

"Just the same, there was a very capable technician on hand that night, and it wasn't your friend the Dude—though he was probably the Donatello who sculptured open the jewel-case."

"A pair of 'em, was there? That's your theory, is it, Mr. Vance? You said that once before; and I'm not saying you're wrong. But if we can hang any part of it on Skeel, we'll make him come across as to who his pal was."

"It wasn't a pal, Sergeant. It was more likely a stranger."

Markham sat glowering into space.

"I don't at all like the Cleaver end of this affair," he said. "There's been something damned wrong about him ever since Monday."

"And I say," put in Vance, "doesn't the gentleman's false alibi take on a certain shady significance now, what? You apprehend, I trust, why I restrained you from questioning him about it at the club yesterday. I rather fancied that if you could get Mannix to pour out his heart to you, you'd be in a stronger position to draw a few admissions from Cleaver. And behold! Again the triumph of intuition! With what you now know about him, you can chivvy him most unconscionably—eh, what?"

"And that's precisely what I'm going to do." Markham rang for Swacker. "Get hold of Charles Cleaver," he ordered irritably. "Phone him at the Stuyvesant Club and also his home—he lives round the corner from the club in West 27th Street. And tell him I want him to be here in half an hour, or I'll send a couple of detectives to bring him in handcuffs."

For five minutes Markham stood before the window, smoking agitatedly, while Vance, with a smile of amusement, busied himself with *The Wall Street Journal*. Heath got himself a drink of water, and took a turn up and down the room. Presently Swacker re-entered.

"Sorry, Chief, but there's nothing doing. Cleaver's gone into the country somewhere. Won't be back till late to-night."

"Hell! . . . All right—that'll do." Markham turned to Heath. "You have Cleaver rounded up to-night, Sergeant, and bring him in here to-morrow morning at nine."

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"He'll be here, sir!" Heath paused in his pacing and faced Markham. "I've been thinking, sir; and there's one thing that keeps coming up in my mind, so to speak. You remember that black document-box that was setting on the living-room table? It was empty; and what a woman generally keeps in that kind of a box is letters and things like that. Well, now, here's what's been bothering me: that box wasn't jimmied open—it was unlocked with a key. And, anyway, a professional crook don't take letters and documents. . . . You see what I mean, sir?"

"Sergeant of mine!" exclaimed Vance. "I abase myself before you! I sit at your feet! . . . The document-box—the tidily opened, empty document-box! Of course! Skeel didn't open it—never in this world! That was the other chap's handiwork."

"What was in your mind about that box, Sergeant?" asked Markham.

"Just this, sir. As Mr. Vance has insisted right along, there mighta been some one besides Skeel in that apartment during the night. And you told me that Cleaver admitted to you he'd paid Odell a lot of money last June to get back his letters. But suppose he never paid that money; suppose he went there Monday night and took those letters. Wouldn't he have told you just the story he did about buying 'em back? Maybe that's how Mannix happened to see him there."

"That's not unreasonable," Markham acknowledged. "But where does it lead us?"

"Well, sir, if Cleaver did take 'em Monday night, he mighta held on to 'em. And if any of those letters were dated later than last June, when he says he bought 'em back, then we'd have the goods on him."

"Well?"

"As I say, sir, I've been thinking. . . . Now, Cleaver is outa town to-day; and if we could get hold of those letters. . . ."

"It might prove helpful, of course," said Markham coolly, looking the Sergeant straight in the eye. "But such a thing is quite out of the question."

"Still and all," mumbled Heath, "Cleaver's been pulling a lot of raw stuff on you, sir."

XXI

A CONTRADICTION IN DATES

(Saturday, September 15; 9 a. m.)

THE next morning Markham and Vance and I breakfasted together at the Prince George, and arrived at the District Attorney's office a few minutes past nine. Heath, with Cleaver in tow, was waiting in the reception-room.

To judge by Cleaver's manner as he entered, the Sergeant had been none too considerate of him. He strode belligerently to the District Attorney's desk and fixed a cold, resentful eye on Markham.

"Am I, by any chance, under arrest?" he demanded softly, but it was the rasping, suppressed softness of wrathful indignation.

"Not yet," said Markham curtly. "But if you were, you'd have only yourself to blame.—Sit down."

Cleaver hesitated, and took the nearest chair.

"Why was I routed out of bed at seven-thirty by this detective of yours"—he jerked his thumb toward Heath—"and threatened with patrol-wagons and warrants because I objected to such high-handed and illegal methods?"

"You were merely threatened with legal procedure if you refused to accept my invitation voluntarily. This is my short day at the office; and there was some explaining I wanted from you without delay."

"I'm damned if I'll explain anything to you under these conditions!" For all his nerveless poise, Cleaver was finding it difficult to control himself. "I'm no pickpocket that you can drag in here when it suits your convenience and put through a third degree."

"That's eminently satisfactory to me." Markham spoke ominously. "But since you refuse to do your explaining as a free citizen, I have no other course than to alter your present status." He turned to Heath. "Sergeant, go across the hall and have Ben swear out a warrant for Charles Cleaver. Then lock this gentleman up."

Cleaver gave a start, and caught his breath sibilantly.

"On what charge?" he demanded.

"The murder of Margaret Odell."

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The man sprang to his feet. The color had gone from his face, and the muscles of his jowls worked spasmodically.

"Wait! You're giving me a raw deal. And you'll lose out, too. You couldn't make that charge stick in a thousand years."

"Maybe not. But if you don't want to talk here, I'll make you talk in court."

"I'll talk here." Cleaver sat down again. "What do you want to know?"

Markham took out a cigar and lit it with deliberation.

"First: why did you tell me you were in Boonton Monday night?"

Cleaver apparently had expected the question.

"When I read of the Canary's death I wanted an alibi; and my brother had just given me the summons he'd been handed in Boonton. It was a ready-made alibi right in my hand. So I used it."

"Why did you need an alibi?"

"I didn't need it; but I thought it might save me trouble. People knew I'd been running round with the Odell girl; and some of them knew she'd been blackmailing me—I'd told 'em, like a damn fool. I told Mannix, for instance. We'd both been stung."

"Is that your only reason for concocting this alibi?" Markham was watching him sharply.

"Wasn't it reason enough? Blackmail would have constituted a motive, wouldn't it?"

"It takes more than a motive to arouse unpleasant suspicion."

"Maybe so. Only I didn't want to be drawn into it.—You can't blame me for trying to keep clear of it."

Markham leaned over with a threatening smile.

"The fact that Miss Odell had blackmailed you wasn't your only reason for lying about the summons. It wasn't even your main reason."

Cleaver's eyes narrowed, but otherwise he was like a graven image.

"You evidently know more about it than I do." He managed to make his words sound casual.

"Not more, Mr. Cleaver," Markham corrected him, "but nearly as much.—Where were you between eleven o'clock and midnight Monday?"

"Perhaps that's one of the things you know."

"You're right.—You were in Miss Odell's apartment."

Cleaver sneered, but he did not succeed in disguising the shock that Markham's accusation caused him.

"If that's what you think, then it happens you don't know, after all. I haven't put foot in her apartment for two weeks."

"I have the testimony of reliable witnesses to the contrary."

"Witnesses!" The word seemed to force itself from Cleaver's compressed lips.

Markham nodded. "You were seen coming out of Miss Odell's apartment and leaving the house by the side door at five minutes to twelve on Monday night."

Cleaver's jaw sagged slightly, and his labored breathing was quite audible.

"And between half past eleven and twelve o'clock," pursued Markham's relentless voice, "Miss Odell was strangled and robbed.—What do you say to that?"

For a long time there was tense silence. Then Cleaver spoke.

"I've got to think this thing out."

Markham waited patiently. After several minutes Cleaver drew himself together and squared his shoulders.

"I'm going to tell you what I did that night, and you can take it or leave it." Again he was the cold, self-contained gambler. "I don't care how many witnesses you've got; it's the only story you'll ever get out of me. I should have told you in the first place, but I didn't see any sense of stepping into hot water if I wasn't pushed in. You might have believed me last Tuesday, but now you've got something in your head, and you want to make an arrest to shut up the newspapers——"

"Tell your story," ordered Markham. "If it's straight, you needn't worry about the newspapers."

Cleaver knew in his heart that this was true. No one—not even his bitterest political enemies—had ever accused Markham of buying *kudos* with any act of injustice, however small.

"There's not much to tell, as a matter of fact," the man began. "I went to Miss Odell's house a little before midnight, but I didn't enter her apartment; I didn't even ring her bell."

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"Is that your customary way of paying visits?"

"Sounds fishy, doesn't it? But it's the truth, nevertheless. I intended to see her—that is, I wanted to—but when I reached her door, something made me change my mind——"

"Just a moment.—How did you enter the house?"

"By the side door—the one off the alleyway. I always used it when it was open. Miss Odell requested me to, so that the telephone operator wouldn't see me coming in so often."

"And the door was unlocked at that time Monday night?"

"How else could I have got in by it? A key wouldn't have done me any good, even if I'd had one, for the door locks by a bolt on the inside. I'll say this, though: that's the first time I ever remember finding the door unlocked at night."

"All right. You went in the side entrance. Then what?"

"I walked down the rear hall and listened at the door of Miss Odell's apartment for a minute. I thought there might be some one else with her, and I didn't want to ring unless she was alone. . . ."

"Pardon my interrupting, Mr. Cleaver," interposed Vance. "But what made you think some one else was there?"

The man hesitated.

"Was it," prompted Vance, "because you had telephoned to Miss Odell a little while before, and had been answered by a man's voice?"

Cleaver nodded slowly. "I can't see any particular point in denying it. . . . Yes, that's the reason."

"What did this man say to you?"

"Damn little. He said 'Hello,' and when I asked to speak to Miss Odell, he informed me she wasn't in, and hung up."

Vance addressed himself to Markham.

"That, I think, explains Jessup's report of the brief phone call to the Odell apartment at twenty minutes to twelve."

"Probably." Markham spoke without interest. He was intent on Cleaver's account of what happened later, and he took up the interrogation at the point where Vance had interrupted.

"You say you listened at the apartment door. What caused you to refrain from ringing?"

"I heard a man's voice inside."

Markham straightened up.

"A man's voice? You're sure?"

"That's what I said." Cleaver was matter of fact about it. "A man's voice. Otherwise I'd have rung the bell."

"Could you identify the voice?"

"Hardly. It was very indistinct; and it sounded a little hoarse. It wasn't any one's voice I was familiar with; but I'd be inclined to say it was the same one that answered me over the phone."

"Could you make out anything that was said?"

Cleaver frowned and looked past Markham through the open window.

"I know what the words sounded like," he said slowly. "I didn't think anything of them at the time. But after reading the papers the next day, those words came back to me——"

"What were the words?" Markham cut in impatiently.

"Well, as near as I could make out, they were: 'Oh, my God! Oh, my God!'—repeated two or three times."

This statement seemed to bring a sense of horror into the dreary old office—a horror all the more potent because of the casual, phlegmatic way in which Cleaver repeated that cry of anguish. After a brief pause Markham asked:

"When you heard this man's voice, what did you do?"

"I walked softly back down the rear hall and went out again through the side door. Then I went home."

A short silence ensued. Cleaver's testimony had been in the nature of a surprise; but it fitted perfectly with Mannix's statement.

Presently Vance lifted himself out of the depths of his chair.

"I say, Mr. Cleaver, what were you doing between twenty minutes to twelve—when you phoned Miss Odell—and five minutes to twelve—when you entered the side door of her apartment-house?"

"I was riding up-town in the subway from 23d Street," came the answer after a short pause.

"Strange—very strange." Vance inspected the tip of his cigarette. "Then you couldn't possibly have phoned to any one during that fifteen minutes—eh, what?"

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I suddenly remembered Alys La Fosse's statement that Cleaver had telephoned to her on Monday night at ten minutes to twelve. Vance, by his question, had, without revealing his own knowledge, created a state of uncertainty in the other's mind. Afraid to commit himself too emphatically, Cleaver resorted to an evasion.

"It's possible, is it not, that I could have phoned some one after leaving the subway at 72d Street and before I walked the block to Miss Odell's house?"

"Oh, quite," murmured Vance. "Still, looking at it mathematically, if you phoned Miss Odell at twenty minutes to twelve, and then entered the subway, rode to 72d Street, walked a block to 71st, went into the building, listened at her door, and departed at five minutes to twelve—making the total time consumed only fifteen minutes—you'd scarcely have had sufficient leeway to stop en route and phone to any one. However, I sha'n't press the point. But I'd really like to know what you did between eleven o'clock and twenty minutes to twelve, when you phoned to Miss Odell."

Cleaver studied Vance intently for a moment.

"To tell you the truth, I was upset that night. I knew Miss Odell was out with another man—she'd broken an appointment with me—and I walked the streets for an hour or more, fuming and fretting."

"Walked the streets?" Vance frowned.

"That's what I said." Cleaver spoke with animus. Then, turning, he gave Markham a long calculating look. "You remember I once suggested to you that you might learn something from a Doctor Lindquist. . . . Did you ever get after him?"

Before Markham could answer, Vance broke in.

"Ah! That's it!—Doctor Lindquist! Well, well—of course! . . . So, Mr. Cleaver, you were walking the streets? The *streets*, mind you! Precisely!—You state the fact, and I echo the word 'streets.' And you—apparently out of a clear sky—ask about Doctor Lindquist. Why Doctor Lindquist? No one has mentioned him. But that word 'streets'—that's the connection. The streets and Doctor Lindquist are one—same as Paris and springtime are one. Neat, very neat. . . . And now I've got another piece to the puzzle."

Markham and Heath looked at him as if he had suddenly gone mad. He calmly selected a *Régie* from his case and proceeded to light it. Then he smiled beguilingly at Cleaver.

"The time has come, my dear sir, for you to tell us when and where you met Doctor Lindquist while roaming the streets Monday night. If you don't, 'pon my word, I'll come pretty close to doing it for you."

A full minute passed before Cleaver spoke; and during that time his cold staring eyes never moved from the District Attorney's face.

"I've already told most of the story; so here's the rest." He gave a soft mirthless laugh. "I went to Miss Odell's house a little before half past eleven—thought she might be home by that time. There I ran into Doctor Lindquist standing in the entrance to the alleyway. He spoke to me, and told me some one was with Miss Odell in her apartment. Then I walked round the corner to the Ansonia Hotel. After ten minutes or so I telephoned Miss Odell, and, as I said, a man answered. I waited another ten minutes and phoned a friend of Miss Odell's, hoping to arrange a party; but failing, I walked back to the house. The doctor had disappeared, and I went down the alleyway and in the side door. After listening a minute, as I told you, and hearing a man's voice, I came away and went home. . . . That's everything."

At that moment Swacker came in and whispered something to Heath. The Sergeant rose with alacrity and followed the secretary out of the room. Almost at once he returned, bearing a bulging Manila folder. Handing it to Markham, he said something in a low voice inaudible to the rest of us. Markham appeared both astonished and displeased. Waving the Sergeant back to his seat, he turned to Cleaver.

"I'll have to ask you to wait in the reception-room for a few minutes. Another urgent matter has just arisen."

Cleaver went out without a word, and Markham opened the folder.

"I don't like this sort of thing, Ser-

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geant. I told you so yesterday when you suggested it."

"I understand, sir." Heath, I felt, was not as contrite as his tone indicated. "But if those letters and things are all right, and Cleaver hasn't been lying to us about 'em, I'll have my man put 'em back so's no one'll ever know they were taken. And if they do make Cleaver out a liar, then we've got a good excuse for grabbing 'em."

Markham did not argue the point. With a gesture of distaste he began running through the letters, looking particularly at the dates. Two photographs he put back after a cursory glance; and one piece of paper, which appeared to contain a pen-and-ink sketch of some kind, he tore up with disgust and threw into the waste-basket. Three letters, I noticed, he placed to one side. After five minutes' inspection of the others, he returned them to the folder. Then he nodded to Heath.

"Bring Cleaver back." He rose and, turning, gazed out of the window.

As soon as Cleaver was again seated before the desk Markham said, without looking round:

"You told me it was last June that you bought your letters back from Miss Odell. Do you recall the date?"

"Not exactly," said Cleaver easily. "It was early in the month, though—during the first week, I think."

Markham now spun about and pointed to the three letters he had segregated.

"How, then, do you happen to have in your possession compromising letters which you wrote to Miss Odell from the Adirondacks late in July?"

Cleaver's self-control was perfect. After a moment's stoical silence, he merely said in a mild, quiet voice:

"You of course came by those letters legally."

Markham was stung, but he was also exasperated by the other's persistent deceptions.

"I regret to confess," he said, "that they were taken from your apartment—though, I assure you, it was against my instructions. But since they have come unexpectedly into my possession, the wisest thing you can do is to explain them. There was an empty document-box in Miss Odell's apartment the morning her body was found, and, from all appearances, it had been opened Monday night."

"I see." Cleaver laughed harshly. "Very well. The fact is—though I frankly don't expect you to believe me—I didn't pay my blackmail to Miss Odell until the middle of August, about three weeks ago. That's when all my letters were returned. I told you it was June in order to set back the date as far as possible. The older the affair was, I figured, the less likelihood there'd be of your suspecting me."

Markham stood fingering the letters undecidedly. It was Vance who put an end to his irresolution.

"I rather think, don't y' know," he said, "that you'd be safe in accepting Mr. Cleaver's explanation and returning his *billets-doux*."

Markham, after a momentary hesitation, picked up the Manila folder and, replacing the three letters, handed it to Cleaver.

"I wish you to understand that I did not sanction the appropriating of this correspondence. You'd better take it home and destroy it.—I won't detain you any longer now. But please arrange to remain where I can reach you if necessary."

"I'm not going to run away," said Cleaver; and Heath directed him to the elevator.

XXII

A TELEPHONE CALL

(*Saturday, September 15; 10 a. m.*)

HEATH returned to the office, shaking his head hopelessly.

"There musta been a regular wake at Odell's Monday night."

"Quite," agreed Vance. "A midnight conclave of the lady's admirers. Mannix was there, unquestionably; and he saw Cleaver; and Cleaver saw Lindquist; and Lindquist saw Spotswoode——"

"Humph! But nobody saw Skeel."

"The trouble is," said Markham, "we don't know how much of Cleaver's story is true.—And, by the way, Vance, do you believe he really bought his letters back in August?"

"If only we knew! Dashed confusin', ain't it?"

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"Anyway," argued Heath, "Cleaver's statement about phoning Odell at twenty minutes to twelve, and a man answering, is verified by Jessup's testimony. And I guess Cleaver saw Lindquist all right that night, for it was him who first tipped us off about the doc. He took a chance doing it, because the doc was liable to tell us he saw Cleaver."

"But if Cleaver had an allurin' alibi," said Vance, "he could simply have said the doctor was lying. However, whether you accept Cleaver's absorbin' legend or not, you can take my word for it there was a visitor, other than Skeel, in the Odell apartment that night."

"That's all right, too," conceded Heath reluctantly. "But, even so, this other fellow is only valuable to us as a possible source of evidence against Skeel."

"That may be true, Sergeant." Markham frowned perplexedly. "Only, I'd like to know how that side door was unbolted and then rebolted on the inside. We know now that it was open around midnight, and that Mannix and Cleaver both used it."

"You worry so over trifles," said Vance negligently. "The door problem will solve itself once we discover who was keeping company with Skeel in the Canary's gilded cage."

"I should say it boils down to Mannix, Cleaver, and Lindquist. They were the only three at all likely to be present; and if we accept Cleaver's story in its essentials, each of them had an opportunity of getting into the apartment between half past eleven and midnight."

"True. But you have only Cleaver's word that Lindquist was in the neighborhood. And that evidence, uncorroborated, can't be accepted as the lily-white truth."

Heath stirred suddenly and looked at the clock.

"Say, what about that nurse you wanted at eleven o'clock?"

"I've been worrying horribly about her for an hour." Vance appeared actually troubled. "Really, y' know, I haven't the slightest desire to meet the lady. I'm hoping for a revelation, don't y' know. Let's wait for the doctor until half past ten, Sergeant."

He had scarcely finished speaking when Swacker informed Markham that Doctor Lindquist had arrived on a mission of great urgency. It was an amusing situation. Markham laughed outright, while Heath stared at Vance with uncomprehending astonishment.

"It's not necromancy, Sergeant," smiled Vance. "The doctor realized yesterday that we were about to catch him in a falsehood; so he decided to forestall us by explaining personally. Simple, what?"

"Sure." Heath's look of wonderment disappeared.

As Doctor Lindquist entered the room I noted that his habitual urbanity had deserted him. His air was at once apologetic and apprehensive. That he was laboring under some great strain was evident.

"I've come, sir," he announced, taking the chair Markham indicated, "to tell you the truth about Monday night."

"The truth is always welcome, doctor," said Markham encouragingly.

Doctor Lindquist bowed agreement.

"I deeply regret that I did not follow that course at our first interview. But at that time I had not weighed the matter sufficiently; and, having once committed myself to a false statement, I felt I had no option but to abide by it. However, after more mature consideration, I have come to the conclusion that frankness is the wiser course.—The fact is, sir, I was not with Mrs. Breedon Monday night between the hours I mentioned. I remained at home until about half past ten. Then I went to Miss Odell's house, arriving a little before eleven. I stood outside in the street until half past eleven; then I returned home."

"Such a bare statement needs considerable amplification."

"I realize it, sir; and I am prepared to amplify it." Doctor Lindquist hesitated, and a strained look came into his white face. His hands were tightly clinched. "I had learned that Miss Odell was going to dinner and the theatre with a man named Spotswoode; and the thought of it began to prey on my mind. It was Spotswoode to whom I owed the alienation of Miss Odell's affections; and it was his interference that had driven me to my threat against the young woman. As I

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sat at home that night, letting my mind dwell morbidly on the situation, I was seized by the impulse to carry out that threat. Why not, I asked myself, end the intolerable situation at once? And why not include Spotswoode in the débâcle? . . ."

As he talked he became more and more agitated. The nerves about his eyes had begun to twitch, and his shoulders jerked like those of a man attempting vainly to control a chill.

"Remember, sir, I was suffering agonies, and my hatred of Spotswoode seemed to cloud my reason. Scarcely realizing what I was doing, and yet operating under an irresistible determination, I put my automatic in my pocket and hurried out of the house. I thought Miss Odell and Spotswoode would be returning from the theatre soon, and I intended to force my way into the apartment and perform the act I had planned. . . . From across the street I saw them enter the house—it was about eleven then—but, when I came face to face with the actuality, I hesitated. I delayed my revenge; I—I played with the idea, getting a kind of insane satisfaction out of it—knowing they were now at my mercy. . . ."

His hands were shaking as with a coarse tremor; and the twitching about his eyes had increased.

"For half an hour I waited, gloating. Then, as I was about to go in and have it over with, a man named Cleaver came along and saw me. He stopped and spoke. I thought he might be going to call on Miss Odell, so I told him she already had a visitor. He then went on toward Broadway, and while I was waiting for him to turn the corner, Spotswoode came out of the house and jumped into a taxicab that had just driven up. . . . My plan had been thwarted—I had waited too long. Suddenly I seemed to awake as from some terrible nightmare. I was almost in a state of collapse, but I managed to get home. . . . That's what happened—so help me God!"

He sank back weakly in his chair. The suppressed nervous excitement that had fired him while he spoke had died out, and he appeared listless and indifferent. He sat several minutes breathing stertorously, and twice he passed his hand vaguely across his forehead. He was in no condition to be questioned, and finally Markham sent for Tracy and gave orders that he was to be taken to his home.

"Temporary exhaustion from hysteria," commented Vance indifferently. "All these paranoia lads are hyperneurasthenic. He'll be in a psychopathic ward in another year."

"That's as may be, Mr. Vance," said Heath, with an impatience that repudiated all enthusiasm for the subject of abnormal psychology. "What interests me just now is the way all these fellows' stories hang together."

"Yes," nodded Markham. "There is undeniably a groundwork of truth in their statements."

"But please observe," Vance pointed out, "that their stories do not eliminate any one of them as a possible culprit. Their tales, as you say, synchronize perfectly; and yet, despite all that neat coordination, any one of the three could have got into the Odell apartment that night. For instance: Mannix could have entered from Apartment 2 before Cleaver came along and listened; and he could have seen Cleaver going away when he himself was leaving the Odell apartment. —Cleaver could have spoken to the doctor at half past eleven, walked to the Ansonia, returned a little before twelve, gone into the lady's apartment, and come out just as Mannix opened Miss Frisbee's door.—Again, the excitable doctor may have gone in after Spotswoode came out at half past eleven, stayed twenty minutes or so, and departed before Cleaver returned from the Ansonia. . . . No; the fact that their stories dovetail doesn't in the least tend to exculpate any one of them."

"And," supplemented Markham, "that cry of 'Oh, my God!' might have been made by either Mannix or Lindquist—provided Cleaver really heard it."

"He heard it unquestionably," said Vance. "Some one in the apartment was invoking the Deity around midnight. Cleaver hasn't sufficient sense of the dramatic to fabricate such a thrillin' *bonne-bouche*."

"But if Cleaver actually heard that voice," protested Markham, "then he is automatically eliminated as a suspect."

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"Not at all, old dear. He may have heard it after he had come out of the apartment, and realized then, for the first time, that some one had been hidden in the place during his visit."

"Your man in the clothes-closet, I presume you mean."

"Yes—of course. . . . You know, Markham, it might have been the horrified Skeel, emerging from his hiding-place upon a scene of tragic wreckage, who let out that evangelical invocation."

"Except," commented Markham, with sarcasm, "Skeel doesn't impress me as particularly religious."

"Oh, that?" Vance shrugged. "A point in substantiation. Irreligious persons call on God much more than Christians. The only true and consistent theologians, don't y' know, are the atheists."

Heath, who had been sitting in gloomy meditation, took his cigar from his mouth and heaved a heavy sigh.

"Yes," he rumbled, "I'm willing to admit somebody besides Skeel got into Odell's apartment, and that the Dude hid in the clothes-closet. But, if that's so, then this other fellow didn't see Skeel; and it's not going to do us a whole lot of good even if we identify him."

"Don't fret on that point, Sergeant," Vance counselled him cheerfully. "When you've identified this other mysterious visitor you'll be positively amazed how black care will desert you. You'll rubricate the hour you find him. You'll leap gladsomely in the air. You'll sing a roundelay."

"The hell I will!" said Heath.

Swacker came in with a typewritten memorandum, and put it on the District Attorney's desk.

"The architect just phoned in this report."

Markham glanced it over: it was very brief.

"No help here," he said. "Walls solid. No waste space. No hidden entrances."

"Too bad, Sergeant," sighed Vance. "You'll have to drop the cinema idea. . . . Sad."

Heath grunted and looked disconsolate.

"Even without no other way of getting in or out except that side door," he said to Markham, "couldn't we get an indictment against Skeel, now that we know the door was unlocked Monday night?"

"We might, Sergeant. But our chief snag would be to show how it was originally unlocked and then rebolted after Skeel left. And Abe Rubin would concentrate on that point.—No, we'd better wait a while and see what develops."

Something "developed" at once. Swacker entered and informed the Sergeant that Snitkin wanted to see him immediately.

Snitkin came in, visibly agitated, accompanied by a wizened, shabbily dressed little man of about sixty, who appeared awed and terrified. In the detective's hand was a small parcel wrapped in newspaper, which he laid on the District Attorney's desk with an air of triumph.

"The Canary's jewelry," he announced. "I've checked it up from the list the maid gave me, and it's all there."

Heath sprang forward, but Markham was already untying the package with nervous fingers. When the paper had been opened, there lay before us a small heap of dazzling trinkets—several rings of exquisite workmanship, three magnificent bracelets, a sparkling sunburst, and a delicately wrought lorgnette. The stones were all large and of unconventional cut.

Markham looked up from them inquisitively, and Snitkin, not waiting for the inevitable question, explained.

"This man Potts found 'em. He's a street-cleaner, and he says they were in one of the D. S. C. cans at 23d Street near the Flatiron Building. He found 'em yesterday afternoon, so he says, and took 'em home. Then he got scared and brought 'em to Police Headquarters this morning."

Mr. Potts, the "white-wing," was trembling visibly.

"Thass right, sir—thass right," he assured Markham, with frightened eagerness. "I allus look into any bundles I find. I didn't mean no harm takin' 'em home, sir. I wasn't gonna keep 'em. I laid awake worryin' all night, an' this mornin', as soon as I got a chance, I took 'em to the p'lice." He shook so violently, I was afraid he was going to break down completely.

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"That's all right, Potts," Markham told him in a kindly voice. Then to Snitkin: "Let the man go—only get his full name and address."

Vance had been studying the newspaper in which the jewels had been wrapped.

"I say, my man," he asked, "is this the original paper you found them in?"

"Yes, sir—the same. I ain't touched nothin'."

"Right-o."

Mr. Potts, greatly relieved, shambled out, followed by Snitkin.

"The Flatiron Building is directly across Madison Square from the Stuyvesant Club," observed Markham, frowning.

"So it is." Vance then pointed to the left-hand margin of the newspaper that held the jewels. "And you'll notice that this *Herald* of yesterday has three punctures evidently made by the pins of a wooden holder such as is generally used in a club's reading-room."

"You got a good eye, Mr. Vance," nodded Heath, inspecting the newspaper.

"I'll see about this." Markham viciously pressed a button. "They keep their papers on file for a week at the Stuyvesant Club."

When Swacker appeared, he asked that the club's steward be got immediately on the telephone. After a short delay, the connection was made. At the end of five minutes' conversation Markham hung up the receiver and gave Heath a baffled look.

"The club takes two *Heralds*. Both of yesterday's copies are there, on the rack."

"Didn't Cleaver once tell us he read nothing but *The Herald*—that and some racing-sheet at night?" Vance put the question offhandedly.

"I believe he did." Markham considered the suggestion. "Still, both the club *Heralds* are accounted for." He turned to Heath. "When you were checking up on Mannix, did you find out what clubs he belonged to?"

"Sure." The Sergeant took out his note-book and riffled the pages for a minute or two. "He's a member of the Furriers' and the Cosmopolis."

Markham pushed the telephone toward him.

"See what you can find out."

Heath was fifteen minutes at the task.

"A blank," he announced finally. "The Furriers' don't use holders, and the Cosmopolis don't keep any back numbers."

"What about Mr. Skeel's clubs, Sergeant?" asked Vance, smiling.

"Oh, I know the finding of that jewelry gums up my theory about Skeel," said Heath, with surly ill nature. "But what's the good of rubbing it in? Still, if you think I'm going to give that bird a clean bill of health just because the Odell swag was found in a trash-can, you're mighty mistaken. Don't forget we're watching the Dude pretty close. He may have got leery, and tipped off some pal he'd cached the jewels with."

"I rather fancy the experienced Skeel would have turned his booty over to a professional receiver. But even had he passed it on to a friend, would this friend have been likely to throw it away because Skeel was worried?"

"Maybe not. But there's some explanation for those jewels being found, and when we get hold of it, it won't eliminate Skeel."

"No; the explanation won't eliminate Skeel," said Vance; "but—my word!—how it'll change his *locus standi*."

Heath contemplated him with shrewdly appraising eyes. Something in Vance's tone had apparently piqued his curiosity and set him to wondering. Vance had too often been right in his diagnoses of persons and things for the Sergeant to ignore his opinions wholly.

But before he could answer, Swacker stepped alertly into the room, his eyes animated.

"Tony Skeel's on the wire, Chief, and wants to speak to you."

Markham, despite his habitual reserve, gave a start.

"Here, Sergeant," he said quickly. "Take that extension phone on the table and listen in." He nodded curtly to Swacker, who disappeared to make the connection. Then he took up the receiver of his own telephone and spoke to Skeel.

For a minute or so he listened. Then, after a brief argument, he concurred with some suggestion that had evidently been made; and the conversation ended.

"Skeel craves an audience, I gather," said Vance. "I've rather been expecting it, y' know."

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"Yes. He's coming here to-morrow at ten."

"And he hinted that he knew who slew the Canary—eh, what?"

"That's just what he did say. He promised to tell me the whole story to-morrow morning."

"He's the lad that's in a position to do it," murmured Vance.

"But, Mr. Markham," said Heath, who still sat with his hand on the telephone, gazing at the instrument with dazed incredulity, "I don't see why you don't have him brought here to-day."

"As you heard, Sergeant, Skeel insisted on to-morrow, and threatened to say nothing if I forced the issue. It's just as well not to antagonize him. We might spoil a good chance of getting some light on this case if I ordered him brought here and used pressure. And to-morrow suits me. It'll be quiet around here then. Moreover, your man's watching Skeel, and he won't get away."

"I guess you're right, sir. The Dude's touchy, and he can give a swell imitation of an oyster when he feels like it." The Sergeant spoke with feeling.

"I'll have Swacker here to-morrow to take down his statement," Markham went on; "and you'd better put one of your men on the elevator,—the regular operator is off Sundays. Also, plant a man in the hall outside, and put another one in Swacker's office."

Vance stretched himself luxuriously and rose.

"Most considerate of the gentleman to call up at this time, don't y' know. I had a longing to see the Monets at Durand-Ruel's this afternoon, and I was afraid I wasn't going to be able to drag myself away from this fascinatin' case. Now that the apocalypse has been definitely scheduled for to-morrow, I'll indulge my taste for Impressionism. . . . *À demain*, Markham. By-by, Sergeant."

XXIII

THE TEN O'CLOCK APPOINTMENT

(Sunday, September 16; 10 a. m.)

A FINE drizzle was falling the next morning when we rose; and a chill—the first forerunner of winter—was in the air. We had breakfast in the library at half past eight, and at nine o'clock Vance's car—which had been ordered the night before—called for us. We rode down Fifth Avenue, now almost deserted in its thick blanket of yellow fog, and called for Markham at his apartment in West 12th Street. He was waiting for us in front of the house, and stepped quickly into the car with scarcely a word of greeting. From his anxious, preoccupied look I knew that he was depending a good deal on what Skeel had to tell him.

We had turned into West Broadway beneath the Elevated tracks before any of us spoke. Then Markham voiced a doubt which was plainly an articulation of his troubled ruminations.

"I'm wondering if, after all, this fellow Skeel can have any important information to give us. His phone call was very strange. Yet he spoke confidently enough regarding his knowledge. No dramatics, no request for immunity—just a plain, assured statement that he knew who murdered the Odell girl, and had decided to come clean."

"It's certain he himself didn't strangle the lady," pronounced Vance. "My theory, as you know, is that he was hiding in the clothes-press when the shady business was being enacted; and all along I've clung lovingly to the idea that he was *au secret* to the entire proceedings. The keyhole of that closet door is on a direct line with the end of the davenport where the lady was strangled; and if a rival was operating at the time of his concealment, it's not unreasonable to assume that he peered forth—eh, what? I questioned him on this point, you remember; and he didn't like it a bit."

"But, in that case——"

"Oh, I know. There are all kinds of erudite objections to my wild dream.—Why didn't he give the alarm? Why didn't he tell us about it before? Why this? and why that? . . . I make no claim to omniscience, y' know; I don't even pretend to have a logical explanation for the various *traits d'union* of my vagary. My theory is only sketched in, as it were. But I'm convinced, nevertheless, that the modish Tony knows who killed his *bona roba* and looted her apartment."

"But of the three persons who possibly could have got into the Odell apartment that night—namely, Mannix, Cleaver, and

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Lindquist—Skeel evidently knows only one—Mannix."

"Yes—to be sure. And Mannix, it would seem, is the only one of the trio who knows Skeel. . . . An interestin' point."

Heath met us at the Franklin Street entrance to the Criminal Courts Building. He, too, was anxious and subdued, and he shook hands with us in a detached manner devoid of his usual heartiness.

"I've got Snitkin running the elevator," he said, after the briefest of salutations. "Burke's in the hall up-stairs, and Emery is with him, waiting to be let into Swacker's office."

We entered the deserted and almost silent building and rode up to the fourth floor. Markham unlocked his office door and we passed in.

"Guilfoyle, the man who's tailing Skeel," Heath explained, when we were seated, "is to report by phone to the Homicide Bureau as soon as the Dude leaves his rooms."

It was now twenty minutes to ten. Five minutes later Swacker arrived. Taking his stenographic note-book, he stationed himself just inside of the swinging door of Markham's private sanctum, where he could hear all that was said without being seen. Markham lit a cigar, and Heath followed suit. Vance was already smoking placidly. He was the calmest person in the room, and lay back languorously in one of the great leather chairs as though immune to all cares and vicissitudes. But I could tell by the overdeliberate way he flicked his ashes into the receiver that he, too, was uneasy.

Five or six minutes passed in complete silence. Then the Sergeant gave a grunt of annoyance.

"No, sir," he said, as if completing some unspoken thought, "I can't get a slant on this business. The finding of that jewelry, now, all nicely wrapped up . . . and then the Dude offering to squeal. . . . There's no sense to it."

"It's tryin', I know, Sergeant; but it's not altogether senseless." Vance was gazing lazily at the ceiling. "The chap who confiscated those baubles didn't have any use for them. He didn't want them, in fact—they worried him abominably."

The point was too complex for Heath. The previous day's developments had shaken the foundation of all his arguments; and he lapsed again into brooding silence.

At ten o'clock he rose impatiently and, going to the hall door, looked out. Returning, he compared his watch with the office clock and began pacing restlessly. Markham was attempting to sort some papers on his desk, but presently he pushed them aside with an impatient gesture.

"He ought to be coming along now," he remarked, with an effort at cheerfulness.

"He'll come," growled Heath, "or he'll get a free ride." And he continued his pacing.

A few minutes later he turned abruptly and went out into the hall. We could hear him calling to Snitkin down the elevator shaft, but when he came back into the office his expression told us that as yet there was no news of Skeel.

"I'll call up the Bureau," he decided, "and see what Guilfoyle had to report. At least we'll know then when the Dude left his house."

But when the Sergeant had been connected with Police Headquarters he was informed that Guilfoyle had as yet made no report.

"That's damn funny," he commented, hanging up the receiver.

It was now twenty minutes past ten. Markham was growing restive. The tenacity with which the Canary murder case had resisted all his efforts toward a solution had filled him with discouragement; and he had hoped, almost desperately, that this morning's interview with Skeel would clear up the mystery, or at least supply him with information on which definite action could be taken. Now, with Skeel late for this all-important appointment, the strain was becoming tense.

He pushed back his chair nervously and, going to the window, gazed out into the dark haze of fine rain. When he returned to his desk his face was set.

"I'll give our friend until half past ten," he said grimly. "If he isn't here then, Sergeant, you'd better call up the local station-house and have them send a patrol-wagon for him."

There was another few minutes of silence. Vance lolled in his chair with half-closed eyes, but I noticed that,

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though he still held his cigarette, he was not smoking. His forehead was puckered by a frown and he was very quiet. I knew that some unusual problem was occupying him. His lethargy had in it a quality of intentness and concentration.

As I watched him he suddenly sat up straight, his eyes open and alert. He tossed his dead cigarette into the receiver with a jerky movement that attested to some inner excitation.

"Oh, my word!" he exclaimed. "It really can't be, y' know! And yet"—his face darkened—"and yet, by Jove, that's it! . . . What an ass I've been—what an unutterable ass! . . . Oh!"

He sprang to his feet; then stood looking down at the floor like a man dazed, afraid of his own thoughts.

"Markham, I don't like it—I don't like it at all." He spoke almost as if he were frightened. "I tell you, there's something terrible going on—something uncanny. The thought of it makes my flesh creep. . . . I must be getting old and sentimental," he added, with an effort at lightness; but the look in his eyes belied his tone. "Why didn't I see this thing yesterday? . . . But I let it go on. . . ."

We were all staring at him in amazement. I had never seen him affected in this way before, and the fact that he was habitually so cynical and aloof, so adamant to emotion and impervious to outside influences, gave his words and actions an impelling and impressive quality.

After a moment he shook himself slightly, as if to throw off the pall of horror that had descended upon him, and stepping to Markham's desk, he leaned over, resting on both hands.

"Don't you see?" he asked. "Skeel's not coming. No use to wait—no use of our having come here in the first place. We have to go to him. He's waiting for us. . . . Come! Get your hat."

Markham had risen, and Vance took him firmly by the arm.

"You needn't argue," he persisted. "You'll have to go to him sooner or later. You might as well go now, don't y' know.—My word! What a situation!"

He had led Markham, astonished and but mildly protesting, into the middle of the room, and he now beckoned to Heath with his free hand.

"You, too, Sergeant. Sorry you had all this trouble. My fault. I should have foreseen this thing. A devilish shame; but my mind was on Monets all yesterday afternoon. . . . You know where Skeel lives?"

Heath nodded mechanically. He had fallen under the spell of Vance's strange and dynamic importunities.

"Then don't wait.—And, Sergeant! You'd better bring Burke or Snitkin along. They won't be needed here—nobody'll be needed here any more to-day."

Heath looked inquiringly to Markham for counsel; his bewilderment had thrown him into a state of mute indecision. Markham nodded his approval of Vance's suggestions, and, without a word, slipped into his raincoat. A few minutes later the four of us, accompanied by Snitkin, had entered Vance's car and were lurching up-town. Swacker had been sent home; the office had been locked up; and Burke and Emery had departed for the Homicide Bureau to await further instructions.

Skeel lived in 35th Street, near the East River, in a dingy, but once pretentious, house which formerly had been the residence of some old family of the better class. It now had an air of dilapidation and decay; there was rubbish in the areaway; and a large sign announcing rooms for rent was posted in one of the ground-floor windows.

As we drew up before it Heath sprang to the street and looked sharply about him. Presently he espied an unkempt man slouching in the doorway of a grocery-store diagonally opposite, and beckoned to him. The man shambled over furtively.

"It's all right, Guilfoyle," the Sergeant told him. "We're paying the Dude a social visit.—What's the trouble? Why didn't you report?"

Guilfoyle looked surprised.

"I was told to phone in when he left the house, sir. But he ain't left yet. Mallory tailed him home last night round ten o'clock, and I relieved Mallory at nine this morning. The Dude's still inside."

"Of course he's still inside, Sergeant," said Vance, a bit impatiently.

"Where's his room situated, Guilfoyle?" asked Heath.

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"Second floor, at the back."

"Right. We're going in.—Stand by."

"Look out for him," admonished Guilfoyle. "He's got a gat."

Heath took the lead up the worn steps which led from the pavement to the little vestibule. Without ringing, he roughly grasped the door-knob and shook it. The door was unlocked, and we stepped into the stuffy lower hallway.

A bedraggled woman of about forty, in a disreputable dressing-gown, and with hair hanging in strings over her shoulders, emerged suddenly from a rear door and came toward us unsteadily, her bleary eyes focussed on us with menacing resentment.

"Say!" she burst out, in a rasping voice. "What do youse mean by bustin' in like this on a respectable lady?" And she launched forth upon a stream of profane epithets.

Heath, who was nearest her, placed his large hand over her face, and gave her a gentle but firm shove backward.

"You keep outa this, Cleopatra!" he advised her, and began to ascend the stairs.

The second-floor hallway was dimly lighted by a small flickering gas-jet, and at the rear we could distinguish the outlines of a single door set in the middle of the wall.

"That'll be Mr. Skeel's abode," observed Heath.

He walked up to it and, dropping one hand in his right coat-pocket, turned the knob. But the door was locked. He then knocked violently upon it, and placing his ear to the jamb, listened. Snitkin stood directly behind him, his hand also in his pocket. The rest of us remained a little in the rear.

Heath had knocked a second time when Vance's voice spoke up from the semi-darkness.

"I say, Sergeant, you're wasting time with all that formality."

"I guess you're right," came the answer after a moment of what seemed unbearable silence.

Heath bent down and looked at the lock. Then he took some instrument from his pocket and inserted it into the keyhole.

"You're right," he repeated. "The key's gone."

He stepped back and, balancing on his toes like a sprinter, sent his shoulders crashing against the panel directly over the knob. But the lock held.

"Come on, Snitkin," he ordered.

The two detectives hurled themselves against the door. At the third onslaught there was a splintering of wood and a tearing of the lock's bolt through the moulding. The door swung drunkenly inward.

The room was in almost complete darkness. We all hesitated on the threshhold, while Snitkin crossed warily to one of the windows and sent the shade clattering up. The yellow-gray light filtered in, and the objects of the room at once took definable form. A large, old-fashioned bed projected from the wall on the right.

"Look!" cried Snitkin, pointing; and something in his voice sent a shiver over me.

We pressed forward. On the foot of the bed, at the side toward the door, sprawled the crumpled body of Skeel. Like the Canary, he had been strangled. His head hung back over the foot-board, his face a hideous distortion. His arms were outstretched, and one leg trailed over the edge of the mattress, resting on the floor.

"Thuggee," murmured Vance. "Lindquist mentioned it.—Curious!"

Heath stood staring fixedly at the body, his shoulders hunched. His normal ruddiness of complexion was gone, and he seemed like a man hypnotized.

"Mother o' God!" he breathed, awe-stricken. And, with an involuntary motion, he crossed himself.

Markham was shaken also. He set his jaw rigidly.

"You're right, Vance." His voice was strained and unnatural. "Something sinister and terrible has been going on here. . . . There's a fiend loose in this town—a werewolf."

"I wouldn't say that, old man." Vance regarded the murdered Skeel critically. "No, I wouldn't say that. Not a werewolf. Just a desperate human being. A man of extremes, perhaps—but quite rational, and logical—oh, how deuced logical!"

(To be concluded in August number.)

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THERE is just now a universal eagerness for education that has its pathetic side; and yet this particular thirst is better than the mere love of money or the itch for social prominence. Millions have apparently suddenly discovered that they have a mind with nothing in it. Accordingly we find among the best-sellers "The Outline of History," "The Story of Mankind," "The Outline of Science," "The Outline of Literature," "The Story of Philosophy," and so on. Instead of "Get rich quick" the slogan seems to be "Education without pain." And instead of books on table-manners, deportment, and clothes, we have flaring advertisements "How many of these words can you pronounce correctly?" giving a list and the price of a book where such precious information is to be found. Ignorance has suddenly—quite suddenly—become more shameful than poverty or boorishness. Advertisements contain pictures of a disappointed female rebuking a penitent male, "You didn't say a word the entire evening." One book will turn this numskull into a brilliant conversationist. Buy it! Or you see a picture of a man with a countenance positively glowing with learning. "Here comes John Anderson! He will know!" It appears that John, at a trifling expense, has bought the right book. The prodigious success of "Ask Me Another," and the sincere flattery shown by the immense number of imitations following in its wake, indicate the speed and the direction of the current. Furthermore, the increasing variety of schemes by which those who know will pick the right reading for those who don't, is corroborative testimony. Perhaps this is all to the good; and yet there will arise a disquieting thought—Is this flurry a zest for learning, or a desire not to be found out?

Agatha Christie, who wrote that admirable crime-novel, "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd," is also the author of another ripping yarn, "The Mysterious Affair at Styles." This is apparently a new edition of a previous book. I recommend it to all lovers of detective stories. Victor L. Whitechurch, an English novelist of wit, wisdom, and humor, has invaded the ranks of the crime-writers with an exceedingly good novel called "The Crime at Diana's Pool," where the amateur detective is a clergyman who does not in the least resemble Elmer Gantry. But, of course, he is not an American.

Freeman Tilden, an American novelist with several excellent books to his credit, has written an original and entertaining novel, "Wild Money," which may help to bring aid and comfort to those of moderate means by showing the sinister possibilities of sudden wealth. However this may be, it is a good story with living characters; and while I am not so foolish as to pretend I don't like money, Mr. Tilden's book supports the unassailable thesis that money earned is sweeter than money otherwise obtained.

Speaking of detective stories, one of the most ingenious and interesting of the new ones is "The Benson Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine, the author of another mystery tale now running in this magazine. Judging from these two, I believe this young writer is going to give many thousands of readers a great deal of entertainment. His amateur detective, Philo Vance, is a character worth knowing. "The Benson Murder Case" begins rather slowly, but after it once gets started, it takes a clutch on the reader's mind.

The admirable Mr. Oppenheim has produced one of his best in "The Interloper." It is as improbable as blue scarlet; but it is a reliable anæsthetic.

A book that deserves an enormous circulation is "Lord Byron in His Letters," edited by V. H. Collins. Mr. Collins has selected from the mass of Byron's corre-

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spondence the most interesting, characteristic, and self-revelatory letters and has thus made one volume without a dull or unimportant page. The contrast between Byron's romantic poetry and the frankness of his epistles is astonishing.

In *The Outlook* for April 20, the contributing editor, Lawrence F. Abbott, prints a letter received from John Granger, in which attention is called to the fact that although this column in SCRIBNER'S alluded to the centenary of Beethoven, no mention was made of the two hundredth anniversary of the death of Sir Isaac Newton. Mr. Abbott is a wise and candid man; and in his reply to his correspondent, he justly observes that the probable reason for my silence was because I have "a livelier interest in æsthetics than in differential calculus." I have a prodigious respect for Newton, the respect I have for the constellation of Orion—which is not nearly so far from the earth as Newton's mind is far from mine. But I hate the study of mathematics, for I well remember the tortures I suffered. It poisoned my youth.

Why don't the mathematicians celebrate the anniversary of one of their mightiest?

When Thackeray was an undergraduate at Cambridge, his rooms were close to those occupied long before his day by the great Newton. Thackeray jokingly remarked to his mother that pilgrims would come to see where Newton and Thackeray lodged. When I stood in that corner of Cambridge it was Thackeray and not Newton whose ghost gave me the thrill, and so it is with nine out of ten visitors. For Newton merely discovered what had already existed; but Thackeray *created* men and women who at the nib of his pen were born into life everlasting.

I predict that the poem "Tristram" will give Edwin Arlington Robinson a high and lasting place in American literature.

Deems Taylor, the composer of the American opera "The King's Henchman," calls attention to a huge obstacle in the path of every attempt in this direction. If an American writes a play and succeeds in getting it mounted, he competes with his living peers, that is, his production is judged in comparison not with Shakespeare, Goethe, and Rostand, but with other new plays of the season. But if a man writes a grand opera, there is only one stage where it can be played —that of the Metropolitan Opera House; and instead of competing with the works of living men, it must compete and be judged with the works of Wagner, Verdi, and other immortals. There is at present no way out of this difficulty. But while it makes failure almost inevitable, it gives to success a peculiar sweetness. And "The King's Henchman" is a success. I felt the truth of Mr. Taylor's remark, for I heard "The King's Henchman" on a Saturday afternoon. On the Wednesday I had heard "Meistersinger," and on that very Saturday night I heard Browning's "In a Balcony." The glorious music of Wagner and the glorious poetry of Browning made the music of Taylor and the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay sound inferior. And yet both, while not great works, were good enough to please and to charm. A success under the most difficult of tests.

Everything that Anne Sedgwick writes is worth reading. Her style has distinction, her characters are sharply delineated, her colors are mixed with brains. But "The Old Countess" is not one of her best novels; it is not so good as "The Little French Girl," or "The Encounter," or "A Fountain Sealed," or "Adrienne Toner." It is not in fact a particularly good fable; and the summary solution is quite unconvincing. But I find nothing either objectionable or improbable in the old lady's falling in love with a young man. That is exactly what she would have done. It is of course absurd, ridiculous, pathetic, what you will; but things that are absurd and pathetic are often true. In Browning's "In a Balcony" a woman of fifty fell in love with a young man; and if Constance and Norbert had known a little more about life, they would have known not only that the queen might possibly fall in love with Norbert, but that it was under the circumstances a certainty. Many old ladies fall in love with young men, only they are wise enough not to give themselves away. "For every age love has its tortures,"

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said the wise Turgenev. The churchyards are full of buried secrets.

Mrs. H. W. Morrow has written an original and excellent story about Abraham Lincoln, called "Forever Free." She has avoided his early life, and the tragic circumstances of his death, but has given us a good picture of his days in the White House.

Those who love satirical humor embellished with funny cartoons will enjoy Fairfax Downey's little book, "Young Enough to Know Better," in which he amuses himself and us with joking commentaries on the clothes, speech, and manners of the younger generation. A good book for chaperons, if the chaperon had not shared the fate of the dodo.

From a professor of romance languages in an Eastern university, I received the following comment on religion:

I believe you to be dead right in your caustic criticism of our "intellectuals" who prattle so glibly about the goodness of God (on almost no evidence) and shy at the very good evidence, say for the Resurrection of Jesus. I do not say this in the interest of orthodoxy, for I have drifted away from almost every belief I ever held, orthodox or "modern" (save the mark!); I say it in the interest of truth and fairness. Here in New England the falseness of orthodoxy is taken for granted almost without investigation (for instance by some Unitarians,—who are among the most reactionary of men in the political and social sphere), whereas the liberal beliefs are apparently taken on faith. To me there is nothing much more "supernatural" than the idea that a man's essential being continues after all that we see of him rots; compared with that, the evidence for the Resurrection is overwhelming.

But you should not forget that the Liberals, after playing a while with what they call liberal religion and helping to create a fashion against evangelical Christianity, begin to slip on their own "eternal verities." Witness the "Humanism" of Slaten and others, the amazing "Christianity" of "Bishop" Brown, or "The Modernist's Search for God" in a recent *Atlantic*.

Do birds suffer from nervous prostration? George H. Tripp, the librarian of New Bedford, tells me the following interesting story:

I thought you might be interested in the rather remarkable example of bird intelligence which came to my notice a few years ago. The bird, of course, has rather small cranial development, and is not generally credited with much intelligence. The fact I relate may be considered as some proof to the contrary. A wood-pecker occupied unmolested for some time a house—one of the manufactured houses designed to promote good feelings between men and birds. During the absence of the wood-pecker, a baby owl stole in and accepted the hospitality of the bird-house. When the wood-pecker returned he couldn't dislodge the owl. When the owl went in search of prey, the wood-pecker took up his old quarters, but only temporarily, for whenever he disappeared, the owl came to the front, and in time, by reason of stored provender, or lacking hunger, he occupied the house to the entire exclusion of the wood-pecker. Finally in desperation, the wood-pecker from the roof of the bird-house made such an incessant tapping that the nerves of the owl gave way, and he left the house to the undisputed possession of the other bird. The tap, tap, tapping persistently carried on for hours at a time drove the owl in desperation from his stolen quarters.

Mr. James R. Brown, of New Haven, has in his household an unusual pet—a blue jay. Two years ago the baby jay fell out of its nest into the yard. It was carried into the house, fed and cared for, and has never shown the slightest tendency to leave the family. It has the run of the house and garden. Many blue jays, who from the tree-tops espy this tame one in the yard, scream a greeting, but the tame jay, although its wings are in perfect condition, will not join them. For breakfast this blue jay eats sausages and toast, and loves coffee. It has a box of its own in the kitchen, where it sleeps at night, and has only one bad habit, that of screaming at five in the morning. It seems attached to every member of the family, and resents being left alone.

That the Greek classics can be taught in such a way as to stimulate the imagination of boys is proved by an anecdote sent to me by Frank A. Manny, of Boxford, Mass. The boy he speaks of must have been as delightful as the boy in Hutchinson's novel "The Happy Warrior," who is the most charming boy I have met in fiction:

In connection with the Buffalo Bill tales did you ever hear of the experience of a

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friend of ours who took a ten year old French boy to see the Wild West Show in Paris? When the assault is made on a camp and a lassooed man is dragged around by a dashing horseman the boy was seen to be weeping. Our friend tried to comfort him by telling him that the apparent victim was not a real man but the boy between sobs replied "It is not for him I weep but for the fate of fallen Hector!" His imagination was stirred as was that of a German boy I met years ago in Eisenach. We were very significant to him when he realized that we were Americans. He told proudly of his knowledge of our country gained from reading Buffalo Bill and Nick Carter and inquired anxiously "Mein Herr, ist es ganz wahr von Nick Carter?"

I feel certain that among my readers there must be many who, although they have never written a book, or painted a picture, or composed a piece of music, are experts in the greatest of arts—the art of living. Goethe said it was better To Be than To Do. There are men and women of such richness and charm of mind and character that they not only enjoy life intensely, but contribute daily to the happiness and inspiration of others.

Professor H. Z. Kip of the Department of German of Connecticut College, New London, informs me that in that institution there is a course in the *art of living*. "This course has expanded far beyond its original intent and now includes such contributions as the representatives of almost any and all the departments are ready to offer." Professor Kip gives two historical illustrations of women who achieved success in this art and may therefore serve as examples:

In a letter addressed to Frau von Stein, dated March 11, 1781, Goethe describes a certain Countess v. Werthern-Neunheiligen, whose guest he then was, as a genius in the art of living,—"Was in jeder Kunst das Genie ist, hat sie in der Kunst des Lebens." Goethe's description of this lady is, in part, as follows:

"Dieses kleine Wesen hat mich erleuchtet. Diese hat Welt, oder vielmehr sie hat die Welt, sie weiss die Welt zu behandeln. Sie ist wie Quecksilber, das sich in einem Augenblick tausendfach teilt und wieder in eine Kugel zusammenläuft. Sicher ihres Wertes, ihres Ranges handelt sie zugleich mit einer Delikatesse und Aisance, die man sehen muss, um zu denken. . . . Es kleidet sie alles, was sie sich von jedem zueignet, und was sie jedem gibt, tut ihm wohl. &c."

In Wilhelm v. Kügelgen's "Jugenderinnerungen eines alten Mannes" we also find a description of a lady,—a certain Countess v. Dohna—who so impressed the author, at that time a mere boy, that he felt impelled many years later to pay tribute to the beauty of her character and the charm of her personality in spite of the fact that her connection with the main course of his narrative is slight.

Connecticut College is a college for women, but I think not only women, but men, might profit by such a course. It seems to me the art of life is as deserving of a place in the curriculum as is any one of the utilitarian subjects so popular nowadays.

It is not often that Yale University is mentioned in a Parisian play; but the endowment drive for the benefit of the library and of the teaching force may be responsible for this bit of conversation which I ran into yesterday in reading "Jazz," a new play by Marcel Pagnol. A certain professor of Greek has discovered what he believes to be a valuable manuscript:

Barricant. "Et ce parchemin, tu l'as gardé?"
Blaise. "Je l'ai offert à la Bibliothèque nationale."
Barricant. "Tu n'as donc pas pu le vendre?"
Blaise. "Si j'avais voulu, l'Université de Yale m'en offrait trente mille dollars."

President Angell, of Yale, made a flying trip to England, and on March 29 wrote me from London giving the following interesting information on Metropolitan cats:

I got today a clue to your dissenting proclivities. In the established church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields it is publicly ordained that *the feeding of cats in the church yard is prohibited*. As dogs are admitted "if on a lead," this argues frank partisanship which no lover of cats can take lightly. To be sure, nothing is said about canine food, but no one, not even an Englishman, would take a *dog* to church to feed it. Indeed, I feel a certain disturbing curiosity as to why the cat should have been so objectionably fed in the church yard as to require an ecclesiastical Volstead prohibitive act to rectify the evil.

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Selden W. Tyler, of Boston, sends me the following newspaper clipping on dog gratitude:

Horace Hutchinson of East Braintree, testifies that gratitude is another admirable quality of a good dog. He saw a puppy struggling in the ice in the river and a moment later the mother dog plunged in and swam frantically to the little dog. Hutchinson got a ladder and succeeded in rescuing both animals. On reaching shore the mother dog jumped upon him, placed both paws on his shoulders and kissed him again and again. Then puppy and mother trotted out of sight.

NOMINATIONS FOR THE IGNOBLE PRIZE

T. R. Elcock, of Princeton, N. J.: "First—The uncertain straddler who answers 'yes . . . and no.' Second—'All the While' used by the type dressed in brown of a light shade, brown necktie, brown humpy-toed shoes, brown hair, wears a conspicuous muffler which he wears hanging around his shoulders after removing his overcoat, whistles in the Pullman wash room, possibly gets on the train at Lima, Ohio, or Waterloo, Iowa."

H. E. Gregory, of the New York Bar:

"The train pulled out of the station," is a sentence that annoys me every time I see it, and I write to ask you whether, in your opinion, there is any authority for it, or justification of it? Is not the verb "to pull" transitive? Why then should it be used intransitively? The train moved out, passed out, rolled out, glided out,—each of these expressions is unobjectionable. Hasn't "outstanding" had its day? "Conservative estimate," should be retired. "Make your reservations," as applied to Pullman car seats and berths, theatre seats, hotel rooms, etc., should cease to offend. "Establish a record," "a record-breaking-crowd," "all records broken"—when shall we see these no more in public print?

Colonel Howard R. Perry, U. S. A., justly accuses me and nominates the word "gender" for "sex" which I used in a previous issue of SCRIBNER'S. *Mea Culpa!*

Mrs. W. S. Case, of the Hartford *Courant*, writes:

. . . Also, I will *not* accept a perversion of meaning in an established word. I have specially in mind the use of the word "dumb" which has swept the land, and apparently almost obliterated the realisation of its real meaning. When I asked a young Smith College student why, when the words, dull, dense, stupid, were ready to hand, she used "dumb" in place of them —she answered that the word derived from "dumb bell." But why call a stupid person a dumb bell? As passing, nonsensical slang it is all very well, but why adopt it for general accepted use? As it is now, I honestly believe that the average person, young or old, hearing for the first time of the play, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," would take it as a matter of course that "dumb" connoted stupid; and the same of the line in Tennyson's "Elaine," about "the dead, oar'd by the dumb,"—would be misapprehended in the same way. I have never used this word in this way, and I never will, but I am amazed by the people who do do it; not at all the people you would suspect of it.

Also I would like to nominate for the Ignoble Prize the continual use, in serious studies and books, of the phrase "Uncle Sam;" I think it tiresome, and that it conveys a sense of a lack of dignity. So far as I know we are the only people using such a term in such a way. You don't find political writers in England referring to "John Bull" when they mean the Government, but "Uncle Sam" crops up in all sorts of American essays, where in my opinion, he is utterly out of place.

Mary Phelps, of New York: "'All told' found more than once in Hellman's 'Washington Irving, Esq.'"

Robert Hammond Murray, of Mexico:

Dr. Hart almost took the words off my typewriter in his objection to the intemperate use of the word "rush" by the newspapers, in his nomination for the Ignoble Prize in the April SCRIBNER'S. Rather surprisingly, perhaps, the New York *Times* is especially a flagrant and frequent offender, in the way in which its reporters, aided and abetted by copyreaders, *rush* folks to hospitals, trains, homes and on journeys. Also they are forever having victims of accident, assaults, etc. wounded "about" the head. These lapses are, perhaps, trivial, but what did cause me almost to break down and burst into sobs was the reference contained in *The Times'* report of the Ford-Sapiro libel suit, on March 22 last, to the firm of "*Gammon, Quirk and Snap*" in the novel "Ten Thousand Years Ago"! As an old newspaper veteran I cannot for the life of me understand how this howler ever slipped past the theoretically intelligent reporter,

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to say nothing of such copyreaders, proofreaders, editors and bug-catchers under whose eyes it must have rested before it splashed triumphantly into print.

H. H. Buckwalter, of Denver:

I nominate for the Ignoble Prize the writer who persistently, freely and foolishly uses the word "hurtle" when telling about a motorcar rolling off the road.

But is he as bad as O. O. McIntyre and others who call a handorgan or barrel-organ a "Hurdy Gurdy"? Will not some impecunious philanthropist contribute a worn out dictionary, illustrated preferred, to these fellows so their neglected musical education may be stimulated to the extent of learning what a hurdy gurdy really is? And my prediction is that after one minute of listening to it they will never again violate the use of the name. For the hurdy gurdy is fiercely and wonderfully constructed and its "music"—well, McIntyre's name suggests Irish bagpipes.

Dan L. Beebe, of the *News-Herald*, Modesto, Calif.:

"He was unhurt in an accident," which ought to be "He was unhurt following an accident."

Mr. Beebe adds: "Yet I find myself unable to explain why I like the latter and dislike the former expression. Can you tell me?"

Margaret Coffin, of the University of Maryland:

The expression "I don't think." The user then expounds an idea with which he does not agree.

Robert Hyde MacMurphey, of New York:

While recommending small reforms beneficial to humanity in general, and the weary traveler in particular, why not a word of admonishment for the hotel cigar-counter girl who sells you stamps and pushes them toward you with the mucilage side *down* on the dirty counter? To me this is as disgusting as it is unsanitary.

Mary L. Wheeler, of Wellesley:

Professor Scott, in his letter quoted in the April number of SCRIBNER'S, gives me courage to ask just what the attitude of the Ignoble Prize Nominators is. To a casual observer like myself it would seem that few words will be left for us to use if all those nominated for the prize are to be omitted from our vocabulary. Perhaps, though, there is to be some day an election to determine the ignoblest of the ignoble words.

Personally I don't understand being asked to avoid a word or expression I like because it is at times misused or abused. For example I am genuinely fond of "meticulous." I trust I do not over-use it. But there is something about the click of the accented syllable that sounds jolly to my ears. It sounds upstanding (yes, *upstanding!* Straight and vertical, with its head in the air), and definite without being prim.

John Protheroe, of Rustburg, Va.:

May I nominate for the ignoblest prize those who boast of wanting to sell their country? Time was when they were accounted the lowest of all men; now with brazen insolence they proclaim it on the house tops. These same people tell you that they are selling the grand old Party every minute of the day, like the low-down old party who so much annoyed the poet, Browning. They are ready to sell the dear old burg and, one suspects, the dear old mother, too. There is no limit to their baseness except the demand for any of the above products. I have heard angry denunciations of those who have given away the whole show. How far, far worse to sell it!

John Stewart Erskine, of London, England, writes:

I should like to add, if such intrusion is permissible, a note to the discussion of the Cockney substitution of "w" for "v," which appeared in your April number. This misuse is certainly extinct in modern London, but in the Bay Islands off the coast of Honduras the pronunciation "wery wigorous wegetables" is by no means unusual. These islands were settled by British colonists from the Cayman after the abolition of slavery there in 1839, were a British colony until 1857, and then were ceded to Honduras. Since this time they have had little communication with England and scarcely more with the States, and their dialect of English probably has changed little, save in approximation to the negro, from the Dickensian English as it really was. The use of "v" for "w," however, I have met nowhere, "w"'s in West Indian dialects being usually elided.

One day in Detroit, accompanied by my Irish setter, I entered a cheap and dirty restaurant not far from the railway-station, with the intention of buying meat

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for the dog, which should stay his canine stomach against the night journey in the baggage-car to New York. An untidy girl asked me what I required and I said I should like a half-dozen of ham sandwiches. As she was wrapping them up, I was idiotic enough to say (without meaning anything insulting) "I am going to give them to my dog." The girl's eyes blazed; she put the sandwiches back under the dome of glass, and said in a withering tone, "We don't furnish meals to dogs." In vain I entreated her; I apologized humbly; I informed her that I should love to eat the sandwiches myself, but the dog's necessity was greater than mine, as I had a dining-car at my disposal; I offered to pay her three times the regular price for each sandwich. All in vain—she ordered me and my dog to leave the shop at once. I admired and still admire that girl, for really, wasn't she fine? She had a soul above commercialism. She took a pride in that horrible restaurant, a fierce pride that made her deaf to flattery and blind to bribery. I felt as if I had unwittingly insulted a queen.

I wish to pay homage to the Portland (Oregon) *Morning Oregonian*, which in its issue for February 18 had a long editorial on the remarks on fishing which I had printed in this corner of culture. The editorial is too long to quote in full, and too good to condense, but if ever a man was rewarded by wit and wisdom, I felt that I was and am on reading this brilliant article. It rebuked me for my anti-fishing propensities, and rebuked me in a way that would have done credit to Izaak himself.

It has been a lifelong regret to me that I was not born on New Year's Day; I should have been had not my father been a clergyman. In 1865 the 1st of January came on Sunday, which in our house was strictly observed. Nothing secular was allowed to happen. Accordingly I arrived before dawn on Monday, January 2. It is really too bad.

Here is an absolute proof that I have grown old. Although I love victory and hate to be beaten in golf, I had rather lose in the sunshine than win in the rain.

Eugene O'Neill, in his original play "The Great God Brown," built a powerful drama on the idea that we all wear masks. The first time I realized the difference between a mask and reality was when I was six years old. I was walking up Chapel Street, New Haven, and as I neared the corner of College Street, I saw a very old man, bent over with infirmities, wearing a copious white beard. He kept stopping pedestrians, and asked in a broken, pathetic whine: "Won't you give a poor old man a penny?" I looked at him with profound pity. Suddenly he came over to me, and whispered: "Don't you worry about me. I've got loads of money." He whipped out of his pocket a canvas bag, containing a pint of solid cash. Then he raised his beard, and behold, he was a smooth-shaven young man. He laughed gaily. On the instant he turned from me, stopped a stranger, and asked his begging question with extreme pathos. Now why do you suppose he made that revelation to a little boy? Did some impulse force him to do it? Was the expression on my face so sincere that he could not bear to deceive a child, or was it that he could not bear to see me suffer in sympathy for one who was really so abundantly able to take care of himself? I did not give him away.

Some thirty years later, I stood in line at a railway ticket-office, and marvelled at the courtesy and deference shown by the ticket-seller to the silly and flustered women. Their questions, it seemed to me, would have ruffled the patience of Job. "How much did you say it was? Are you sure the train stops there? Is there no train before the next one?" To all of these superfluous questions the ticket-agent replied with sweet and smiling courtesy, showing not the slightest irritation. When I finally reached him, I quietly complimented him on his steady politeness. He said: "J—— C——! J—— C——!! One of these days I'll kill the whole G—— D——d bunch of G—— D——d fools!" I must have touched a nerve and released a pent-up spring in this apparently patient man.

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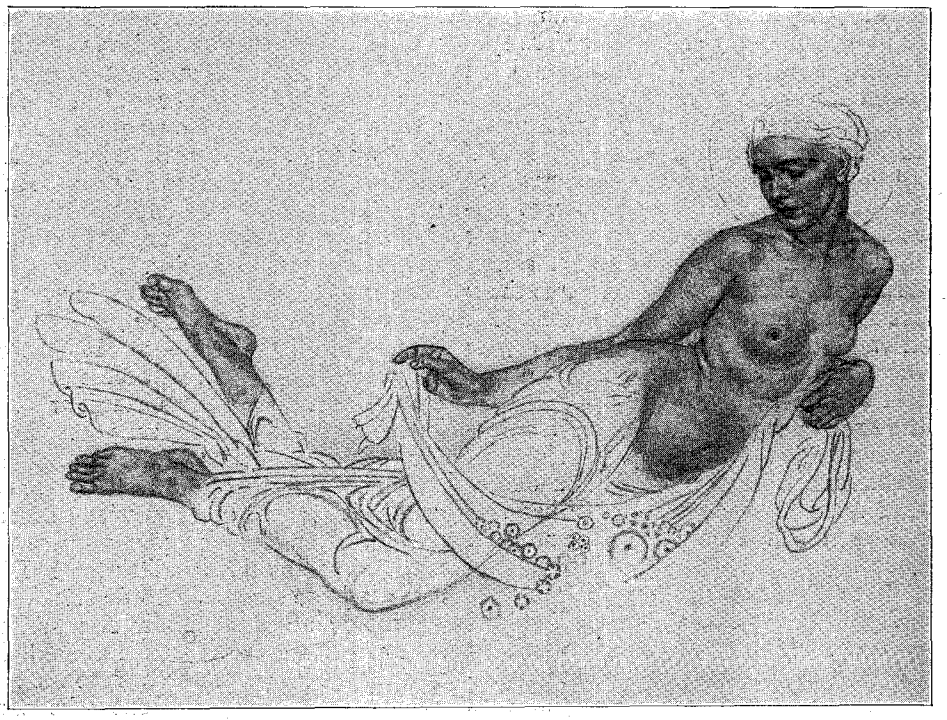
THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



Study.

From the drawing by Eugene Savage.

IT is permissible, I hope, for the critic to rejoice in the turn of fate that aggrandizes the artist in whose gifts he has profound faith. On the present occasion I have to rejoice in just that, in the good fortune of a young painter who long ago convinced me that he deserved it. Writing in these pages early in 1924 about the work of Eugene Savage, I ventured to make these observations:

> We have never had a more instinctively decorative painter, and if I owned that fearful wild fowl, a king's ransom, I would promptly use it to obtain from Mr. Savage the embellishment of some such vast spaces as were handed over to the early masters in Florence, Siena, and Assisi. He would, among other things, make them glow. What he had to say would be recondite and possibly obscure, but it would convey its message even to beholders not much given to abstruse reflection. If they felt nothing else, they would feel the beauty implicit in this artist's conceptions and in his fine workmanship.

Through some mischance the king's ransom has never fallen into my hands, but it has materialized just the same, and Mr. Savage has been vouchsafed the opportunity I craved for him. It has come to him in the great central hall of the Elks National Memorial at Chicago, and even as I write, his paintings for that building are on the verge of installation. I first saw some of them in the exhibition of the Architectural League last winter, and from my impressions then and from subsequent study of the subject I know that my judgment of three years ago has been

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confirmed. Before developing this conclusion in detail I must say something about the building which it has been Savage's privilege to adorn.

♣ ♣ ♣

MORE than seventy thousand members of the Order of Elks served in the Great War and more than a thousand of them died in service. Seeking to commemorate the patriotism embodied in these facts, the Elks decided to erect a building which should be both memorial and national headquarters. They found a beautiful site in Chicago at a point sharing in the distinction of Lincoln Park and Lake Michigan, a site free from the danger of overshadowing by tall structures in the future. Forthwith they invited various architects to participate in a competition, and this was won by Mr. Egerton Swartwout, of New York City. He too enjoyed a splendid opportunity and proceeded to take advantage of it. He designed an austere, low-lying mass for the administrative offices, with a majestic circular memorial hall rising in the centre. This hall is a kind of Pantheon, a truly monumental edifice, on the style of which I may cite the architect's own words:

> I might say it was classic, and more Roman than Greek; I would prefer to say it was modern, and that it was American. It is certainly modern in its conception, and while it is classic, it is not archæological. It follows along the lines of that adaptation of the classic which got such a noble start in this country just after the Revolution—the style used in the Capitol and other buildings in Washington. It is our national heritage.

I like that last saying. People too often think of the classic idiom in American architecture as purely a borrowed veneer, forgetting the long processes through which it has entered the blood of Amer-

Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

From the painting by Eugene Savage.

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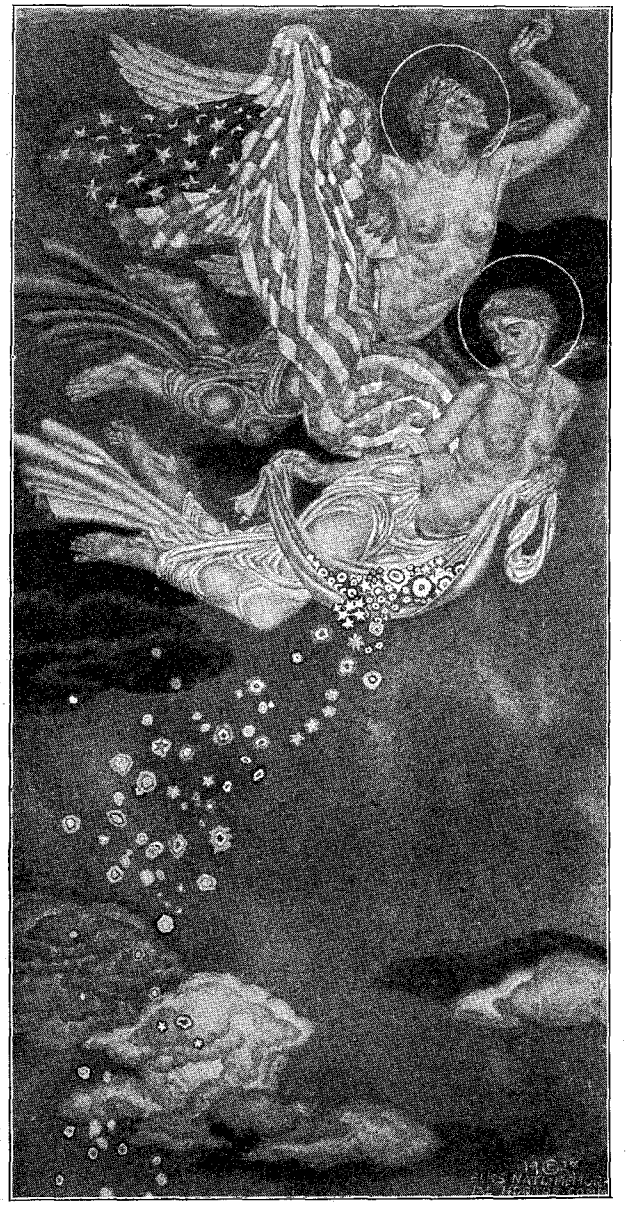
ican art. But this is not a disquisition on the building, admirable though the theme may be that it provides, and I further touch upon it only to stress the magnificence of the vast pillared hall, with its gorgeous marbles and its rich coffered ceiling, and the scope which Mr. Swartwout gave here and elsewhere to the decorator.



Symbol-Bearers: Charity.
From the painting by Eugene Savage.

The embellishment of the scheme begins as we approach it. Two pedestals flank the path that leads up to the entrance to the Memorial Hall. For these Mrs. Laura Gardin Fraser has modelled two reclining elk in bronze. Around the exterior of the hall, just below the stately colonnade which supports the dome, runs a frieze by A. A. Weinman, his composition being divided into two parts. One of these is dedicated to The Terror of War and the other to The Glory of Peace. For the west lobby leading from the Memorial Hall to the Grand Reception Room Mr. E. H. Blashfield has painted three large decorations. One panel symbolizes Charity, another Peace and Harmony, and the third Justice and Fidelity. For four niches in the great hall Mr. James Earle Fraser has been made responsible, filling them with statues of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love, and Fidelity. The decoration of the Grand Reception Room has been given to Mr. Savage, but I say nothing of it, for it is only in the preliminary stages, and my purpose here is to deal with work that he has done. Again I must delay contact with it in order rapidly to traverse the experience that has led up to it.

♣ ♣ ♣

EUGENE SAVAGE was born at Covington, Ind., in 1883. He came from old pioneer stock. His father was a banker, his mother a woman who occupied her leisure

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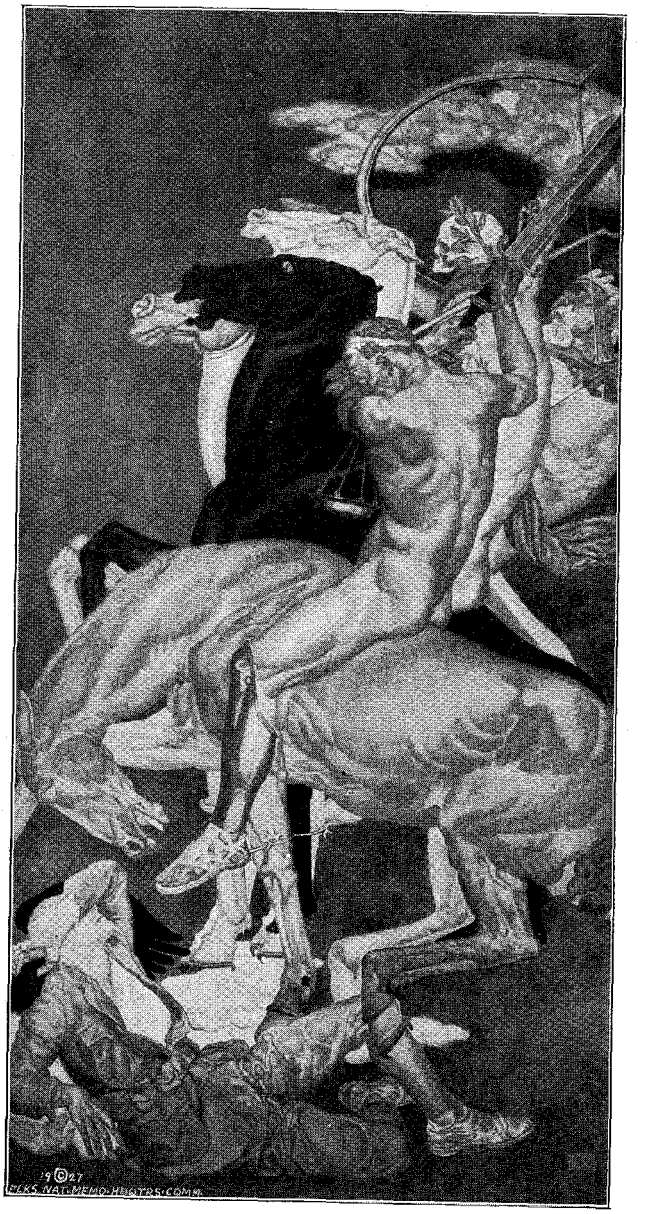
hours with drawing and music, especially music. She governed the singing in the local church and reared her children on the choral masterpieces of Palestrina, Bach, and Beethoven. Musing on the things that have aided him, Savage alludes to "Gregorian restraint." There is nothing "precious" about this phrase as he uses it. I can feel in his work the play of that ancient simplicity. The elder Savage died when his son was only three. Mrs. Savage, making decisions for her family, was not satisfied with the resources of a small town and so moved to Washington. There her son went to Gonzaga College and studied at the Corcoran School at night. By the time he was seventeen he was established in Chicago, making commercial drawings and attending night classes at the Art Institute. He studied also at the Academy there. It was as a student in Chicago in 1912, when he was twenty-nine, that he won a fellowship in the American Academy at Rome, and there his destiny was fixed. His years in Rome gave him, as he frankly puts it, everything on which he stands, though it was during his Roman period that he went off to Munich and spent a couple of months there studying painting from life. Back in America in 1916, he taught at Cooper Union for a time, and then for two years pursued the same course at Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh. He has been steadily teaching. He has had charge of the painting classes at Yale since 1924. But this is made possible by regular visits. For the last seven years he has had his studio in New York, and has produced most of those pictures which have made him known in the exhibitions and have won him numer-



Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
From the painting by Eugene Savage.

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ous prizes. The foregoing are, roughly, his annals. They account for everything save the inborn gift which has made him one of the auspicious figures in American art.

Symbol-Bearers: Justice.
From the painting by Eugene Savage.

SAVAGE was exactly the man to profit by McKim's great Roman idea. That idea, as I have stated in this place before, was not to make American artists crass disciples of the old Italian masters. It was to take a young American of proved ability and subject him to the ennobling pressure of classical and Renaissance influences, to fertilize his imagination, to enkindle his sense of beauty. All this happened to Savage. He saturated himself in Giotto, his old musical upbringing making the Primitives especially sympathetic to him; but he carried his adventures even further, and Raphael's Jurisprudence was among the heroic designs he copied. Still, the Primitives made perhaps the deepest impression upon him, and "I returned to America," he says, "as near as possible a fourteenth-century painter." The only dislocation of his drift occurred for a time when the linear magic of Chinese painting attracted him as almost more powerful than that of the Italian tradition. This matter of line has a special status in Savage's development. It was the first quality in him that drew me to his work. It then seemed to me innate. It was emphatically so. In his youth he used to make drawings of the etchings of Rembrandt through sheer love of line. But, curiously, it took some time for him fully to grasp the linear principle. He handled it rather confusedly when he was first at Rome until two painter-comrades there, George Davidson and the late Harry Stickroth,

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handed on to him the inspiration they had got from Kenyon Cox and George De Forest Brush in New York. Through their philosophy he learned to appreciate the basic value of line, the true significance of color, and the logic underlying the just organization of a picture. With his eyes opened wider he absorbed himself in the Primitives with understanding enlarged. They had, by the way, a deep effect upon his manner of painting. He was at first inclined to that mode of brushwork and surface treatment which spells manual virtuosity, but the Primitives changed his gait, and his work has long been more in their key, very suave, and founded greatly on linear character.

Study.
From the drawing by Eugene Savage.

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WHAT was his problem at Chicago? As regards substance, a certain point of departure was supplied by the inscription running around the Memorial Hall: "Inculcating the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love, and Fidelity—Promoting the Welfare and Enhancing the Happiness of Mankind—Quickening the Spirit of American Patriotism." Seeking some scheme of symbolism that would be in harmony with the ideas thus announced, Savage decided to take his motives from the Beatitudes, illustrating specifically their fulfilments. Thus, when he comes to "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled," his tendency is to emphasize fruition rather than the effort it rewards. Turning to the illustration, the reader may feel that the design it shows does not any too explicitly redeem the promise made in these words. The kneeling figures and their upright companion are not precisely luminous exemplars of those that "hunger and thirst after righteousness." Their earthy antitheses, the nudes and the serpent below, are the more obviously comprehensible. All through the series of twelve panels, in which either Beatitudes or "Symbol-Bearers," typifying Charity, Justice, and so on, are dealt with, Mr. Savage's ideas are disposed to be, as I noted at the outset, recondite and obscure. It would take a very subtle and altogether too voluminous analysis for me to make the sequence plain—and it would not be altogether plain then. Here I am inclined to deprecate the artist's habit of mind. It is too cloudy, too vague, too dependent on movements of imagination which he himself doubtless understands but which the spectator must often find it difficult, if not impossible, to interpret. This is especially unfortunate in the decorations of a hall destined to receive throngs of people having small traffic with symbolism. I

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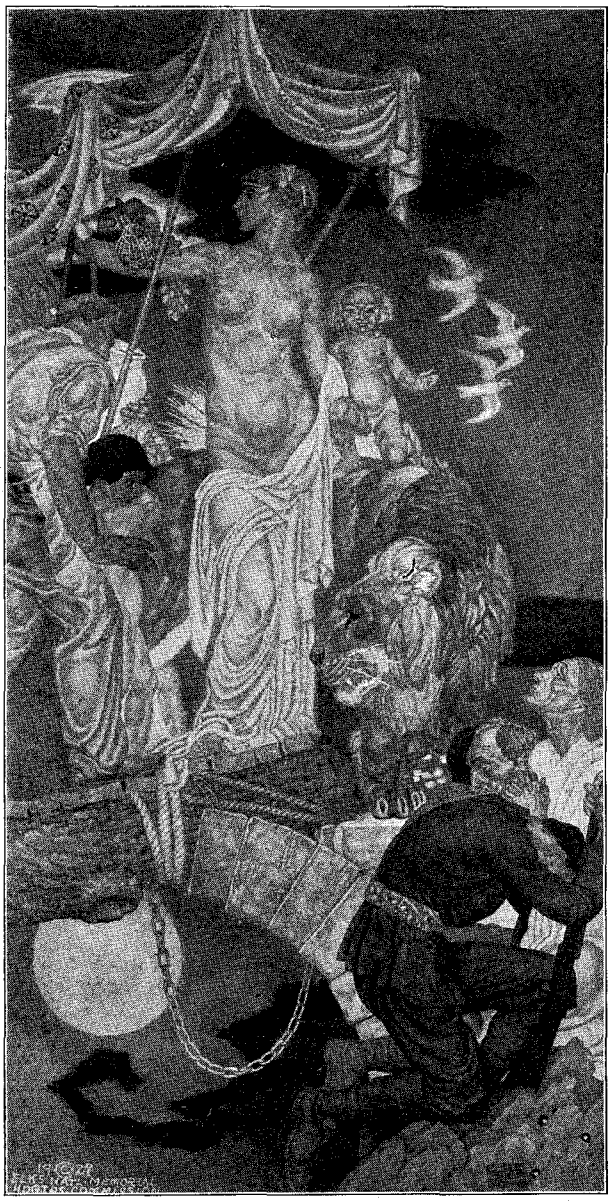
wish that more of the panels were as luminous as the one dedicated to "Blessed



Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.
From the painting by Eugene Savage.

are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." There the symbolism, from the mended bridge to the doves, is to be apprehended at a glance. But I am not greatly concerned about Mr. Savage's obscurities. The main point is that he does indeed kindle the imagination, if he does not instantly satisfy the mind, and, above all, that he makes the initiatory appeal of beauty. It is in this last respect that he most impressively solves his problem.

Consider that problem from a strictly decorative point of view. The great hall is 210 feet in circumference. It is nearly 70 feet in diameter, and the dome is almost 100 feet high. Marble walls rise above a marble floor, and 27 feet from the latter rises a great colonnade of variegated marble pillars. Grilled windows alternate behind these pillars with the wall spaces that were left for the painter to cover. These spaces are 15 feet high and 8 feet wide. The dimensions are generous, but their generosity for the painter is lessened a little by their recession between the sumptuous pillars. Seen from 27 feet below, his figures had to have great plastic simplicity. This is where I think Savage was guided by nothing less than inspiration. Painting in the flat, he had nevertheless to see his situation, as it were, in the round, to give his figures relief and to give to each panel a unity which would at the same time link itself with the whole. In other words, he had to collaborate with his surroundings, so to adjust his painted compositions to that pillared march that it would

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add a kind of sculptural weight and density to the grandiose architectural harmony. Form was required to affirm itself with the utmost force in order to meet the challenge of the pillars. Hence the antique largeness of the figures, the bold simplicity of their contours, the swelling energy in the muscular planes and in the draperies. They hold their own in a grand ensemble because they are centrally conceived in the grand style. They are painted against a background that might be called either russet or orange. Tones of green and gray prevail, with some very lovely blues. In all the mutations of his scale the artist has striven to adhere to a decidedly cool key. His work, too, is rich and powerful, like the vast marble hall itself, but he has nowhere allowed it to get out of hand or to be at all "spotty." It is not for nothing that he has sat at the feet of the Primitives. They taught him, for one thing, the priceless virtue of restraint.

Symbol-Bearers: Fidelity.
From the painting by Eugene Savage.

He has something of their simple naïveté. The obscurity to which I have referred suggests artless quite as much as involved thought. And, like the Primitives again, he has a notable fineness of fibre, a notable elevation. I know of nothing more persuasive about these decorations than just the lofty spirit animating them. There is in them not a trace of the dry conventionality, the meaningless intrusion of trite accessories, which have so often disfigured American mural decoration. The artist's thought may not immediately communicate itself, but at least you know at once that he has had thoughts and emotions, and that he has kept them on a high level. He has kept on that level also the craftsmanship which is one of the

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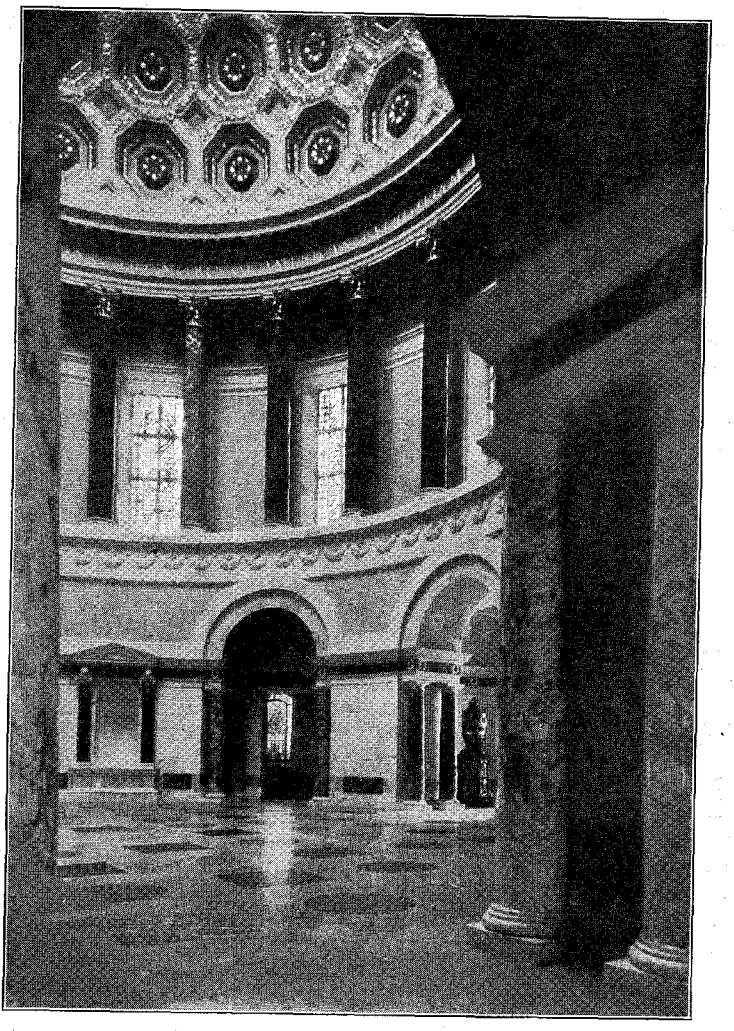

In the Elks Memorial Hall at Chicago.
The Savage decorations go in the spaces between the windows.

finest things about this whole affair. With what felicity are his compositions put together and with what power does he realize his forms! I have glanced at his predilection for line. It tells superbly in all these panels. He is a good painter, but he is an even better draftsman. I end as I began, rejoicing in this work of his. It is a landmark in Savage's career and it is a solid contribution to American art.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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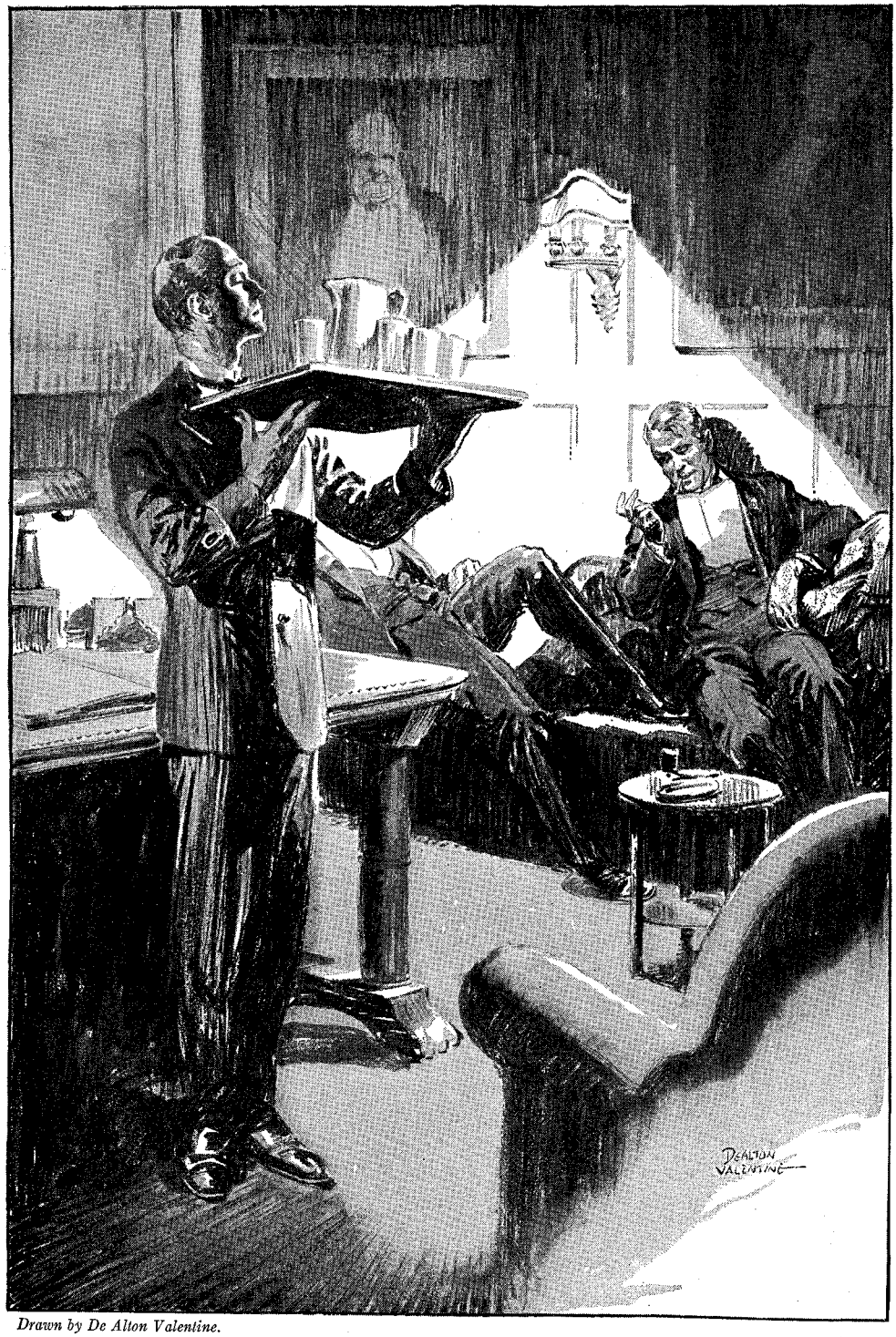

Drawn by De Alton Valentine.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SERVANT AND A MEMBER IS THAT THE LATTER MAY FORGET HIMSELF AND TELL A YARN THAT WOULDN'T WASH IN A DRAWING-ROOM, BUT A SERVANT HAS GOT TO BE AN EXAMPLE ALWAYS.

—See "A Keeper of Tradition," page 133.

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